THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 1, 1911

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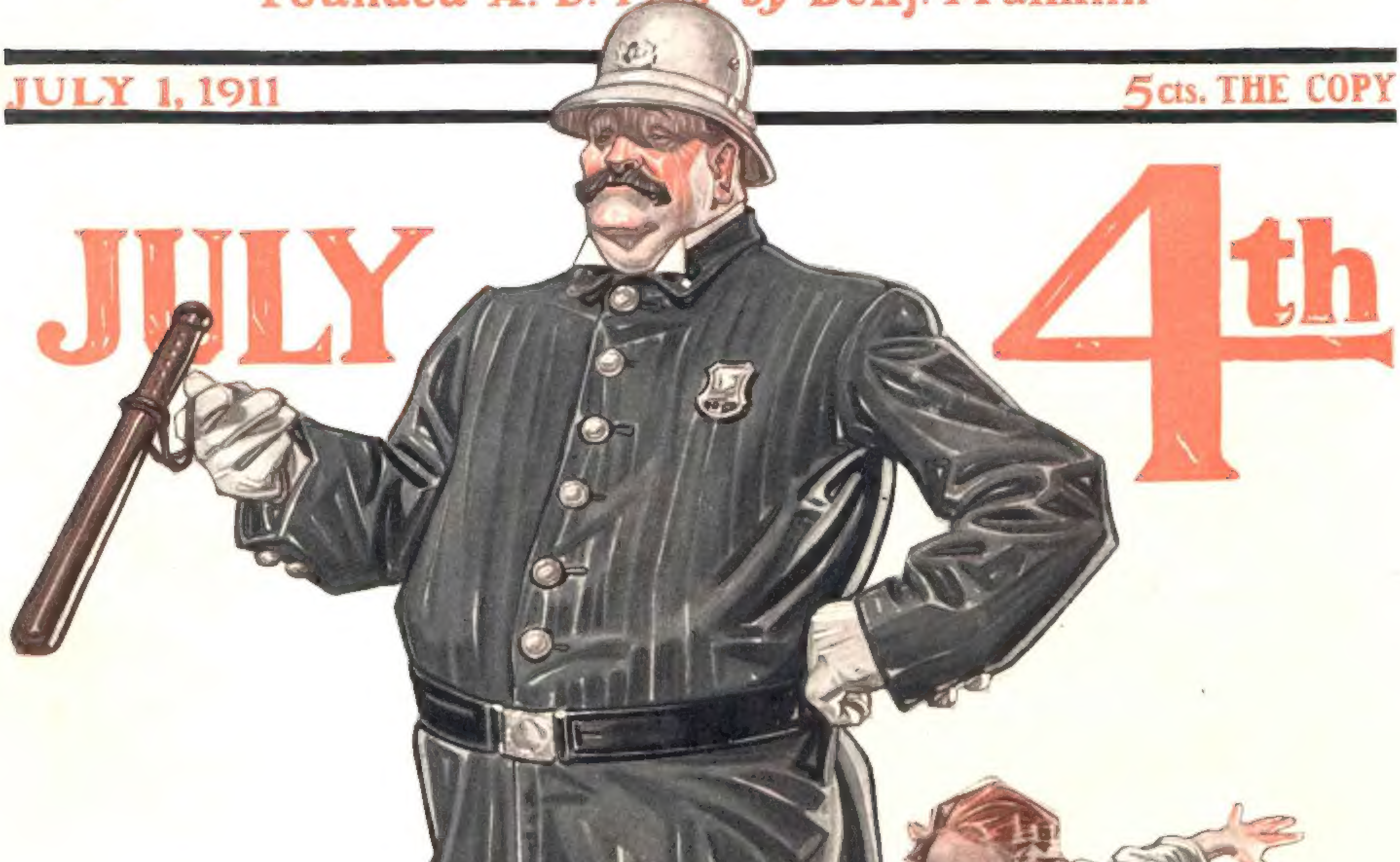
JULY
4th
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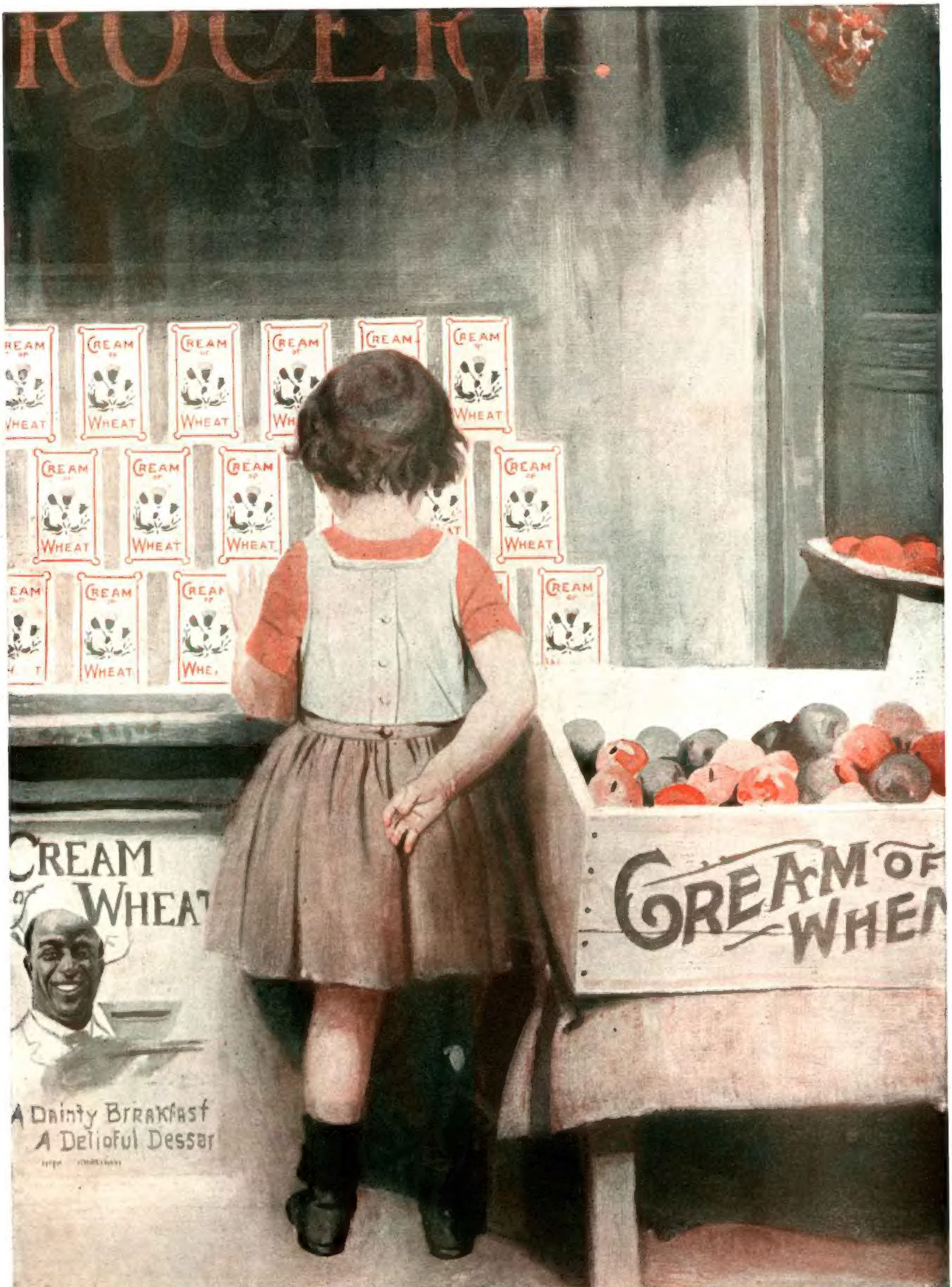
More Than a Million and Three-Quarters Circulation Weekly


ROCERY.
CREAM OF WHEAT
CREAM of WHEAT
A Dainty Breakfast
A Delioful Dessar
CREAM OF WHEA

Painted by Denman Fink for Cream of Wheat Co.

ANTICIPATION

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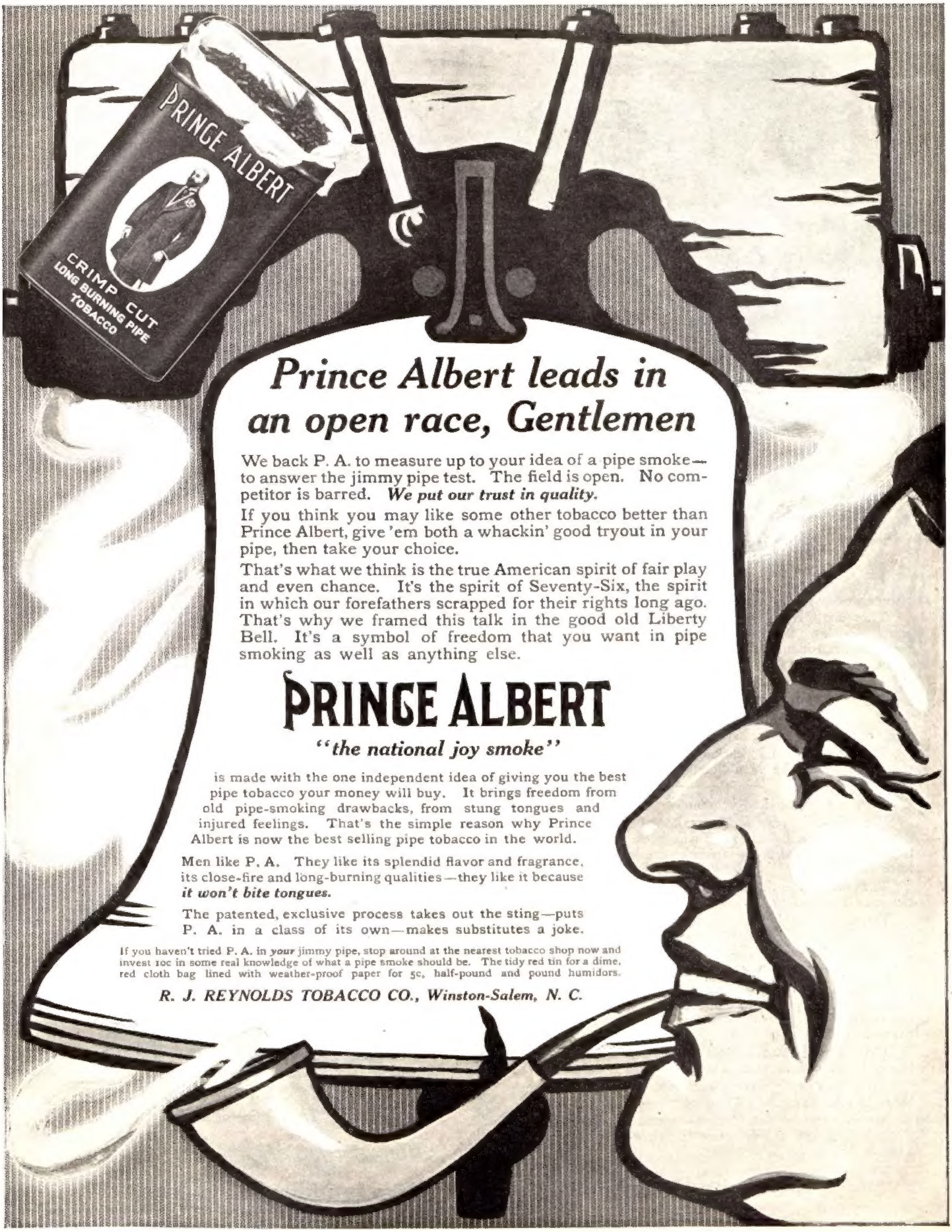


Prince Albert leads in an open race, Gentlemen

We back P. A. to measure up to your idea of a pipe smoke—to answer the jimmy pipe test. The field is open. No competitor is barred. ***We put our trust in quality.***

If you think you may like some other tobacco better than Prince Albert, give 'em both a whackin' good tryout in your pipe, then take your choice.

That's what we think is the true American spirit of fair play and even chance. It's the spirit of Seventy-Six, the spirit in which our forefathers scrapped for their rights long ago. That's why we framed this talk in the good old Liberty Bell. It's a symbol of freedom that you want in pipe smoking as well as anything else.

PRINCE ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

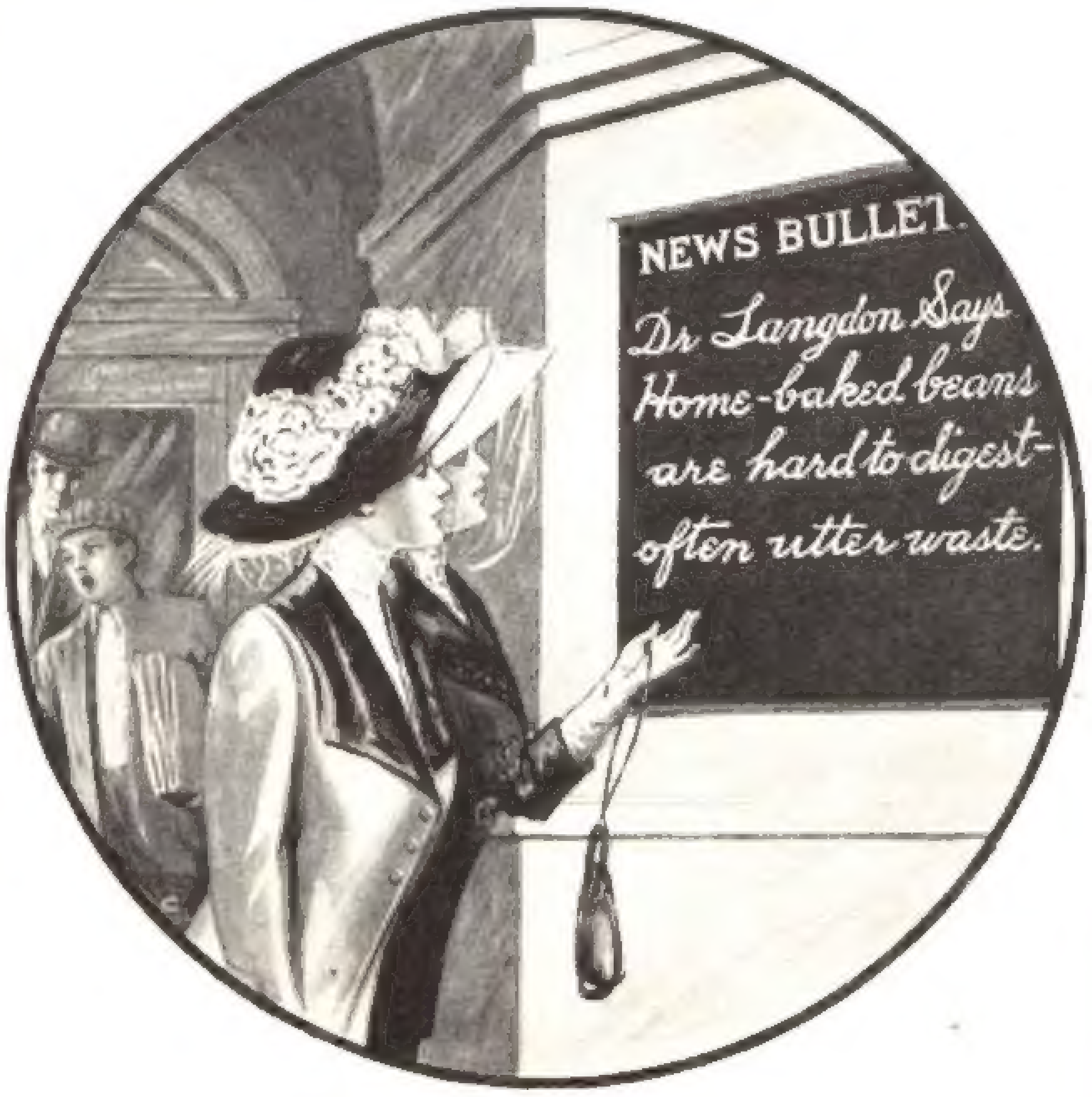
is made with the one independent idea of giving you the best pipe tobacco your money will buy. It brings freedom from old pipe-smoking drawbacks, from stung tongues and injured feelings. That's the simple reason why Prince Albert is now the best selling pipe tobacco in the world.

Men like P. A. They like its splendid flavor and fragrance, its close-fire and long-burning qualities—they like it because ***it won't bite tongues.***

The patented, exclusive process takes out the sting—puts P. A. in a class of its own—makes substitutes a joke.

If you haven't tried P. A. in *your* jimmy pipe, stop around at the nearest tobacco shop now and invest 10c in some real knowledge of what a pipe smoke should be. The tidy red tin for a dime, red cloth bag lined with weather-proof paper for 5c, half-pound and pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.


NEWS BULLET
Dr Langdon Says Home-baked beans are hard to digest - often utter waste.

Don't Worry— There Are Beans That Do Digest

Much is said nowadays about beans not digesting. But remember that the reference is to *home-baked beans.*

They are hard to digest—that fact is notorious. They simply ferment. It takes a pretty good stomach to get one-tenth their nutrition.

But, what is the solution?

Shall we go without beans—Nature's choicest food? Shall we forfeit this national dish?

Beans are 23 per cent nitrogenous—84 per cent nutriment. Beef, eggs and cheese all have lesser food value.

They are cheap and delicious. Everyone likes them. Is there no way to make them digestible?

There is a way, and we've found it.

We case our ovens with superheated steam, kept at 245 degrees. And we bake in small parcels, so the full heat goes through. Every bean, during all of the baking, gets the full force of that heat.

Thus the food particles are broken to pieces so that digestion can act. That's all that is needed to make beans digestible.

Yet, with all this heat, no beans are broken, none are crisped. All come out nut-like, mealy and whole, because they are baked in steam ovens.

In the dry, home oven you crisp the top beans, but the beans below rarely get heated above 100 degrees. That is not half enough heat. It makes the beans soggy and mushy, but never digestible.

That's why scientists say that beans are hard to digest. It is true of home-baked beans. They simply go to waste.

But it wasn't true of our grandmothers' beans, which they baked in brick ovens for 48 hours.

Nor is it true of Van Camp's—where every bean, during all the baking, gets 245 degrees. It simply means that this is a dish which *must be factory-baked.*

Just Before Dinner, When the Housewife Serves Van Camp's

In summer, never let the pantry shelf get low on Van Camp's. Buy a dozen cans at a time.

Each can means a hearty meal waiting to be served. Serve it cold in one minute, or hot in ten minutes. It is just as fresh and savory as though it came direct from the oven.

The beans are Michigan beans, picked out by hand—beans all of one size. The sauce is made from whole, red-ripe tomatoes, ripened on the vines.

The pork is young and tender.

The beans, the pork and tomato sauce are all baked together, so the flavor goes all through. Nobody else, in home or factory, ever baked beans like these.

About a million homes have adopted Van Camp's, and thousands of new ones begin every month.

The other people don't like other beans better. Some cling to the habits of home baking. Some, in buying their beans, fail to insist on Van Camp's.

Hot weather is here now—too hot to bake beans. Hours saved in the kitchen are better spent on the porch. Let our cooks do the baking.

After two or three months, serve your folks again a dish of home-baked beans. Or serve for once some lesser brand. Hear how quickly they say—almost in a chorus—"*Where are those good baked beans?*"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS
"The National Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company (Established 1861) Indianapolis, Ind.

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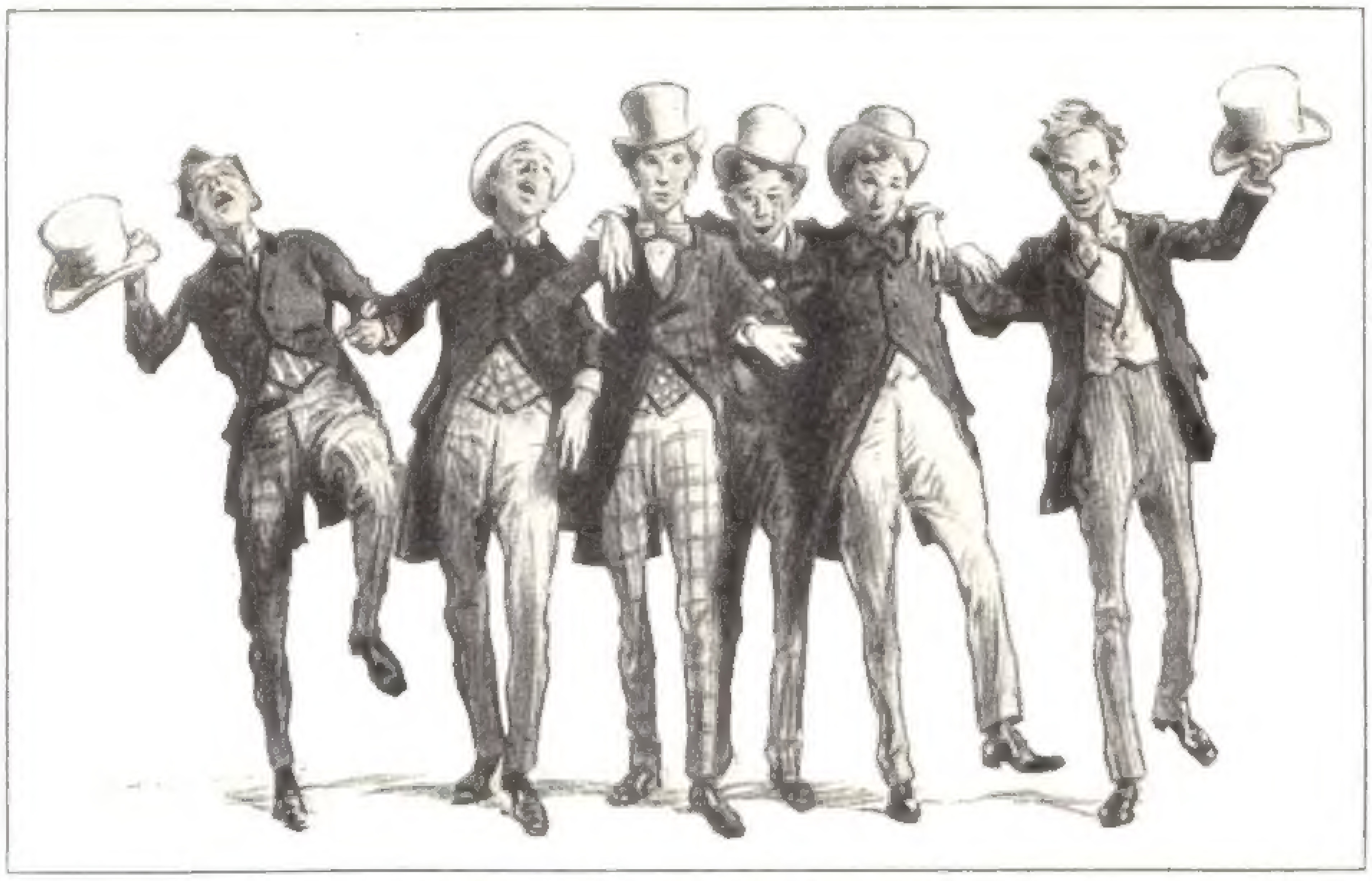
ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL.B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



We Became Known as the Fastest Set in College

I WAS born in the town of Lynn, Massachusetts, upon the twenty-second day of February, in the year 1855. Unlike most writers of similar memoirs I shall cast no aspersions upon the indigent by stating that my parents were poor but honest. They were poor *and* honest, as indeed, so far as I have been able to ascertain, have been all the Quibbles since the founder of the family came over on the good ship Susan and Ellen in 1635 and, after marrying a lady's maid who had been his fellow passenger, settled in the township of Weston, built a mill, and divided his time equally between selling rum to the Indians and rearing a numerous progeny.

My father, the Reverend Ezra Quibble, was, to be sure, poor enough. The salary that he received as pastor of his church was meager to the degree of necessitating my wearing his overworn and discarded clerical garments, which to some extent may account for my otherwise inexplicable distaste for things ecclesiastical. My mother was poor, after wedlock, owing to the eccentricity of a parent who was so inexorably opposed to religion that he cut her off with a shilling upon her marriage to my father. Before this she had had and done what she chose, as was fitting for the daughter of a substantial citizen who had made a fortune in shoeleather.

I remember that one of my first experiments upon taking up the study of law was to investigate my grandfather's will in the probate office, with a view to determining whether or not, in his fury against the Church, he had violated any of the canons of the law in regard to perpetuities or restraints upon alienation; or whether in his enthusiasm for the Society for the Propagation of Free Thinking, which he had established and intended to perpetuate, he had not been guilty of some technical slip or blunder that would enable me to seize upon its endowment for my own benefit. But the will, alas, had been drawn by that most careful of draughtsmen, old Tuckerman Toddleham, of Boston, and was as solid as the granite blocks of the courthouse and as impregnable of legal attack as the Constitution.

We lived in a frame house, painted a disconsolate yellow. It abutted close upon the sidewalk and permitted the passerby to view the family as we sat at meat or enjoyed the moderate delights of social intercourse with our neighbors, most of whom were likewise parishioners of my father.

My early instruction was received in the public schools of my native town, supplemented by tortured hours at home with Greenleaf's Mental Arithmetic and an exhaustive study of the major and minor prophets. The former stood me in good stead, but the latter I fear had small effect. At any rate the impression made upon me bore little fruit, and after three years of them I found myself in about the same frame of mind as the Oxford student who, on being asked at his examination to distinguish between the major and minor prophets, wrote in answer: "God forbid that I should discriminate between such holy men!"

But for all that I was naturally of a studious and even scholarly disposition, and much preferred browsing among the miscellaneous books piled in a corner of the attic to playing the rough and tumble games in which my schoolmates indulged.

My father was a stern, black-bearded man of the antebellum type, such as you may see in any old collection of daguerreotypes, and entirely unblessed with a sense of humor. I can even now recall with a sinking of the heart the manner in which, if I abjured my food, he would grasp me firmly by the back of the neck and force my nose toward the plate of Indian mush—which was the family staple at supper—with the command, "Eat, boy!" Sometimes he was kind to a degree which by a yawning of the imagination might be regarded as affectionate, but this was only from a sense of religious duty. At such times I was prone to distrust him even more than at others. He believed in a personal devil with horns, a tail and, I suspect, red tights; and up to the age of ten I shared implicitly in this belief.

The day began and ended with family prayers of a particularly long-drawn-out and dolorous character.

My mother, on the other hand, was a pale young woman of an undecided turn of mind, with a distinct taste for the lighter pleasures that she was never allowed to gratify. I think she secretly longed for the freedom that had been hers under the broader roof of her father's stately mansion on High Street. But she had, I suspect, neither the courage nor the force of mind to raise an issue, and from sheer inertia remained faithful to the life that she had elected.

My grandfather never had anything to do with either of my parents and did not, so far as I am aware, know me by sight, which may account for the fact that when he died he bequeathed a moderate sum in trust, "the proceeds to be devoted to the support and maintenance of the child of my daughter Sarah, at some suitable educational institution where he may be removed from the influences of his father."

Thus it was that at the age of nine I was sent away from home and began an independent career at the boarding school kept by the Reverend Mr. Quirk, at Methuen, Massachusetts. Here I remained for seven years, in the course of which both my parents died, victims of typhoid. I was cast upon the world utterly alone, save for the rather uncompromising and saturnine regard in which I was held by old Mr. Toddleham, my trustee. This antique gentleman inhabited a musty little office the only furniture in which consisted of a worn red carpet, a large engraving of the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, and a table covered with green baize. I recall also a little bronze horse which he used as a paperweight. He had a shrewd wrinkled face of the color of parchment, a thin yellow wig and a blue cape coat. His practice consisted almost entirely in drawing wills and executing them after the decease of their respective testators, whom he inevitably outlived, and I think he regarded me somewhat in the light of a legal joke. He used to send for me twice a year for the sole purpose, I believe, of ascertaining whether or not I was sufficiently nourished at Quirk's establishment. On these occasions he would take me to lunch with him at the Parker House, where he invariably ordered scallops and pumpkin pie for me and a pint of port for himself.

On my departure he would hand me solemnly two of the pieces of paper currency known as "shin plasters," and bid me always hold my grandfather's memory in reverence. On one of these occasions, when he had laid me under a similar adjuration, I asked him whether he had ever heard of the man who made his son take off his hat whenever he met a pig—on the ground that his father had made his money in pork. He stared at me very hard for a moment with his little twinkling eyes, and then suddenly and without any preliminary symptoms exploded in a cackle of laughter.

"Damme!" he squeaked; "I wish your gran'ther could a' heard y' say that."

Then without further explanation he turned and made his way down School Street, and I did not see him for another six months.

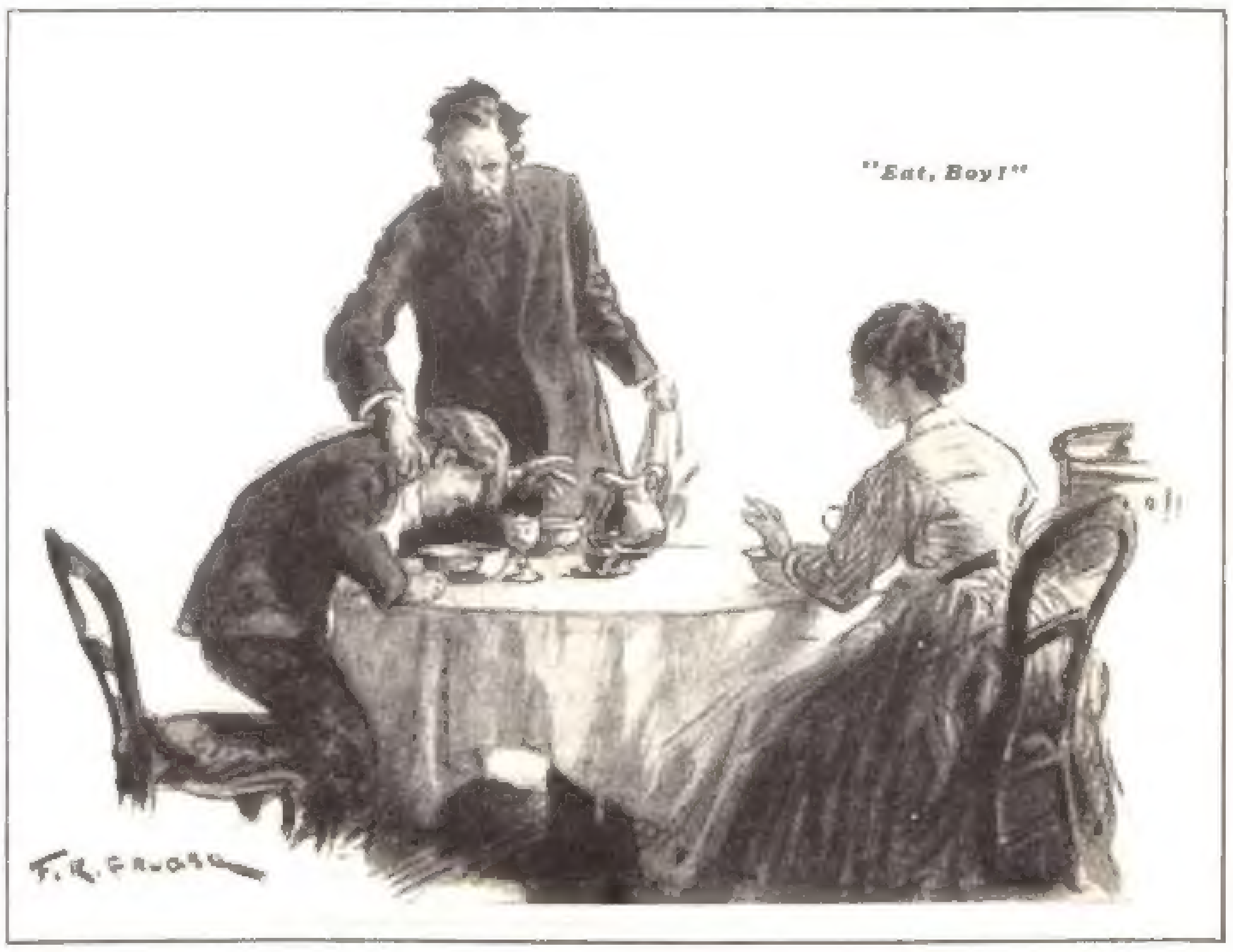
My life at Quirk's was a great improvement over the life I had led at home in Lynn. In the first place I was in the real country, and in the second I had the companionship of good-natured, light-hearted people. The master himself was of the happy-go-lucky sort who, with a real taste for the finer things of literature and life, take no thought for the morrow or indeed even for the day. He was entirely incapable of earning a living and had been successively an actor, a lecturer, a preacher, and a pedagogue. He was a fine scholar of Latin and could quote Terence, Horace and Plautus in a way that could stir the somnolent soul even of a schoolboy. His chief enemy, next to laziness, was drink. He would disappear for days at a time into his study, and afterward explain that he had been engaged in the preparation of his *magnum opus*, which periodically was just on the point of going to press.

During these interludes the school was run by Mrs. Quirk, a robust, capable and rosy English woman, who had almost as much learning as her husband and ten times as much practical ability. There were twelve boys in the school, for each of whom the Quirks received the modest sum of two hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. In exchange for this they gave board, lodging and tuition. Each of us received separate instruction—or as Quirk expressed it "individual attention"—and excellent instruction it was. We arose at six, breakfasted at six-thirty, and helped around the house until eight, when our studies began. These continued until twelve, at which time we had dinner. After that we were free until two-thirty, when we resumed our labors until four.

Quirk was a tall, lank, loose-jointed man, with long black hair that lay well over his Byronic collar. He had a humorous eye and a cavernous mouth that was always twisting itself into grimaces, alternately side-splitting and terrifying. On occasions he would use the birch—and very thoroughly too, as I have reason to remember—but he ruled us rather by a sort of free-and-easy camaraderie than by fear of authority. For though he dressed like a clergyman he always smelled strongly of stale cigar smoke, and his language at times was more forcible than is generally expected of a wearer of the cloth.

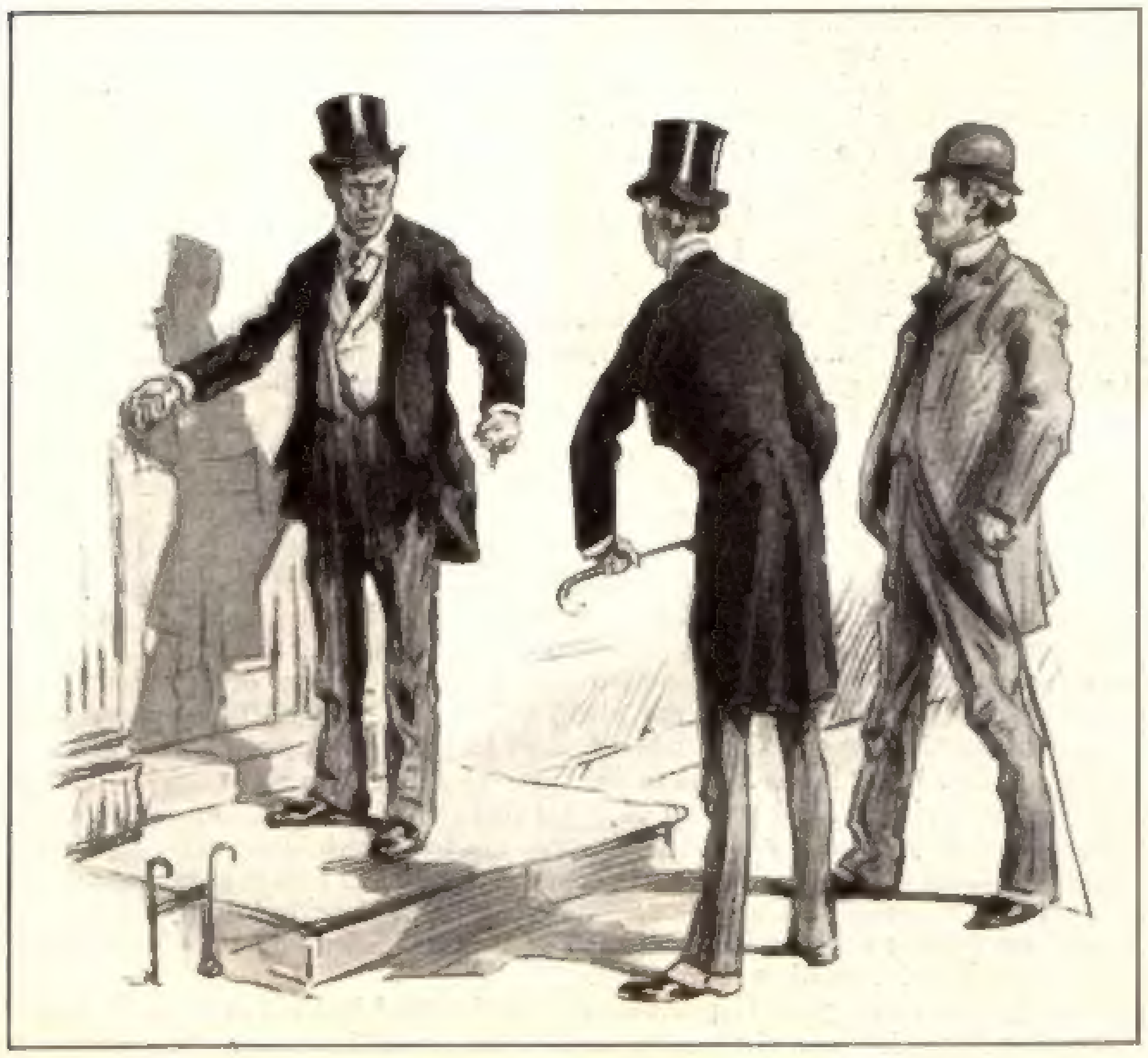
I dwelt with the Quirks, winter and summer, until I was able to pass my examinations for Harvard, which I did in the summer of 1871. My allowance had been gradually increased to meet my new expenses, and I entered the Freshman class with an income sufficient to permit me to dress suitably and enjoy myself in such simple ways as were in vogue among the collegians. But coming as I did, alone, from a small boarding school proved to be a great disadvantage, for I had all my friends to make after my arrival and I had neither the means nor the address to acquire ready-made social distinction. Thus it happened that I was very lonely during my first years in Cambridge, missed the genial companionship of my old friends, the Quirks, and seized every opportunity that offered for going back to Methuen.

I had grown into a tall, narrow-shouldered youth with a high arched nose set between rather pale cheeks, and prominent ears. Though I could hardly flatter myself into the belief that I was handsome I felt that my appearance had something of distinction and that I looked like a gentleman. I affected coats with long tails and a somewhat dandified style of waistcoat and neck-cloth, as well as a white beaver much in favor among the "bloods" of those days. But this took most of my available cash and left me little to expend in treating my fellow students at the tavern or in enjoying the more substantial culinary delights of the Boston hotels. Thus, though I made no shabby friends I acquired few genteel ones, and I began to feel keenly the disadvantages of a lean purse. I was elected to none of the clubs, nor did I receive any invitations to the numerous balls given in Boston or even to those in Cambridge. This piqued my pride, to be sure, but only intensified my resolution to become a man of fashion on my own account. If my classmates could get on without me I felt that I could get on without them, and I resolutely declined to appreciate any social distinction that might artificially exist between a man born in one town or another, although I now understand that such distinction exists, at least so far as Boston society is concerned. Consequently as time went on and I could achieve prominence in no other way, I sought consolation for the social joys denied me by my betters by acquiring the reputation of a sport. I held myself coldly aloof from the fashionable men of my class and devoted myself to a few cronies who found themselves in much the same position as my own. In a short time we became known as the fastest set in college, and our escapades were by no means confined to Cambridge but were carried on with great impartiality in Boston and the neighboring towns.


"Eat, Boy!"

We organized a club which we called the "Cock and Spur," and had a rat pit and cock fights in the cellar, on which occasions we invited out young actors from the Boston Museum and Howard Athenæum stock companies. These in turn pressed us with invitations to similar festivities of their own, and we thus became acquainted with the half-world of the modern Athens, which was much worse for us, I trow, than would have been the most desperate society of our college contemporaries. There was a club of young actors that we used to frequent, where light comedy sketches and scenes from famous plays were given by the members, and in due time several of us were admitted to membership. Of these I was one, and learned to do a turn very acceptably. On one occasion I took a small part upon the Boston Museum stage to fill the place made vacant by the illness of a regular member of the cast—an illness due in part to a carousal at the Cock and Spur the night before, in which he had come out second best.

We were a clever crew, however, and never gave the faculty reason to complain of any failure on our part to keep up in our studies. When examination time came we hired an impecunious coach and, retiring from the world, acquired in five days knowledge that our fellows had taken eight months to imbibe. It is true that the college at large viewed us with some disgust, but we chose to regard this as mere envy. That we were really objectionable must, however, be admitted, for we smoked cigars in the Yard, wore sky-blue pantaloons and green waistcoats, and cultivated little side whiskers of the mutton chop variety; while our gigs and trotters were constantly to be seen standing in Harvard Square, waiting for the owners to claim them and take the road.


"If I Ever Saw a Guilty Man He's One"

On Sundays, when the decorous youths of Boston had retired to Beacon Street for their midday family feast of roast beef and baked beans, the members of the Cock and Spur might be observed in their white beaver hats driving countryward in chaises from the local livery stables, seated beside various fair ladies from the Boston stage or the less distinguished purlieus of the Cambridge chop houses. At noon these parties would foregather at some country tavern and spend long afternoons singing, drinking, and playing draw poker and other games of chance; and occasionally we would fight a main of cocks in some convenient pig pen.

But this sort of life took money, and I soon found myself borrowing freely from my associates, most of whom were young fellows from other states who had already come into their inheritances and had gone to Harvard to get rid of them under the most approved conditions. For these I came to stand as a sort of sponsor, and was looked up to by them as a devil of a fellow, for I swore picturesquely and had a belligerently unpleasant manner that was regarded as something quite out of the ordinary and distinguished.

These youthful spendthrifts I patronized and taught the mysteries of a sporting life, and for a time it became quite smart for a fellow to have gone on one of "Quib's" notes. These notes, however, increased rapidly in number, and before long amounted to such a prodigious sum that they gave me great uneasiness.

My habits had become extravagant and careless. Having no money at all I took no heed of what I did with that of others, for I hardly believed that I could ever repay any of it. But I continued on in my luxurious ways, well knowing that any change in my mode of life would precipitate a deluge. The safety of my position lay in owing everybody, and in inducing each to believe that he would be the one person ultimately or immediately to be paid. Moreover, I was now completely spoiled, and craved so ardently the enjoyments in which I had indulged that I would never of myself have had the will to abjure them. I had gained that which I sought—reputation. I was accounted the leader of the fast set—the "All Knights" as we were known—and I was the envy and admiration of my followers. But this bred in me an arrogance that proved my undoing. It was necessary for me to be masterful in order to carry off the pose of leadership, but I had not yet learned when to conciliate.

It so happened that in the spring of my Junior year my creditors became more than usually pressing, and at the same time a fellow by the name of Poco Atkinson began to threaten suit on a note of mine for two thousand dollars, which I had discounted with him for seven hundred and fifty. I made my usual demands upon my friends and offered to do them the favor of letting them go on some more of my paper, but without the usual result. I then discovered to my annoyance that a wealthy young fellow known as Buck de Vries, who had considered himself insulted by something that I had said or done, had been quietly spreading the rumor that I was a sort of hocus-pocus fellow and practically bankrupt, that my pretensions to fashion were ridiculous, and that I made a business of living off other people. Incidentally he had gone the rounds and, owing to the rumors that he himself had spread, had succeeded in buying up most of my notes at a tremendous discount. These he lost no time in presenting for payment, and as they amounted to several thousand dollars my hope of reaching a settlement with him was small. In point of fact I was quite sure that he wanted no settlement and desired only revenge, and I realized what a fool I had been to make an enemy out of one who might have been an ally.

In this embarrassing situation I bethought me of old Mr. Toddleham and accordingly paid him an unexpected visit at Barristers' Hall. It was a humid spring day, and I recall that the birds were twittering loudly in the maples back of the Probate Office. As befitted my station at the time of year, I was arrayed in a new beaver and a particularly fanciful pair of rather tight trousers.

"Come in," squeaked Mr. Toddleham, and I entered easily.

The old lawyer peered quizzically at me from behind his square boned spectacles.

"Oh," said he, "it's you, Master Quibble."

"The same, and your most obedient," I replied, letting myself fall gracefully into a chair and crossing my legs.

"You want money, I suppose?" he continued, after a few minutes during which he inspected my get-up with some interest.

"Well," I commenced lightly, "the fact is I am rather pressed. I thought if you could make me a small advance out of my grandfather's legacy ——"

"Legacy! What legacy?" he inquired.

"The legacy my grandfather left me."

"He left you no legacy," retorted the old gentleman. "Your grandfather, to whom you were once so considerate as to refer in my presence as a pig, left you no legacy. He directed merely that as long as you seemed to deserve it I should spend a certain sum on your maintenance and education."

"Gad!" I cried. "That puts me in a nice position!"

The old lawyer looked at me whimsically.

"My gay young man," he remarked finally, "the only position you occupy is one into which you have deliberately walked yourself. You come here in your fine clothes and your beaver hat and—excuse me—your whiskers, and you are surprised that there is no money forthcoming to pay your debts. Do not look astonished. I know and have known of them for a long time. I have followed your career with attention if not with edification. Even for the son of a minister you have done pretty well. However, life is life and everybody is not the same. I sha'n't judge you. I was a bit of a dog myself, although I don't look it now. But I can give you no more money for gamecocks and cigars. It is time for you to start in and earn your own living—if you can. At the end of the term I will give you fifty dollars and a ticket to New York, or sixty dollars and no ticket to anywhere. You will have to kick out for yourself. So fine a fellow," he added, "ought not to find it hard to get along. No doubt you could find some rich girl to marry you and support you in idleness."

I flushed with anger and sprang to my feet.

"I did not come here to be insulted!" I cried furiously.

Old Mr. Toddleham chuckled apologetically.

"Tut, tut! No offense. You won't find earning your living such an easy matter. Have you thought anything about what you'll do?"

"No," I answered, still indignant.

"How much do you owe?"

"About forty-eight hundred dollars."

"Damme!" muttered Mr. Tuckerman Toddleham. "More than you could earn in the first five years at the law!"

"See here!" I interrupted; "do you seriously mean that except for fifty dollars or so there is nothing coming to me out of my grandfather's estate? Why, he was worth over a million!"

"That is exactly what I mean," he returned. "He left you nothing except an allowance for your education during good behavior. He made me the judge. I'm your trustee and I can't conscientiously let you have any more money to drink up and gamble with. It's over and done with." He rapped with an air of finality on his desk with the little bronze horse.

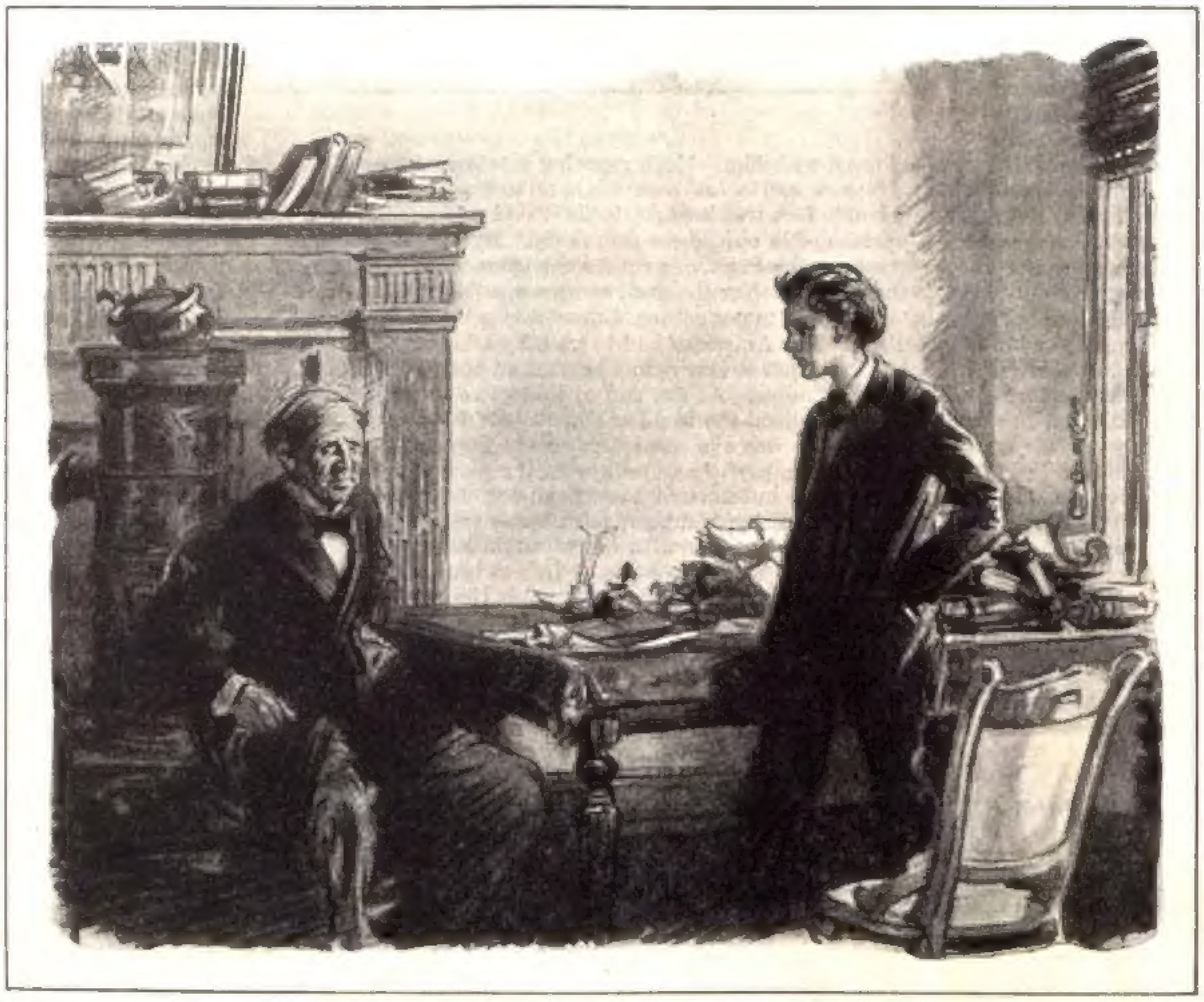
"Who gets all the money?" I asked ruefully.

"The Society for the Propagation of Free Thinking," he answered, eying me sharply.

"I should think anything like that ought to be contrary to law!" I retorted. "It ought to be a crime to encourage atheism."

"It's a good devise under our statutes!" he answered dryly. "I suppose your own faith is beautiful enough, eh?"

I did not respond but sat twisting my hat in my hands. Through the open window the soft damp odors of spring came in and mingled with the dusty smell of law books.



He Used to Send for Me Twice a Year for the Sole Purpose, I Believe, of Ascertaining Whether or Not I Was Sufficiently Nourished

So this was law! It suddenly struck me that I was taking the loss of over a million dollars very resignedly. How did I know whether the old boy was telling me the truth or not? He had drawn the will and got a good fee for it. Certainly he was not going to admit that there was anything invalid about it. Why not study law—I might as well do that as anything—and find out for myself? It was a game worth playing. The stakes were a million and the forfeit nothing. As I looked around the little office and at the weazened old barrister before me, something of the fascination of the law took hold of me.

"I rather think I should like to study law myself," I remarked.

He looked at me out of the corners of his beadlike little eyes.

"And break your gran'ther's will, mebbe?" he inquired slyly.

"If I can!" I retorted defiantly.

"That would be better than fighting cocks and frittering your time away with play actors," said he.

"Mr. Toddleham," I returned, "if I will agree to turn over a new leaf and give up my present associates, will you continue my allowance and let me stay on in Cambridge and study law?"

"If you will agree to enter my office and study under my supervision—yes."

Once more I glanced around the little room. Somehow the smell of decaying leather did not have the same fascination that it had exercised a few moments before. The setting sun sinking over the Probate Office entered the window and lingered on the stern old face of the Hon. Jeremiah Mason over the fireplace. The birds twittered gayly amid the branches by the window. Spring called me to the open air, to the world outside, to the future.

"Give me fifty dollars and my ticket to New York," said I.

. . . .

It had so happened that at the time of my visit to Mr. Toddleham my credit and consequently my ready funds had become so reduced that I had only a dollar or two in my pocket. Therefore the check for fifty dollars that the old gentleman had carefully drawn for me with his quill pen and then had as carefully sanded over was by no means inopportune. I took the horse-car back over the Warren Avenue Bridge, depressed at the thought of leaving the scene of my first acquaintance with the world and at the same time somewhat relieved, in spite of myself, by the consoling thought that I should no longer be worried by the omnipresent anxiety of trying to escape from duns and money-lenders.

Resolved to terminate my collegiate career in a blaze of glory, I went the rounds of the college buildings and bade all my friends to a grand celebration at the Tavern where, owing to the large amount of trade that I had been able to swing to it, my credit was still good. Even "Buck" de Vries was not forgotten, and without a suggestion of my contemplated departure I entertained my colleagues royally with a bowl of punch brewed after a celebrated Cambridge recipe which in a decadent age spoke eloquently of the glories of the past. I was in the midst of a highly colored speech—during which I must confess De Vries had eyed me in a somewhat saturnine manner—when the proprietor tapped me on the shoulder and said that I was wanted outside. Excusing myself I stepped to the door only to be unexpectedly confronted by the local sheriff, who apologetically informed me that he held a warrant of attachment for my worldly goods and another for the arrest of my very worldly person. With admirable presence of mind I requested his patience until I should find my coat, and returning via the buttery made my escape from the premises by means of the rear exit. *Sic gloria transit!* That night I slept under the roof of the amiable Quirk, in Methuen, and the day after reached New York—the city of my future career.

II

MY ARRIVAL in the metropolis was unaccompanied by any newspaper comment or by any particular excitement on the part of the inhabitants. I simply landed, after a seven hours' journey from Boston, with a considerable quantity of fine raiment—rather too fine, as I soon discovered, for the ordinary uses of a serious-minded, working youth—some fifty odd dollars, and a well developed bump of self-confidence that was supported by a strong reserve resolution not to let anybody get ahead of me. I had all the assurance of a man double my years and an easy way of making acquaintances that was destined to stand me in good stead, but I do not wish to be understood as admitting that my manners were offensive or that I was in any degree supercilious. I was simply a good fellow who had always enjoyed the comradeship of other good fellows, and as a result felt reasonably sure that the rest of the world would treat me kindly. Moreover, I could dissemble without difficulty and, if occasion arose, could give the impression of being a diffident and modest young man, ready and anxious to order himself "lowly and humbly before his betters."

Yet I had seen enough of the world to know that unless a man puts a high appraisal upon his attainments and ability no one else is likely to do so, and that the public takes one, nine times out of ten, at his own valuation. Coming to the clay itself: I wore my hair rather long with an appreciable modicum of bear's grease well rubbed in, side whiskers and white beaver, and carried a carpet bag on which was embroidered a stag's head in yellow on a background of green worsted. And the principal fact to be observed in this connection is that, instead of creating a smile as I passed out of the Grand Central Station, I was probably regarded as a rather smart and stylishly dressed young man.

I had a card to some young actors in the city, given me by my Thespian friends in Boston, and it proved but a short trip on the horse-cars down Fourth Avenue to the locality, near the Academy of Music, then as now frequented by the fraternity. I began my professional career, then, by taking lodgings in an actor's boarding house, and I am free to confess that at that time I was undecided whether to follow the bar or the boards. I have since frequently observed that the same qualities make for success in both, and had it not been for the fact that I found my new friends somewhat down at the heels and their rate of emolument exceedingly low, as well as for a certain little incident to be recounted shortly, I might well have joined the group of future Booths and Forrests that loitered along the nearby Rialto looking for jobs as Roman soldiers or footmen in some coming production.

But the change from my well-appointed lodgings in Cambridge and my luxurious surroundings at the Cock and Spur to a distinctly shabby theatrical boarding house, where the guests plainly exhibited traces of the lack

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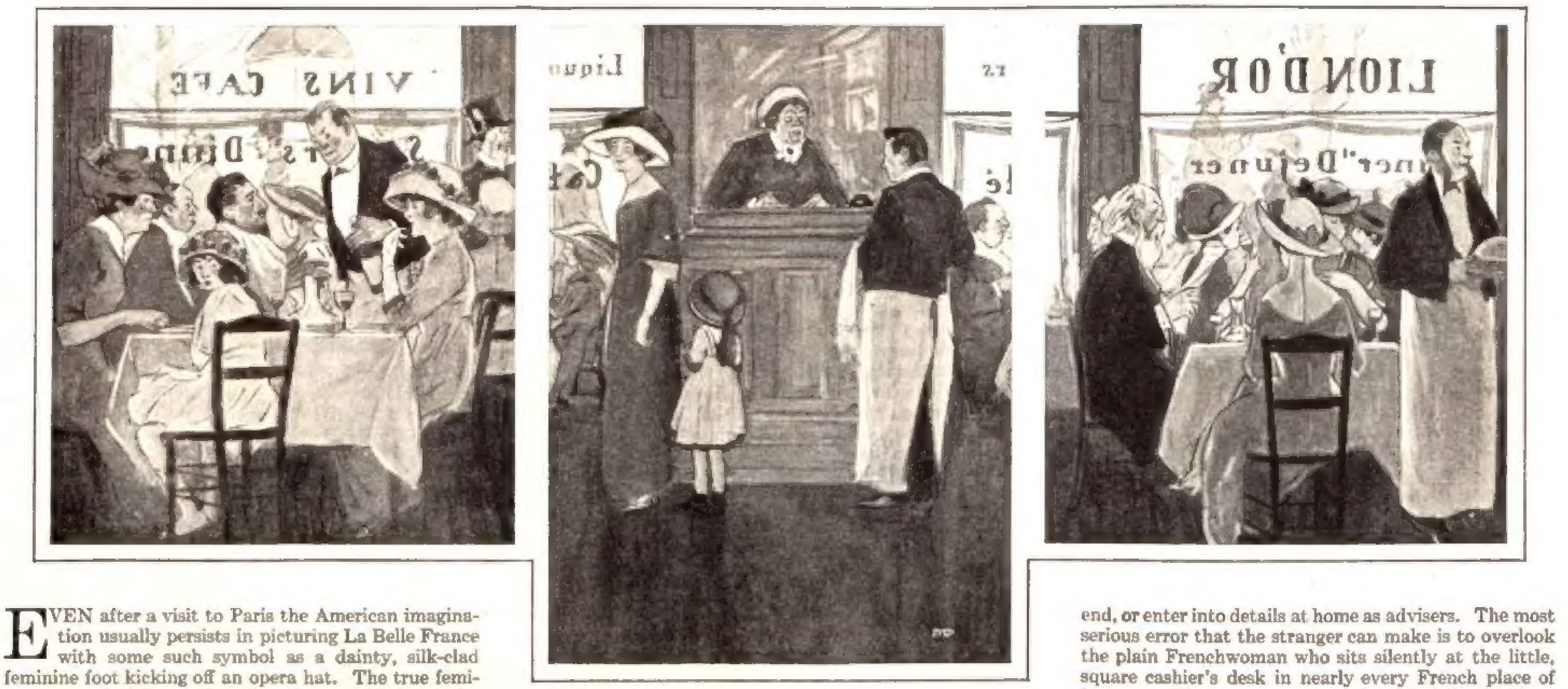
How the French Do Business

The Final Word: Grandmother's—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON



EVEN after a visit to Paris the American imagination usually persists in picturing La Belle France with some such symbol as a dainty, silk-clad feminine foot kicking off an opera hat. The true feminine symbol of France is rather that watchful, middle-aged woman who sits at the cashier's desk in every shop and café, taking in the francs and centimes with one hand and going over her accounts with the other. The Coralies and Florines are only incidental to French life. It is Constance Birotteau who persists from generation to generation. When it comes to hosiery the correct symbol in that line will hardly be found in silk clocks or openwork; for it is the famous old woolen stocking of the French peasant—*le bas de laine*—weighted down at the toe with gold and silver pieces, which is the popular article.

Somebody has pointed out that the chief reason French history is so much more dramatic and memorable than that of other nations is that women are always to be found as prominent figures in its important episodes.

The French declaration of independence is a document that defines the rights of man in seventeen articles. Nothing was said about the rights of woman, probably because those have always been understood in France. Woman has always figured in French affairs, not merely in the big historical episodes but in the daily life of every class. She has had a voice in everything. Much of the stability and thrift of the country can be traced to her management; and the stranger who tries to do business in France without understanding her influence will find, usually, that his project moves very slowly.

Obstacles Americans Find in Paris

A NEW YORK sales manager went to Paris to place the French rights in a useful novelty. At home it had been extremely profitable and in London and Berlin he had quickly found lessees; but he found Paris different. At the outset everything seemed to be going along briskly. Within three days the New Yorker had secured an introduction to the Parisian manufacturer who was best equipped to take the thing up and push it as a side issue to his regular product, and had thoroughly interested him in the possibilities. Indeed, the Parisian was frankly enthusiastic after listening to the New Yorker's description at their first meeting. The force and point of Yankee selling arguments found a ready echo in French temperament. All that remained was the formal closing of the deal next day.

When the New Yorker returned the following morning, however, he found that the Frenchman had quite cooled off over night. He was distrustful and evasive. Instead of winding up the affair it was necessary to spend half the day drawing out his objections, meeting them with fresh facts, and going over the whole selling story again from new angles. When he left him that afternoon the Frenchman was feeling sanguine once more and it seemed as though all the difficulties had finally been cleared away.

On the third morning, however, the manufacturer had again become doubtful; and for two weeks the New Yorker labored with him. Each morning he climbed four flights of stairs and went over his proposition. Every conceivable fact was brought to light and all reasonable and unreasonable objections met fairly. By way of external pressure, the Parisian's chief competitor was interested in the novelty. Yet the deal, somehow, could not be closed.

Near the manufacturer's door was a statue of Jeanne d'Arc. The American had to pass it on his way from the hotel and saw it every time he glanced out of the Frenchman's window. At the end of those two weeks he thoroughly disliked the Maid of Orleans and felt that in some mysterious way she was retarding the negotiations.

And perhaps she was, indirectly, if regarded as a symbol of feminine influence in French affairs; for, as it turned out, the Parisian had been going home each night to talk the proposition over with his wife and her mother. No matter what pitch of confidence he was brought to or how surely the thing seemed to be sold, the women would review all the details at dinner and raise conservative doubts. Selling ability could not carry at that distance. The Frenchman left out some of the vital points and put others backward; and in just the degree that he was made optimistic they were made skeptical. The American got nowhere until this condition of French life was explained to him and he invited the wife and the old mother down to have the matter explained at first hand. Then their doubts were quickly cleared away and the negotiations closed.

In another instance an American went from London to Paris to lease a shop.

In London he thought he had run up against the last word in conservatism; for after six weeks' quibbling with English estate agents in the effort to lease half a dozen shops he had succeeded in getting only one. The landlords objected to his youth and investigated his credit through cautious relatives in America. The estate agents exacted bonds and indemnities for every minor alteration needed on the premises. Neighboring merchants mulcted him for rights of ancient lights.

In Paris, however, he found that he had to deal with the entire family of the man who owned the shop he wanted. Each relative had an interest and a voice. There were family contracts to be considered and a dozen petty rights to be safeguarded—and the final word seemed to lie with the aged grandmother.

This American had planned a chain of shops in Europe. By the time he had one store in London, another in Paris, and had looked into the police regulations of Berlin, however, he went back to the United States. For the amount of time spent in accomplishing these results would have sufficed to establish a chain of twenty stores in America.

Women are influential in French business affairs because they either work with their husbands, managing the financial end, or enter into details at home as advisers. The most serious error that the stranger can make is to overlook the plain Frenchwoman who sits silently at the little, square cashier's desk in nearly every French place of business. The stranger may conclude that she is only an employee, or assume—even when she is introduced as the wife—that her authority goes no farther than bookkeeping routine; but usually she is more than a full partner, because she acts as credit and financial man generally, and has a word, if not the word, in everything. Her husband may be the prime mover in the business, furnishing the energy and the ideas, but she will be the balance-wheel and keep it on the ground. In many cases she is the prime mover, too, and the masculine end of the family is chiefly ornamental. She safeguards the profits, watches the leaks, trims details down to bare net and directs the family investments. To understand her character and influence in French business is to know why the Paris Bourse deals so largely in bonds and why speculation in France is confined chiefly to the premium bond and the lottery. It has been shrewdly said that if it were left entirely to herself there would be little sale in France even for foreign Government bonds, because she prefers those of her country or of the city of Paris. Her views may often be narrow, but there is no doubt that much of the sane prosperity of France is due to her conserving influence. And she has a marked faculty for clear thinking. The American business man who understands French ways will often politely turn from her husband, in explaining a proposition, and lay all the facts directly before her. She can be trusted to see all the points involved much more quickly than monsieur, as a rule, and will give a quicker decision.

The Frenchwoman's Gift for Business

AN EMERGENCY arose in the Paris office of an American concern. The manager and his assistant, both men of long experience in France, held a conference; but they were not able to get a satisfactory grasp of the situation nor decide what was to be done—nothing of that nature had ever arisen before.

"Let us call in our cashier, Madame Champs," said the manager at length. "She's a Frenchwoman; we'll find out what she thinks of it."

When the situation was explained to her she drew a line with great clearness, brought out the vital points, set aside the non-essential ones and suggested a course which, when followed, met the situation completely.

Business sense seems to be born in the Frenchwoman.

See the sewing-girls flocking out of the Paris millinery and dressmaking shops. They look to the last degree frivolous, for they copy costly gowns and hats in cheap materials, like the same girls in New York, and wear them with the same dashing parody of the grand dame. But just look over the Parisienne's shoulder when she goes to the post-office savings bank, and note the total of one thousand, two thousand, three thousand francs, in book

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THE CASE OF THE MULE

By George Pattullo

WITHOUT pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, the mule is the most valuable domestic animal we have. Captains of industry offend the public's nostrils from time to time, but this private of industry steadily increases in worth and in the esteem of men. He pursues his even course, stolidly doing his duty for a return of feed more or less irregular. I would draw your attention to the case of the American mule.

He should not be approached in a flippant spirit. Practically all the heavy labor in half of the states of the Union falls to the mule. The part he is playing in the newly awakened South and Southwest can be measured only in billions of dollars. There is a vast deal of agriculture and construction to which mechanical power is not and cannot be applied profitably; and in this realm the hybrid is invaluable.

Last year there were about four million one hundred and twenty-three thousand mules in the United States, representing a value of four hundred and ninety-four million ninety-five thousand dollars. These are Government figures. Each mule, according to this, was worth $119.84. They will fetch considerably more than that today. A scarcity exists in the supply; and in numerous districts, where a mule famine threatens with the advent of the cotton season, prices have gone rocketing.

So we must take the mule seriously and treat him with respect. He is doing too important work for any other attitude. The honest toil he gives makes possible the cultivation of waste lands, pays dividends to stockholders in mines, builds railways through virgin country, digs irrigation ditches in the deserts, plants much of the corn and most of the cotton of the United States, and brings millions of Southern farmers to market.

I have said that he is the most valuable domestic animal we have. The average price of horses a head in this country in 1910 was $108.19. A mule represents over three times the value of a milch cow, thirty times the value of a sheep, and beats a steer several times over. It would take thirteen swine to make up his price.

The Threatened Mule Famine

IN THIS year of grace the ownership of a mule in the Southwest would split a family wide apart and start a feud between friends. He is worth his weight in good table butter, a form of appraisal every householder can appreciate. Colts just weaned bring from sixty-five to one hundred dollars each; if you offer less than one hundred and twenty-five dollars for a yearling you hurt the owner's feelings badly and he is apt to depart in a dudgeon. A span of ordinary unbroken threes, of seven hundred or seven hundred and fifty pounds weight, will fetch two hundred and seventy-five dollars. A team of broken four-year-olds which tip the scales at one thousand pounds can find a purchaser any sunshiny day for four hundred and fifty dollars; and I have seen exceptional mules snapped up at five hundred to seven hundred dollars a pair.

The truth of the matter is that they cannot be had in sufficient numbers to do the work of the South. A farmer of my acquaintance, who is seldom more than half a bale ahead of his meals, was compelled to use several yearling horse colts to the plow this spring. It was brutal, I grant you, and will ruin the colts; but he sold his mules in the winter in the expectation of the price dropping, and now he cannot afford to buy any at prevailing figures. His is not an isolated case, but a typical instance.

The habitat of our friend the mule is the Southern tier of states and the Southwest—more than half the total number are owned in the south-central portion. If the average layman were asked where mules abound thickest he would exclaim "Missouri" without an instant's hesitation; but he would be wrong. Texas has wrested the palm from Missouri, just as she outstripped Georgia in the production of cotton and will eventually lead many other states in their principal staples. She had seven hundred and two thousand head last year as against three hundred and forty-four thousand for Missouri, and they stood to her credit to the amount of sixty-nine million four hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars. Georgia and Tennessee are well up; I cannot find in official records that Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Maine or Connecticut has any, although morally positive that I have seen them frequently in those states. New York has only four thousand, and Pennsylvania forty-three thousand.

To begin with, let me correct an impression of the too tenderly nurtured that the mule is a distinct, separate species of quadruped. He was not among those present in the Ark. No process of evolution produced this useful, hammer-headed worker. He is a hybrid—a cross between a jack and a mare of the horse tribe. In some countries he is the offspring of a stallion and a jenny; but that is extremely rare in America, and such foals are invariably mean in their disposition and proportionately hard to handle. So far, Nature is complaisant and gives us the mule; but beyond that she will not go. No horse or mare mule can propagate its kind. What few exceptions there have been do not shake the rule and need not be considered in any presentation of the subject.

Of course the existing scarcity has projected a horde of men into mule-breeding. Every small farmer who owns a mare is fired with that ambition today. The result will probably be a glut of the market in three years' time and a consequent depreciation in value. Both in the horse and mule markets there are constantly recurring fluctuations. The span of rise and fall in supply and price may be placed roughly at seven years.

As to breeding mules, it is a complicated business. A breeder must be prepared, first of all, to face a heavier loss in the get than in the breeding of horses. With mules, this loss varies from thirty to forty per cent and signifies Nature's protest. If excellent care be taken of the mares a higher percentage of success is possible.

On the other hand, a breeder need not fear the high mortality among colts, which the horseman must reckon with. Indeed, the mule bears the same relation to the horse in respect to health as the goat does to sheep—he seems immune to ordinary diseases. Epidemics seldom obtain any hold among them. They are subject to distemper, but it catches them in a mild form and yields readily to treatment. Colic, too, can be relieved without danger—except only spasmodic colic, which is their most severe ailment and will kill even a mule.

Legend has done much to malign him. Nobody distrusts a mule more than I or has better grounds to do so; yet there are facts I must admit. He is easier to break to harness than the horse. He does not become bridlewise so quickly, perhaps because he is tougher in the mouth and possesses much individuality; but, if caution be exercised in the earlier stages of his training, a mule can be made a gentle and infinitely patient helper.

"A mule is always a mule," you say. Half of that perversity of temper for which he is notorious comes from poor handling when breaking in or afterward; for, once antagonized, a mule is remarkably set in his ways. Endowed with greater courage than the horse, he resents roughness with more venom and sustained determination.

The mule's stubbornness is, indeed, but an expression of character. He has personality. What can beat his calmly judicial temper? What equals his patience? I have seen a mule bide his time for nine weeks to get a chuckwagon cook into a favorable posture for a kick, there being certain accounts outstanding between them. He is never subject to panic; his nervous tremors are few and reasonably controlled; and he lacks the sensitiveness that often renders horses unsuitable for hazardous work and saps their strength in crises. All these qualities make him priceless in a new land.

The Best Friend of the Colored Population

NOBODY who has ever had much to do with mules can have failed to observe the marked variations in their characters—variations as wide as those among men. Some are good; many are bad. There is the "no-'count" mule, just as there is the man who "ain't of no 'count"; the vagabond, the moderately industrious, and the splendid, energetic toiler. The mare mule is more tractable than the horse mule and will find a purchaser more readily. Not only does she behave in better fashion in harness but her field manners are above reproach. Her brother, on the contrary, will chase stock round and round, and otherwise worry them—out of refined cussedness.

Let us see what service the mule performs. In the corn and cotton belts he does the plowing and the planting for those staples; also, he hauls them to the mills and gins and to market. The corn crop is worth a billion and three-quarters yearly to the American people; cotton yields close to six hundred million dollars annually. In railway construction and irrigation projects he drags the heavy scrapers from early morning to dark. He freights supplies in regions remote from steam and electric traffic. He takes the farmers to town, delivers merchants' goods in the smaller communities below Mason and Dixon's Line, and is the most faithful friend the colored population boasts. When war raises its dragon head the commissariat and the engineers send up a howl for mules. We use him in the cow-country largely on the chuckwagons and for windmill teams; in fact, when the heaviest teaming is to be done, when the work gets hottest, the cry goes out for the mule.

In rough country we even employ them for saddlers, especially in the mountains, where their surefootedness

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PHOTO. BY [illegible]

A Bunch of Yearlings Worth One Hundred and Twenty-Five Dollars Each

THE CASSANDRA OF THE KEYS

By Richard Washburn Child

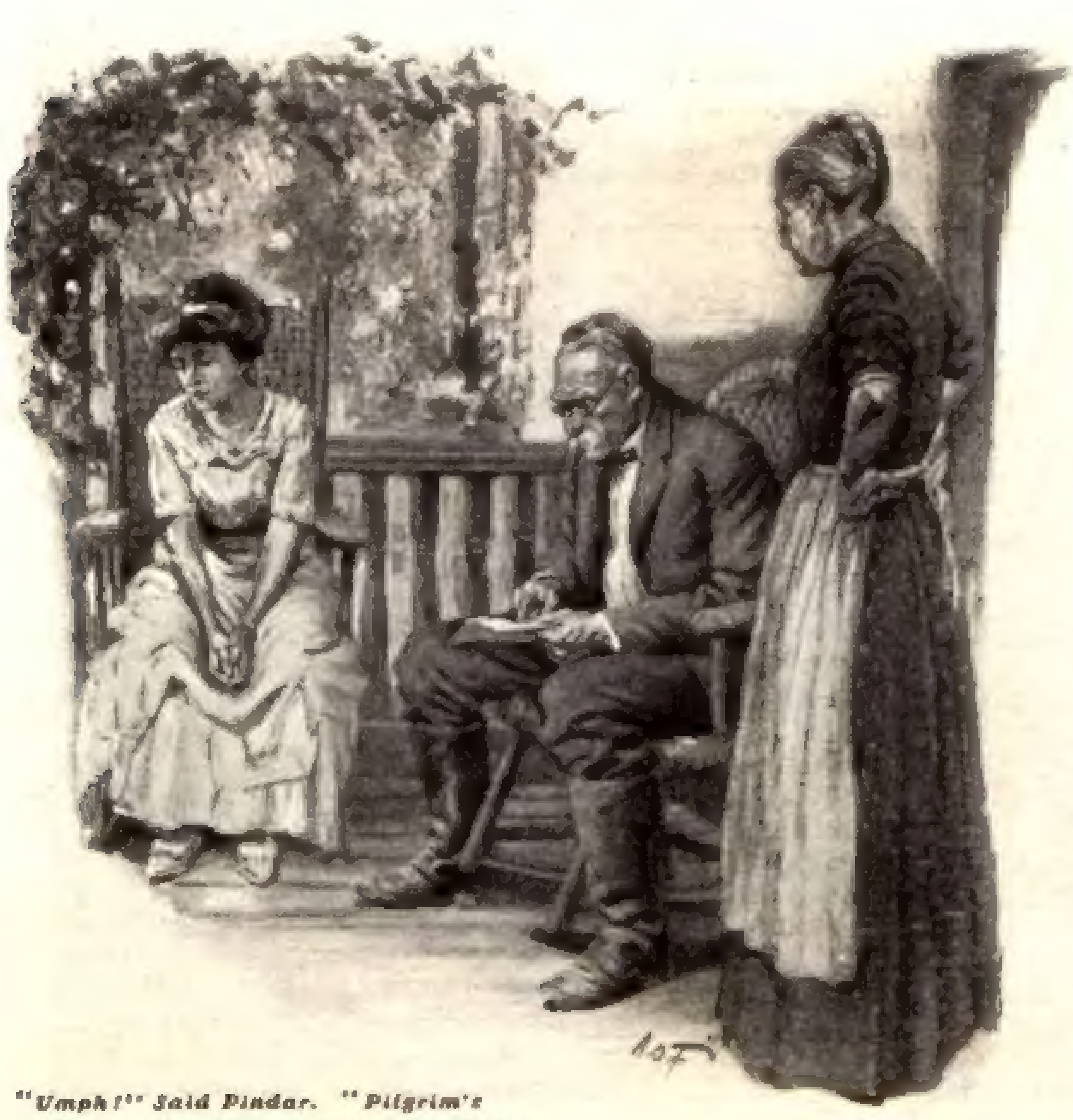
ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

PINDAR ROWE was "ex." He was ex-sheriff, ex-smuggler, ex-filibuster, ex-gold miner, ex-sea captain, ex-pilot, ex-professional wrecker. After his wife died he bought Spongecake Key and the right to live in solitary camp on it from a retired Philadelphia ice-cream manufacturer who had tried to turn the place into a cocoanut plantation. There—amid the rustle of the palms and the squawks of pelicans and cranes, the dangers of the diamond-back rattlesnakes and the curly-tailed scorpions, the shadows of mangrove bushes and the prickly pears, the dead calms, when one could hear fish jump in the shallows between the islands, and the hurricanes, when one, in a whirl of coral sand, could hear the army of the air gallop by—Pindar was both king and subject.

Stores for this hermitage were necessary. Therefore, on the last Thursday of the month, the old man would brush up one of his derby hats, which he wore summer and winter through the tropical year, hoist sail for the diminutive wooden city which is called "The Pride of the East Coast," and finally tie up his boat among those of the fishing fleet. He would go ashore with the chatter and yapping of Bahama negroes, Spanish restaurant-keepers, Cuban cigar-makers, descendants of Bermuda cockneys, sun-dried street dogs, green parrots hung above shop doorways, and auctioneers of newly unloaded bananas. He would make his way first to the bank, then to the shipchandler, the tobacconist, and the newspaper dealer who would gravely hand over the counter a month's file of a Jacksonville daily. Then he would prepare to visit Aunt Sarah; and while he was making up his mind to take this dutiful trip to his dead wife's sister he would pass through all the doubts and lingerings of determination which a thin man feels before he steps under an icy shower bath. Aunt Sarah had never approved of him while his wife lived and now she regretted her severity. She exhibited this regret on the occasion of each visit by lighting for him, with her own bony hands, a cigar that she had kept in an upper bureau drawer in proximity to a bag of lavender.

Furthermore, Aunt Sarah was known to every one as the most truthful woman that ever lived. She prided herself upon the impregnable veracity of every word she uttered. Her narratives of events were constantly interrupted by corrections; if by chance she named the date of her last visit to the doctor, who gave electrical treatment, as April thirtieth, a blush so powerful that it would suffuse her sallow cheeks rose from her conscience, and she would hasten to state that it was not April thirtieth, but May first. Then she would say: "I am accurate because every one looks to me for the truth." On these occasions Pindar would bite the end of his lavender cigar until his teeth met.

It was one of these visits to Aunt Sarah that caused a strange, marvelous and shocking spectacle.



"Umph!" Said Pindar. "Pilgrim's Progress Wouldn't Satisfy That Feller"

At noon on this one last Thursday in the month, Pindar stopped before the familiar balconied house, took off his derby hat, smoothed his gray hair, wiped his spectacles and uttered a sigh of resignation. When he looked up, however, he took a step backward. In the doorway, instead of Aunt Sarah, there stood a delicate little woman, not over thirty, with unruly brown hair, pale blue eyes, a pointed chin, and small hands with ink-stained fingers—a personality that, with the first photographic impression on the eye, called for protection, sympathy and petting.

"You want to see Miss Bowcup?" she asked timidly.

The old man nodded. "I'm Rowe," he said.

"Mr. Pindar Rowe!" she cried. "You are Mr. Rowe! Oh, that is nice! You can give me local color!"

"How's that?" asked Pindar.

"For specials!" cried the girl.

"Umph!" the old pirate said. "Where's Sarah?"

He looked over his spectacles at the personified ecstasy as one looks at insane persons and, bowing cautiously, slid into the house.

Miss Bowcup was in the kitchen. The huge leaves of banana plants nodded at the windows in graceful contrast to the angular motions of their owner. "Pindar!" said she, running her words together. "You look ten years younger. Of course, that isn't true. You understand me, Pindar. I was speaking generally. I'll get you your cigar—or, rather, the cigar that soon will be yours."

"Yes," said the old man, making motions with his calloused thumb toward the porch. "But who is that?"

"Oh, I forgot to speak of her," said his sister-in-law. "It's Marcella Knott, my brother's child from Indiana. She's literary!"

"You don't say!" exclaimed the old man.

"Speaking truthfully, it's certainly sad!" sighed Sarah.

"Sad?" Pindar gasped. "How can it be sad! If anybody writes they might write something as good as Pilgrim's Progress sometime. You can't tell."

"Well, Marcella says a person couldn't sell it even if it was as good as that. She's been writing stories for newspapers for a year, Pindar, and they all come back on her. She ain't got any kin but me and she's trying to earn a living that way; and the little money her father left her is giving out, and she ain't made but two dollars and a half—and that was for eight poems. The one that brought seventy-five cents was shorter than any of the rest; so I say it's a mysterious business!"

"Poor little critter!" said Pindar.

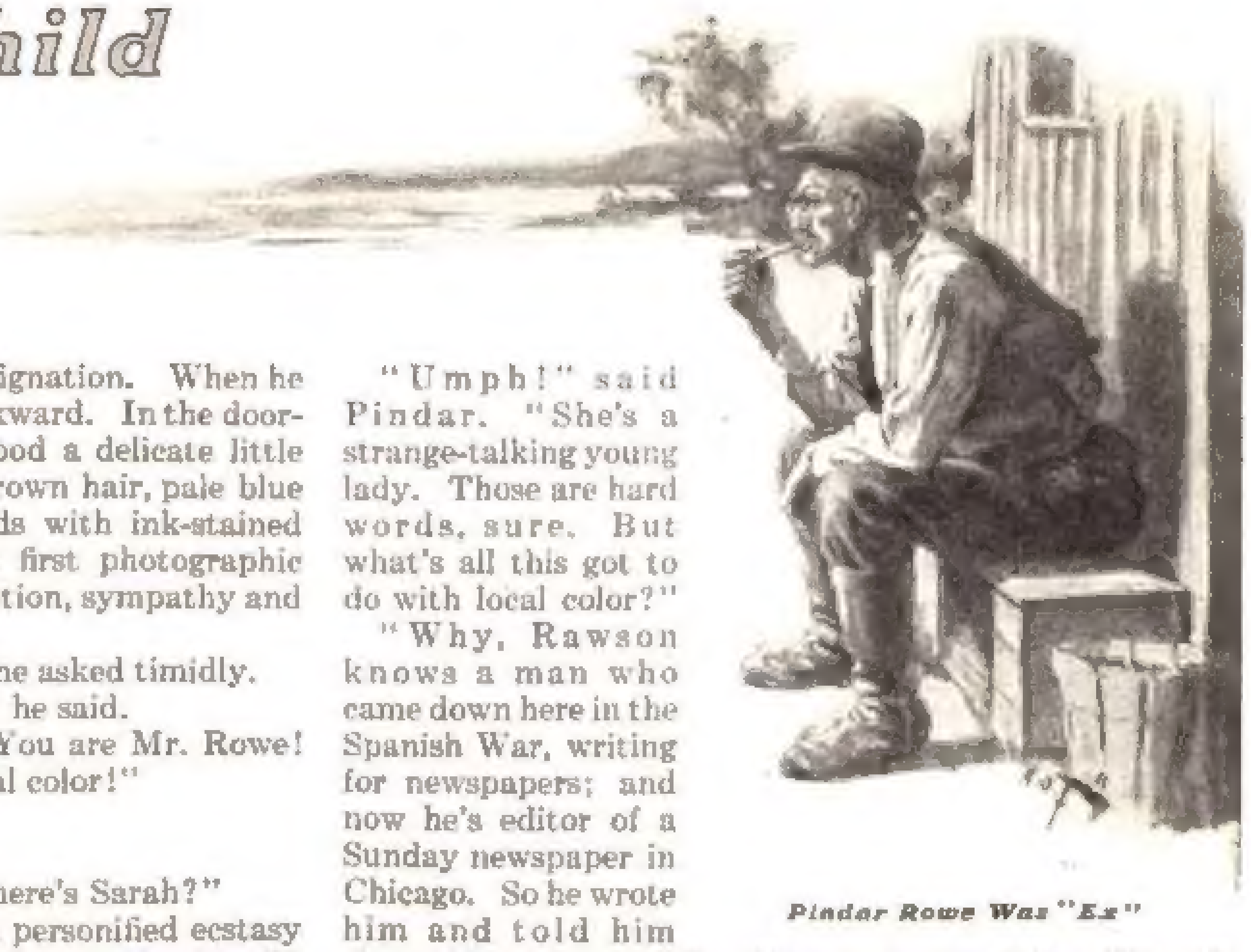
"Well, to tell the strict truth," Aunt Sarah went on in a low tone, "I feel right sorry myself. And the worst of it is she has a dream of fame—that is to say, I heard her mention it. And you never seen anybody write so fast. Her inspiration won't allow of no restraint. It's there and it must come out and be relieved, like the rheumatism. If it don't come away it makes a person moony and queer. To be truthful with you, Pindar, I've learned lots about being literary in these three weeks."

The old man, sitting down, examined the fuzzy brim of his hat. "She said she was going to get some local color from me," he said suspiciously. "What's that mean?"

"Well, I think I can truthfully say that I can explain that," answered Aunt Sarah, shifting the angles of her body. "You see there is Bob Rawson."

"The Red A Line agent? The big, strapping feller? Old contractor Rawson's son? Huh! There's a fine young man. I was mighty fond of his father."

"Well," Miss Bowcup said, "he ain't very inclined toward girls. I mean, of course, he ain't never been before. Now he's in a dreadful state about Marcella. It seems so funny, because she's so small and delicate. He comes sometimes twice a day and walks by whenever he gets a chance, looking at every window like a robber; but Marcella, the little goose, won't give him no encouragement and she tells him she's already been married to letters."



Pindar Rowe Was "Ex"

"Umph!" said Pindar. "She's a strange-talking young lady. Those are hard words, sure. But what's all this got to do with local color?"

"Why, Rawson knows a man who came down here in the Spanish War, writing for newspapers; and now he's editor of a Sunday newspaper in Chicago. So he wrote him and told him about Marcella; and the Chicago man told him Marcella ought to write specials about Florida and Florida folks with local color—and Rawson said you was the one man who could ——"

"Could what?"

"Well, Pindar, I suppose I must tell the strict truth. Of course he didn't mean nothing by it, but he said you could tell more lies about Florida than any other man who ever ate an orange."

"Sounds like one of the Rawsons!" the old man growled. "I never trusted any of 'em! They've always been money-proud."

"Well, anyway, you'll help the poor girl, won't you? She wants you to stay over till tomorrow and tell her stories this afternoon and tonight. She's going to take notes and write 'em up; and you must stick to the truth, because the editor wants facts. You'll do it?"

"No," Pindar answered, slapping his knees.

At this moment the young authoress appeared in the doorway. "Oh, please, Mr. Rowe!" she begged with wide-opened blue eyes and clasped hands. "Red blood is what he wants. Lots of action in a fact story, with atmosphere. Oh, please!"

"No," said Pindar firmly.

The girl's hands dropped to her side. Her eyes opened still wider. The old man, looking at her over his spectacles, forgot Spongecake Key and the tub of butter in his boat, melting under the tropical sunlight; he could see a thousand manuscripts, written in hope, coming back to a lone, forlorn young thing and being heaped in smothering piles upon fires of ambition. He could almost feel the hollow pains of literary failure. As he looked, a tear stole out of one of her eyes and trailed a slow and glistening course down her cheek. He jumped up.

"Women," he roared, "is the damnedest shame there is! Sparrows' falls is watched lots closer than them. Don't you cry, Marcella. Come out on the porch and you and I will give Chicago hell!"

"Pindar!" cried Miss Bowcup; but little Miss Knott had caught the old man's salt-bleached wrist in her own soft fingers and had dragged him away.

Such occasions furnish the world with the reflection that true self-sacrifice is seldom conspicuous and that the petty generosities, which in accumulation make life's chief goodness, are never estimated at their true worth. Had a recording angel watched old Pindar through that afternoon and evening as he sat in the meager shade of a sugar-apple tree, foregoing the delights of his old corncob pipe and forcing yarn after yarn out of his memory, with the mental effort necessary to expurgate indelicacies and the full-mouthed language of seafaring men and adventurers, the credit column would have been lengthened to keep pace with all the confessions of rascalities that he then made to Marcella from Terre Haute.

It was nearly midnight when, after he had left Aunt Sarah's with a promise to Marcella to come back in another month, he pushed his sloop from the fishwharf out into the phosphorescent, oily black waters. Standing in the stern and considering the prospect of a long night sail through the Keys, he yawned. Something crackled dryly in his pocket. It was Aunt Sarah's cigar, which on this visit he had not smoked. He smelled of it cautiously. Then he threw it far out into the shadows.

"Umph!" said he. "The harbor will smell of lavender for twenty weeks!"

Indeed, when, sailing back for his new supply of provisions a month later, he had reached this spot he raised his sharp nose and, as his sloop with lazy canvas slid in between the coal barges, charcoal schooners and craft of the sponge fishermen, he sniffed suspiciously.

"Anyhow," he said to himself with the thought of Miss Bowcup, "she certainly is a truthful woman, even if she does say so." He gazed along the waterfront of the wooden town, with its cigar factories and acres of two-storied buildings; and, as if addressing this semi-urban personality, he added: "You can bet on her word!"

Marcella, however, and not his sister-in-law, was on his mind. Though he would not admit this to himself he was so eager to hear news of the literary adventure to which he had been a party that he went by the shipchandler's, past the door of the tobacconist, across the street from the grocer's and on to Miss Bowcup's with the fast, choppy steps of an old sailor going somewhere in particular.

When he arrived he found the diminutive authoress on the porch and Rawson, the young giant, leaning on the rail, gesticulating with his powerful hands and fingers. Pindar, though irritated at the delay, saw by the earnestness of Rawson's face that he probably was urging his affections with all the awkwardness of his inexperience; and he stopped so that he might not interrupt the boy. The two young persons, he thought as he waited behind a fragrant shrub burning with scarlet flowers, made a pretty picture. The flecks of tropical sunlight thrown upon them through the sugar-apple foliage, the girl's white dress and the little expression akin to that of fright upon her face, the muscular frame of her admirer, the delicate blue of the block of writing paper that the girl had dropped on the floor—all pleased the old man's eye. He fell to dreaming of his own youth. It was not until truthful Aunt Sarah had come out with a kitchen spoon in her hand, to tell at length of beating a scorpion to death in the back yard, that Rawson bowed his farewell and Pindar hastened toward the house.

"Well," he cried, "how'd we come out with the special articles, as you call 'em, Marcella?"

"Why, is that you, Pindar?" said Miss Bowcup gravely.

Miss Knott bent her white neck and looked at the floor. "They came back," she whispered.

"Came back!" roared the old man.

"To be accurate, that is exactly what they did," Aunt Sarah affirmed. Her thin lips were compressed.

"Being a writer," said Pindar finally, "is subject to surprises. Didn't the feller send an explanation?"

"Yes," Aunt Sarah admitted.

"Yes," admitted Marcella.

"What did he say?"

"He said," the old lady answered, "that fact stories of real Florida life was highly improbable."

"Dead men's fingers!"

With this, his choicest oath, the old man fell back into a willow rocking-chair.

"Let me see his correspondence," he said finally.

The girl, with a sniffle which caused Pindar to look up over his spectacles apprehensively, handed him the letter. He read it through once and then, with his bent forefinger tracing the typewritten words, he read aloud:

"'My dear Miss Knott: We are returning your contributions to our Sunday supplement because they deal with events in the past—that is, do not deal with things now happening and are wholly improbable ——'"

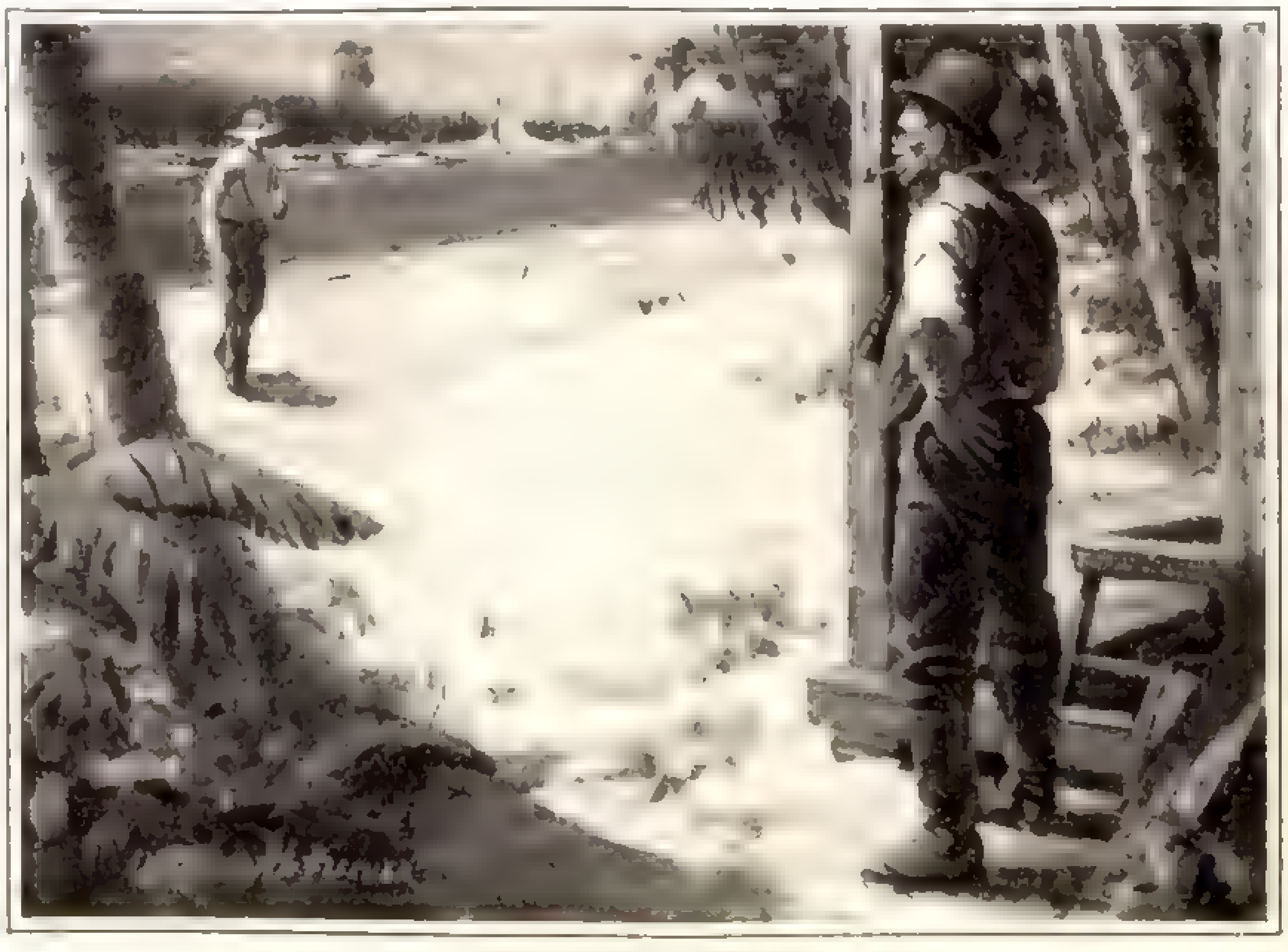
"Yes," interrupted Miss Bowcup. "I should have said 'wholly improbable,' not 'highly improbable.'"

"'Wholly improbable,'" continued Pindar, scratching his head, "'as fact stories. Can't you attempt something that has news value, treating it in the lightly humorous style of Miss Glory Penner, of our staff? We want something that is on deck—and photographs, if possible. Yours, H. Brick.'"

"Umph!" said Pindar. "Pilgrim's Progress wouldn't satisfy that feller."

Marcella Knott wrung her poor, plump little hands. "There isn't anything going on around here," she complained to them.

"That is, nothing that's interesting—just to be accurate," corrected Miss Bowcup, folding her arms into obtuse and acute angles.



"What You Got for Me, Son?"

"He didn't even print the story of how the United States navy caught me taking the brass whistles off the Spanish warships?" asked old Rowe.

The two women shook their heads sadly.

Pindar sat for a while, wrapped in silent profanity. His best narrative had failed! "Give me my hat," he said at last. "I can't think with it off. If there ain't anything to write about we've got to make something. That feller has got to print a piece of yours if I have to break my neck!"

He went to the upper porch; they could hear him tramping up and down that afternoon until the shadows of the banana plants lay elongated on the hot ground. When at last he came down he was chuckling to himself like a full running brook.

"Make the news first—write it afterward," he said, rubbing his rough hands together. "I believe I'd oughter been a writer myself. There ain't any devilment you can write about so well as something you've done yourself." He fell to laughing and rubbing his knees. "Oh, look at this town!" he snickered. "Look at it. It never suspects a thing. We'll set 'em all crazy! Oh, look at this poor fool town!"

"Pindar," said Aunt Sarah, "to tell the truth, you act like a madman."

"Did you ever hear of Morgan?" asked Rowe.

"The pirate?"

"Yep. They say he buried his treasure on Barracouta Key—just across the narrer west channel from Spongecake."

"My stars!" said Miss Bowcup. "Lots of men have dug there. Everybody knows it. They found a skeleton there. I've heard about it in this town since I was a little girl."

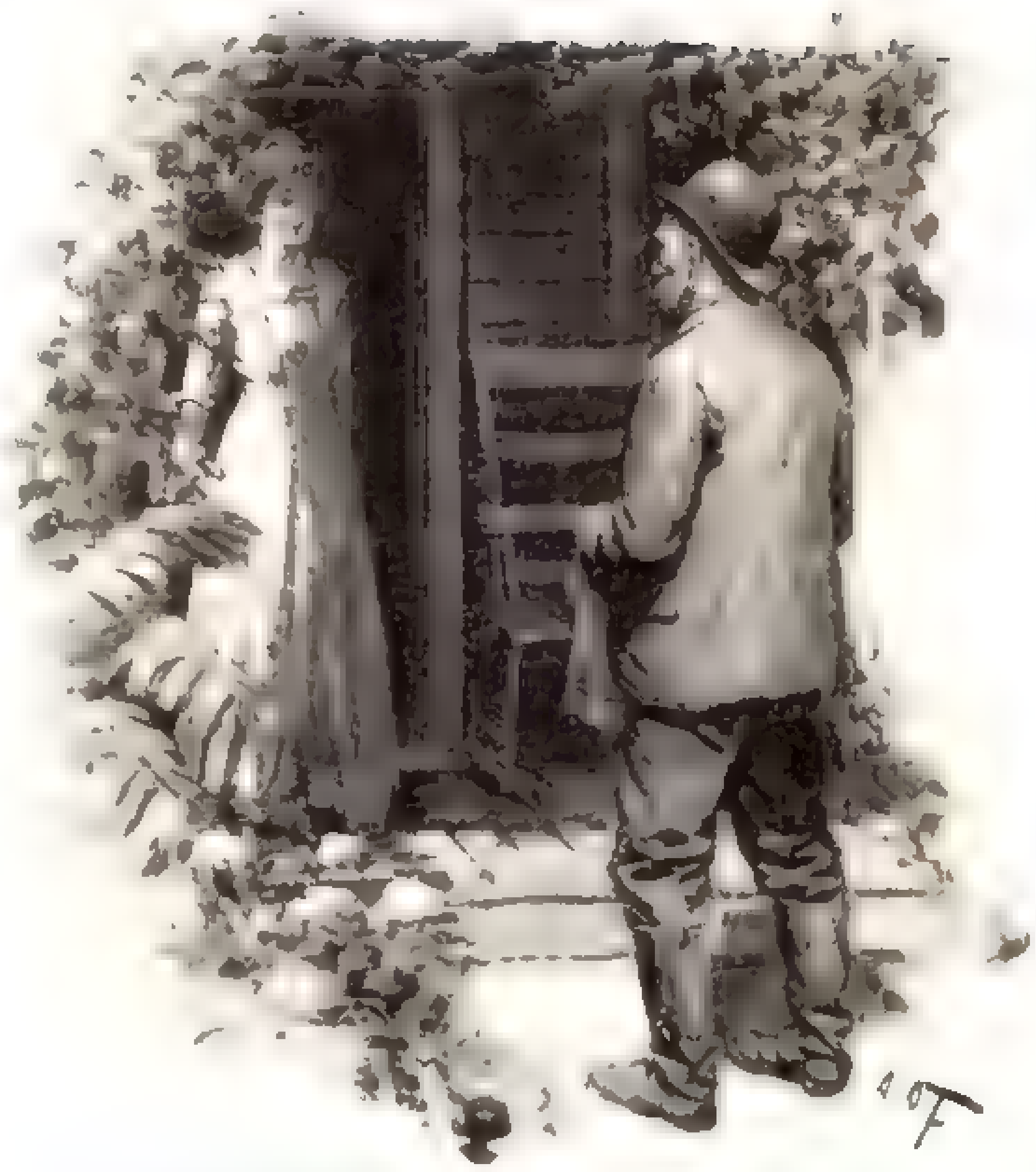
"Treasure?" cried Marcella with wide blue eyes.

"Girl," Pindar said solemnly, "if I was to get half this town, including psalm-singers and misers, black men, white men and Cubans, to set sail next Sunday morning for Barracouta Key, looking for buried treasure, and you was to get Rawson to come up with you and bring a camera and take pictures of 'em, and write how a city of ten thousand folks got up on its hindlegs and snorted and went off to get something for nothing—would that be local color? Would that be human interest? Would that be fresh? Would that be news? You're an authoress I ask you, miss."

"You wouldn't tell a false story, Pindar?" cried Aunt Sarah, touching his arm with severe, cautionary fingertips.

"I ain't going to tell anything," said Pindar. "Not even to you. Marcella Knott, say nothing. Tell nobody. Come up to my key in Rawson's launch and get there Sunday noon! I'll show you the kind of—what is it you call 'em?—special stories?—the kind of specials we have on Spongecake!"

He picked up his derby hat. He hurried off, with his choppy, rolling steps.



"You are Mr. Rowe! Oh, That is Nice! You Can Give Me Local Color!"

The little creature clasped her hands and cast her big blue eyes upward toward the tropic blue. "Oh, Mr. Rowe!" she cried, like a glad child.

"You've forgot your cigar!" Miss Bowcup screamed.

"Smoke it yourself!" muttered Pindar under his breath. He was halfway to the corner.

Late that afternoon, when he had done his marketing, he went into the shipchandler's, beyond the wholesale fruit houses. A little old man sat on a high stool before a tall, narrow desk, making wriggling entries in a cash-ledger book with a hand that shook with palsy. He was almost as white as the immaculate shirt that incased his spare body in voluminous starchery, and his legs wound around those of the bookkeeper's stool in a surprising flexibility. This was the owner, to whom all news came and from whom all secrets went forth through the clicking of false teeth.

"What's new, Briffman?" asked Pindar.

"Hodges—new collector—port—appointed yes'day."

"Did you ever sell that iron-bound oak chest you had before you bought that safe?"

The little watery eyes stared at Pindar. "What you want of it?" he asked.

"How's that?"

"I say, what you want of it?"

"I wish I could get twelve or fifteen just like it," answered Pindar. "What will you take for it?"

"Five dollars. It's there, under that pile of hemp rope."

Pindar raised it, swung it up on to his back and threw a bill on the worn-out old cedar counter.

"You ain't vexed about anything, Mr. Rowe?" inquired the old man.

"No. Why?"

"You don't answer civil questions," snapped Briffman.

"Neither would you if you was in my place," Pindar said, visibly agitated.

The old shipchandler, hobbling out to his door, watched the owner of Spongecake Key until he had raised his sail and had scraped over the first white mudflat on his departure toward the dark mangrove clumps in the north.

"The rascal may have found it," he said and licked his dry lips. "If it's anything Pindar will come back with it. I reckon I'll ask Ben Howard if he knows anything."

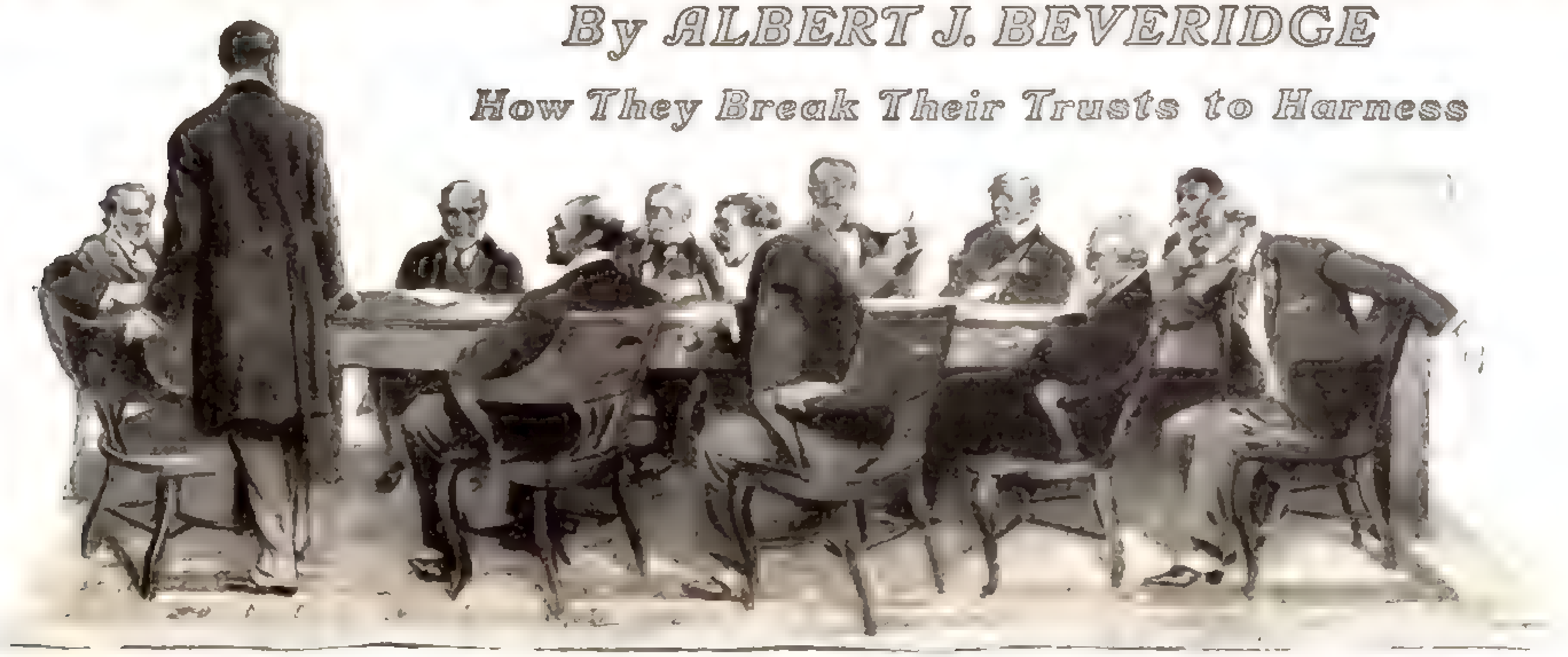
The unheard-of took place; Pindar did come back—not in a month, but within two days. On Saturday morning the janitor of the custom house sighted the familiar sail coming through Beggar's Pass. The town had heard the story of the chest; it was now ready to buzz with old Rowe's return. From the janitor the news went by telephone to Lawyer

(Continued on Page 40)

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

How They Break Their Trusts to Harness



THE trusts are making their conquest of Canada precisely as they are doing in the United States. Indeed, many Canadians think that the trusts are more firmly enthroned in the Dominion than they are in the Republic. Mr. Porritt, in his book, says that "trusts and combinations in Canada control trade much more completely than they have ever been able to do in the United States."

Yet there has been no such vigorous agitation among the Canadian people to curb and restrict them as has made our last decade notable in American history. Perhaps this is because, in Canada, a national public opinion is much more difficult of formation than in more populous and compact countries.

With only about seven million five hundred thousand people scattered over an area as large as the United States; with this small number separated by a vast abyss of rock, muskeg and morass, stretching more than a thousand miles from east to west, and extending from the Great Lakes to Hudson's Bay and the frozen North; with only three slender tracks of steel bridging this as yet farflung waste; with this comparatively sparse population absorbed in building homes here and in developing resources there, and with all the other circumstances springing from these—a solid, uniform and persistent public opinion cannot easily be created. So you can see that a definite thought and purpose of a people, as such, is hard to crystallize in Canada in the same way as in England, for example—or Germany or France, or even our own Republic.

This and the well-organized, ably directed activities in Canada of what in the United States are popularly called "the interests" may have delayed any popular movement there for governmental control and regulation of those organizations of wealth. Yet, even under these conditions, the Canadian people finally are asking relief and the Government has responded.

The High Cost of Living in Canada

LET us note here the immediate circumstances that led to Canada's new law, designed to control the trusts. In another paper you will see how Canada's railways were and are being builded—the astonishing aid that the Governments both of the Dominion itself and of the provinces gave and are giving to these enterprises. Also, after the enactment of the Canadian protective tariff—about half as high as ours—many years ago, numberless manufacturing enterprises sprang up in what is called the "manufacturing district of Canada." These have had a hothouse growth. Then, too, several Canadian provinces or states, as well as the Dominion itself, have aided various industries by bounties and other forms of financial assistance in a way and to an extent impossible even in the United States. In short, whatever the causes, the fact is that trusts, combinations, mergers and other forms of organized capital engaged in production and distribution have increased in Canada with startling rapidity.

In Parliament last year Mr. King, the Canadian Minister of Labor, in his exhaustive speech supporting the new antitrust law, specifically named a remarkable number of these financial groupings formed within a year or two. Indeed, 1909 is known in Canada as the "merger year."

Along with this ran another phenomenon—the cost of living rose until now, speaking by and large, it is as high in Canada as it is in the United States. Indeed, exceedingly well-informed men say that, on an average, a dollar will go farther in the Republic than in the Dominion. Rightly or wrongly, the people here and there began to associate this increase in the cost of living with the increase of combinations engaged in producing and distributing what the people lived upon. And it is out of the people's mild alarm at the confluence of these two phenomena that the recent Canadian antitrust law has grown.

It is said, too, that these Canadian financial combinations take part in politics just as they do with us, and that they have been and are still a potent force in Canadian legislation. Indeed, by the more thorough students of Canadian affairs, this latter fact is felt to be the most dangerous development in Canadian history and the gravest problem of her future—and her immediate future.

So true is this that already the ablest of Canadian economists are suggesting that even the new antitrust law is not strong enough to meet the situation. More powerful legislation already is suggested—legislation that to us Americans will seem autocratic in the extreme, but autocratic in behalf of the general welfare of the whole Canadian people. What this sweeping and potent method is I shall describe later on. It is quite the most thoroughgoing "remedy" ever devised in any country. Just now, however, let us confine our attention to what Canada already has done to regulate and control trusts.

It must be understood that no Canadian statesman or economist makes war upon the organization of industrial capital as such. Even the advocates of the most radical plans for the regulation and control of such financial organizations do not propose to destroy them. Whatever the merits of Canada's present or proposed antitrust methods may be, at least there is no ignorant, insincere demagogy in the mental attitude or spoken word of their advocates. These Canadian reformers believe that organization of capital engaged in industry is a natural evolution—and, if properly regulated and controlled by the Government of all the people, a good evolution. For everybody knows that these great industrial organizations can practice economies that smaller concerns cannot possibly practice.

Everybody knows that they can distribute more quickly and conveniently than the little concerns of a generation ago possibly could do. They can, if they will, make and prepare the people's necessities in better form than could the lesser and undeveloped industries of an earlier period.

These great industrial organizations can do all this more cheaply than ever before; and, if they were made to do so, they could furnish them to the people at a far lower price than the people paid for the same things under the old method of production and distribution.

So the thing to do is to make the greater efficiency that organization of industry produces serve the people better and more cheaply; and to prevent these big concerns from levying unjust tribute on the masses.

This is the viewpoint of Canadian statesmen and economists—this the problem they have set themselve to solve. The conservation of industrial efficiency, the elimination of financial piracy—this is their double task And this, too, is our own, is it not?—and all the world's!

What can the Canadians teach us? How are they trying to solve this problem that we have attacked so unsuccessfully? First, let us briefly review prior Canadian legislation.

As all of us know, monopolies—or anything else that restrains trade—are against the common law. So, in 1889, one year before the passage of our Sherman act, the Canadian Parliament passed a criminal statute that was practically an enactment of the common law and that fixed penalties. This statute amounted to a very little. It had no results.

The Free Trade Switch for Naughty Trusts

THE next thing the Canadians did was to put a very simple section in their tariff law to the effect that, in case a monopoly or combine was formed in any article upon which there was a tariff and prices were thereby unjustly increased, the tariff on that article might be reduced or removed altogether—not by act of Parliament, but by an executive order of the Government. It is precisely as though Congress were to pass a tariff law in the United States giving the President and his Cabinet the power to reduce or to remove the duty on any article produced or controlled by a monopoly.

Yet in only one case has this power been applied. In 1900 complaint was made to the Canadian Government of the existence of a combine in the manufacture and sale of print paper such as newspapers use and of a consequent enhancement of prices. An investigation was made and the Government, being satisfied that such a combine or monopoly did exist, proceeded to reduce the duty on print paper from twenty-five per cent ad valorem to fifteen per cent, at which figure it has since remained.

If we had such a law in the United States, and if it were administered as this law was administered in the print-paper case, you can see how it would operate. The citizens affected would make their representation to our Government and, if an investigation satisfied the Government that a trust or monopoly existed in an article on which there was a tariff, the President immediately would abolish or reduce that duty. So, if the tariff on that article was a very valuable thing to the concern monopolizing the article the concern would be exceedingly careful to keep its prices reasonable in order to retain the duty. For if it did not keep down its prices the duty would be stricken from the law and the concern would be open to the competition of the whole world.

At least this is the theory of the antitrust provision in the Canadian tariff law; but that it has not prevented either the formation of trusts or combines or the increase of prices is shown by the developments that led to the antitrust law of last year.

Curiously enough, notwithstanding the popular unrest at the increase of mergers and combinations in Canada coincident with the increase of cost of living, everybody seems to have forgotten the antitrust section of the Canadian tariff law. It is a strange circumstance, which the observer finds hard to understand. One would think that a procession of formal complaints would be made to the Government and a reduction of duties demanded on this article or that, produced by these trusts and combinations. But this, it appears, is not the case. The antitrust clause of the Canadian tariff law, although successfully applied in one case, is not considered effective—or, at least, sufficient. And therefore the new Canadian antitrust law was instituted.

Suppose six or more Canadian citizens think that a combine or trust has raised prices unjustly—in short, that it has hurt and is hurting the people, including these six persons. All they have to do is to make an application to a judge asking that the alleged combine be investigated and that a time and place be fixed for hearing these six or more persons or their representative. Of course these six or more Canadian citizens must make their application specific. The new Canadian antitrust law does not contemplate any mere vicious badgering and baiting of business concerns. The application for an investigation must, therefore, state the nature of the combine and the persons whom the applicants have reason to believe are concerned in it, the manner in which the combine affects prices or restricts competition, and so forth. It must even state to what extent the supposed combine injures consumers or producers.

These six or more Canadian citizens in their application name one of their own number or some other specified person to act as their representative. Each applicant also must declare that the combine "operates to the detriment of the declarant as a consumer or a producer," that it is injurious to trade and that it is to the public interest that an investigation be made.

What Six Citizens Can Do

WITHIN a specific time after any judge receives this application he must fix a time and place for hearing the applicants; and if when he does hear them the applicants convince him there is good ground for an investigation, the judge proceeds to order the investigation. On the other hand, if the applicants do not produce enough evidence to justify an investigation, and yet the judge feels that there is some real ground for their complaint, he may adjourn for a further hearing. If he thinks the applicants have made out no case at all he may refuse to order any investigation and end the whole matter. Of course the purpose of this is to prevent persons who are merely suspicious or inspired by malice from distracting business by perfectly groundless and mischievous attacks.

And here is a curious thing: The law requires the six or more Canadian citizens who believe that a combine exists that is enhancing prices, and the like, to make their application to a judge; but this is not because he is a judge. The application is made to him as a person—a citizen; and a judge is designated by the lawmakers merely as the most convenient way of insuring a competent and convenient person to whom the application shall be made.

So, right at the beginning, you see that the idea of the Canadian antitrust law is not to encourage lawsuits or, indeed, permit lawsuits, but to get as quickly and simply as possible at the actual facts of the whole business and then to do simple and speedy justice. Its purpose appears to be to get away from technicalities, red tape and formalities of procedure, and to get to the heart of the question; and then to do what in good conscience and for the public welfare ought to be done. Toward the end of the Canadian antitrust law is this specific declaration:

"No proceedings under this act shall be deemed invalid by reason of any defect of form or technical irregularity."

Of course the judge—although, mind you, he is acting as a special officer under this law—in determining whether he will order an investigation, has all the powers that he has when sitting as a judge in his own court—that is, he can summon and enforce the attendance of witnesses, require them to testify under oath, produce books and papers, and so forth.

Suppose now that the judge becomes convinced that these six or more Canadian citizens who make the application are right, that the combine does exist and that it is unjustly raising prices or stifling competition, or doing any of the things forbidden by the law. The judge then makes an order, which through a proper officer is transmitted to the Canadian Department of Labor. This order, of course, states what the judge thinks should be investigated and gives the name of the person or persons in the combine with whom the judge thinks the Minister of Labor should communicate. Of course, too, the application of the six or more Canadian citizens and all the evidence are sent to the Minister of Labor.

Now we have got to where the real work under the Canadian antitrust law begins. The Minister of Labor, as soon as he receives this order or statement from the judge, appoints a board. Those who applied for an investigation are permitted to suggest one member of the board; the concern that is alleged to be a combine or trust may recommend the second member of the board; and these two select the third member, who is chairman of the board.

If the two parties concerned in the investigation fail to recommend members for the board the Minister of Labor himself may appoint these two members. The third member of the board, whom these two members shall agree upon, must be a "judge of any court of record in Canada who is willing and ready to act."

Of course, if the two members of the board representing the opposing sides do not agree upon this third member, the Minister of Labor himself must go ahead and appoint him. None of the applicants and no person who has any pecuniary interest in the alleged combine can be a member of the board. The idea, it appears, is to get as fair and impartial a body of men as possible to pass upon the question.

Then the board begins its work. Though it has a stenographer and takes down all the evidence, has power to administer oaths and compel the production of books and papers, and, indeed, every power necessary to get at the truth of the matter, the proceedings of the board are very informal. It is not in the least like a court. It may or may not permit the parties to have counsel or attorneys.

On the other hand, the Government itself may appoint counsel or attorneys. The board may conduct its proceedings publicly—and, indeed, the idea is that it shall do so; but it can refuse to conduct publicly such parts of its proceedings as it deems advisable.

And so the board goes about its business. Get firmly in your mind the fact that the board is not a court; that the proceedings before it are not a lawsuit or anything like a lawsuit. It is worth repeating—for it is very important—that it is a body of the most competent men that can be found, whose business and duty are to get the real truth of the matter.

After the board gets through its investigation it makes its report, which in the end goes to the Minister of Labor. The report states, of course, what the board finds the facts to be. It is published in the Canada Gazette, the official organ of the Government. And that ends the work of the board.

The provision of the tariff law that I have described is made a part of this antitrust law. If it is found as a result of the hearings that a certain combine has monopolized and raised prices upon an article on which there is a tariff the Government can, by "orders in council," reduce or altogether abolish the tariff on that article, just as it could under the tariff law. In this case, of course, as I have said, the combine is instantly brought face to face with competition in that article from every country in the world.

Suppose, however, it is found that this combine has become a monopoly, enhanced prices, restrained competition, and so forth, because of the use of a patent. That patent may be suspended for a period of years or canceled altogether by an order of the Exchequer Court of Canada. Anybody can make that article just as freely as the concern that owns the patent, by the unwise use of which it has unjustly raised prices and thus oppressed the people.

Or, suppose any other of these things is true—suppose the combine has monopolized and increased unduly the price of an article upon which there is neither a patent nor any duty. After a certain time named in the notice given it, it must pay a thousand dollars a day for every day that it continues so to offend—this in addition to all other punishments.

And this is not the concern alone, mind you, but, as the law declares, any person reported by the board to be guilty of the offense named by the law "and who thereafter continues so to offend is guilty of an indictable offense," and upon indictment and conviction must pay the thousand-dollars-a-day penalty. Nor is this all.

Suppose this combine dealt in any article subject to an excise tax such, for example, as tobacco. The license to do business at all could be either suspended for a period or withdrawn altogether.

Canada indulges in ship subsidies. She started this policy for the purpose of getting a fast and direct line of ships to Europe, especially to the British Islands. The immigration question and political considerations had a good deal to do with the establishment of the ship subsidy system in Canada. Recently there has been brought in the United States an action against the alleged ship combine operating between our country and Europe. Suppose, under the Canadian antitrust law, it was found that such a combine existed in Canada. Parliament would at once withdraw those ship subsidies.

Again, Canada gives a bounty to the manufacturers or producers of binding twine, steel rods, petroleum, lead, and so forth. Suppose, in the manufacture or sale of any one of these things upon which Canada puts a bounty, a combine was found to exist that charged exorbitant prices. Parliament would withdraw that bounty. So you perceive that the scope of this law and its remedies are wide and practical. It has been in existence for less than a year and yet there is now pending under it a case of the gravest importance.

A Notable Case Under the New Law

ALL of us, of course, are familiar with the great United Shoe Machinery Company of the United States. This concern has been and still is doing business in Canada under the name of the United Shoe Machinery Company of Canada. It is organized under the laws of New Jersey and deals in machinery of most kinds required for the manufacture of boots and shoes, and in supplies used in the making of footwear. It leases its machines under a contract that requires the manufacturer leasing these machines to purchase all supplies in which the United Shoe Machinery Company deals from that company and no other.

Exactly seven months after this Canadian antitrust law was passed, ten citizens of Quebec applied to a court for an investigation of this shoe machinery company, alleging that the shoe machinery company was a combine and that it operated to the detriment of the public at large and of these applicants in particular.

After the testimony had been heard in precisely the way I have described, the judge issued his order stating that he was "satisfied that there are reasonable grounds for believing that a combine exists with regard to the manufacture and sale of machinery for manufacturing boots and shoes which has operated to the detriment of consumers and producers, and that it is in the public interest that an investigation should be held." Then the judge very fully stated the facts as revealed by the testimony and ordered an investigation under the antitrust law.

Some parts of the judge's order should be quoted, since this is the first case under the Canadian antitrust act and

(*Concluded on Page 44*)

ON JOINT ACCOUNT

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

STEP by step, all their life led up to this one day. There was a canary in the window of the Kemptons' dining room—and it sang and sang. All the morning, with uplifted head, the bird trilled and quivered, piping in an ecstasy, Panlike, as if to the joy of living.

On the sill beneath its shiny brass-wire cage stood another of Mr. Kempton's possessions—a geranium, in a red terra-cotta pot. Through the winter he had solicitously tended it, delighted whenever a new leaf miraculously unfolded; proud and elated—a little amazed too—when at the top of one waxlike stem a cluster of buds began to form. "Well! well!" he ejaculated. A scientist chancing on some profound natural law could hardly have felt an exultation greater than Mr. Kempton's—the joy of his success in this small, homely endeavor.

Though all his tastes leaned to such things as birds and flowers, Mr. Kempton found little leisure for his hobby. Formerly he and his wife had lived in a pleasant suburb, but Mrs. Kempton hadn't liked it. Besides, business took up most of his time. He was confidential man to a large banking and brokerage house in New Street, a place that made many exactions on his life. At eight A. M., every weekday in the year, he jumped up from the breakfast table, hastily folded his newspaper into a convenient, compact wad, and, after bestowing a kiss on Mrs. Kempton's somewhat coldly proffered cheek, dashed on his way to the Elevated. At his office then, from nine in the morning until five o'clock at night, Mr. Kempton resolved himself into an absorbed commercial man of the usual, perhaps ordinary, type—a shrewd, cautious fellow, alert enough in his way, but more remarkable for loyalty and strict attention to his employers' interests than he was for any traits of peculiar financial genius.

Rail and industrial stocks were his specialty and the firm thought him a reliable, valuable man.

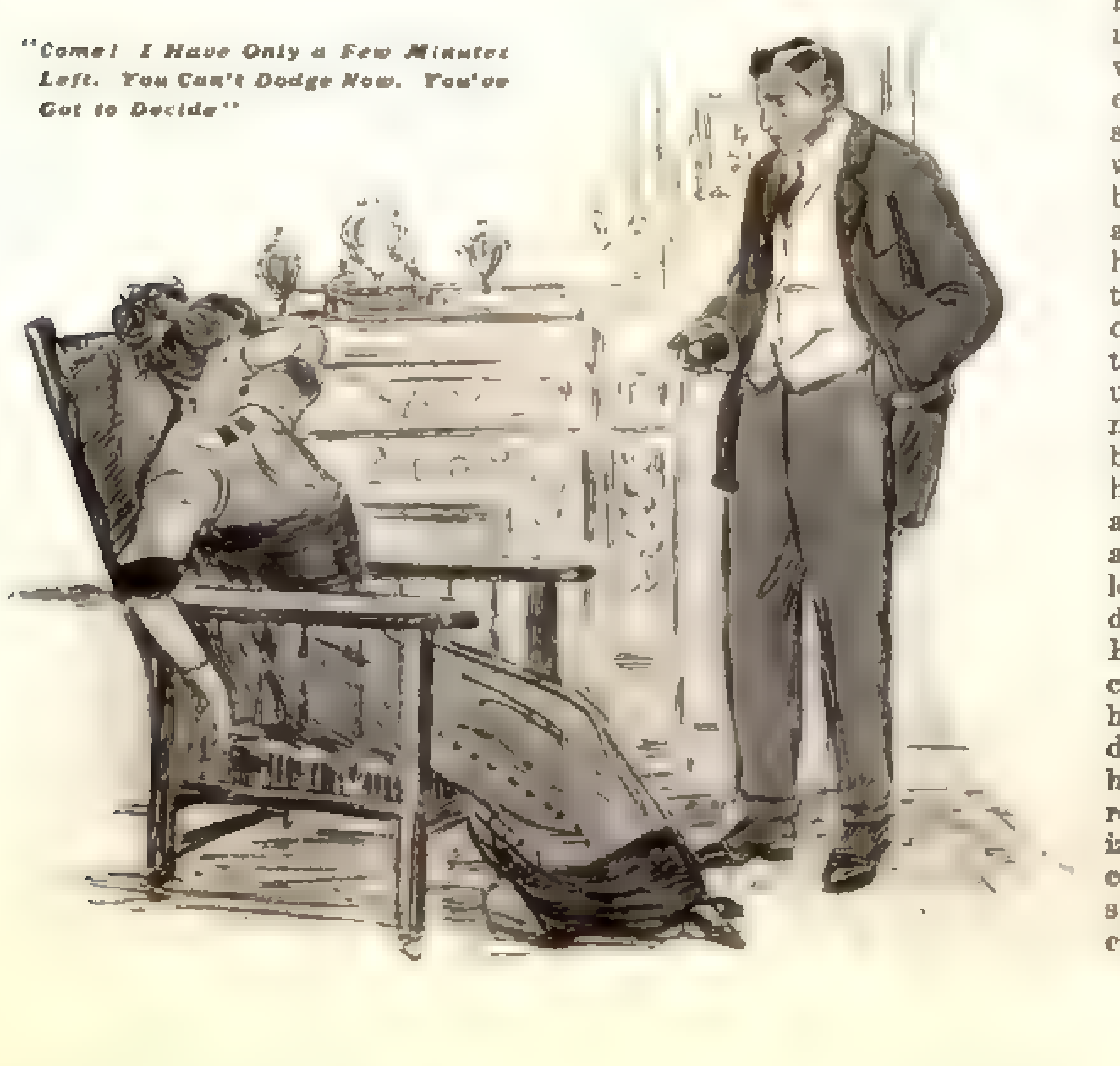
Whether Mr. Kempton had become as successful for himself as he had for others depends largely on the point of view. In age he had just turned thirty-seven, while his pay in round numbers approached four thousand dollars a year. However, to get this much—or, as the case may be, this little—he had toiled for sixteen years, with his nose held close to the grindstone. Moreover, the salary had been raised to this figure only recently—to be exact, on his last birthday; in honor of which double event Mr. Kempton had treated himself to the canary. The bird was one of the ordinary Hartz Mountain warblers; and earnestly, with a rare patience, he had begun teaching it to fly to his outstretched finger when he whistled. In reward, when it came to him, Mr. Kempton let it peck at a crumb of sugar held delicately between his lips.

Mrs. Kempton cared little for canaries; in fact, she thought both the bird and its tricks rather bourgeois. Nor was she overpartial to geraniums in terra-cotta pots. Orchids—or, say, gardenias—were much more to her taste. She was a large, pale woman, still under thirty, with gray, vivid eyes. For seven years now the Kemptons had been married; and, though as yet no child had come to bless the marriage, Mr. Kempton, at least, was still hopeful. Moreover, were he to get his wish, he would prove himself a fond parent—as, indeed, are all men who delight in such things as geraniums and canaries. Mrs. Kempton, however, did not share her husband's hopes; they were not doing well enough, she thought, to incur any extra-heavy expense. Besides, a nurse would be required; and in the apartment there would be no place for a nurse or, much less, a nursery, unless Mrs. Kempton gave up the guest chamber which was now her dressing room and boudoir.

However, it is doubtful whether she was thinking of that on this particular morning. A slight frown had gathered on her brow, a hint of annoyance, when Mr. Kempton leaned over to bestow his usual parting kiss. Afterward, as the door slammed to at his heels, there came into her face a dull, reflective expression, as if not only her eyes but her thoughts were fixed on something far away. In effect, the look signaled discontent. Ordinarily, however, Mrs. Kempton seemed to be a placid, complacent person, with no especial life impulse—say, ambition—that might breed dissatisfaction; but that she was now neither placid nor complacent would have become obvious to even the most casual observer.

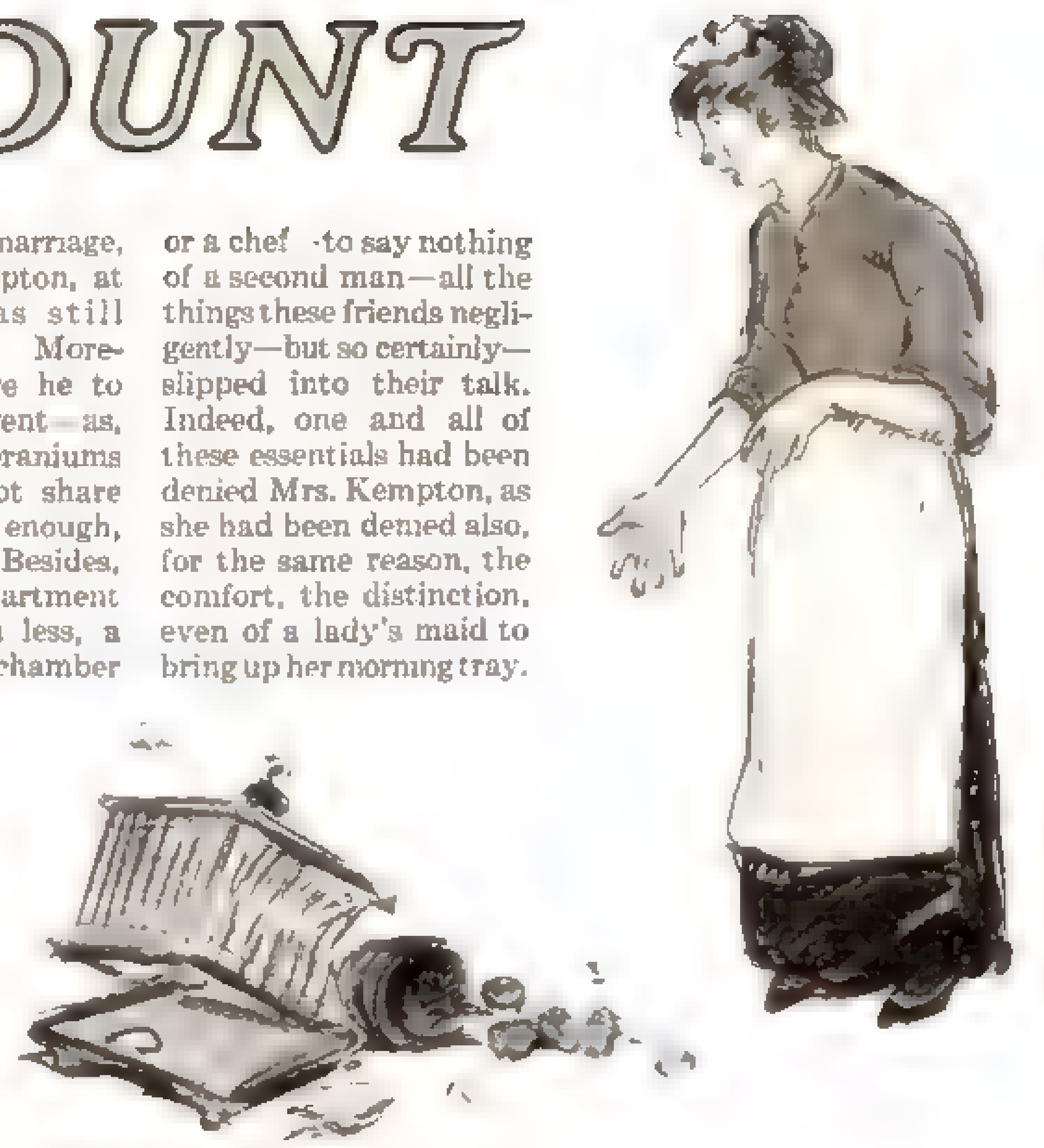
A sigh escaped her and she thrust back her chair and arose. There was annoyance, too, in the way she threw down her napkin; and then her eyes as fretfully roamed about the dining room. In the glance was something as if the place, her surroundings, offended her. Another, though, might have found in the room much that was pleasing, especially now, when it was flooded by the mellow sunlight that poured through the opened windows. Its furnishings were good and, what is more, they were comfortable; but, though the chairs, the table and the sideboard, as well as the cabinet in the corner, were of mahogany and all substantial and in good taste, Mrs. Kempton's preference was for oak, carved delicately, and with cushions of embossed leather in place of the sober blue corded velveteen that covered hers. Some friends of the Kemptons had just bought themselves a set of oak, such as this. Then, too, these same friends had tapestry hangings in their dining room, chests of heavy plate and tableware, chased glass in quantities, and all the other essentials of what she considered smart, distinctive elegance; but it takes money to have such things—not only the money to buy them, but the means to keep them up, to display them properly amid all the proper surroundings. Money?—humph! Mrs. Kempton shrugged, a movement that was thoroughly expressive of her thoughts.

For, after all, money—wealth—is only relative. In her own estimate, the Kemptons had no money—that is to say, they had four thousand dollars a year, which—as she saw it—was not more than enough to make stuffing for Job's turkey. Or, to put it in another way, in contrast with what some of her friends in the city possessed, it was no more than a pitiful drop in the bucket.



"Come! I Have Only a Few Minutes Left. You Can't Dodge Now. You've Got to Decide"

A great deal might be said of the nature, the quality, of the lady's visiting list. There were names upon it of what you and I might vulgarly call carriage folk. As a rule, they represented the aristocracy of success—women who were the wives of well-to-do business men, though there were a few among them, perhaps, that may only have inherited their cash. Now and then, with the hoot of a motor horn, or with a jingling of curb chains and the patter of padded hoofs, they drove up to the Kemptons' side-street apartment house. Briefly described, the building was one of those West Side home ideals, which have Italian marble and a liveried attendant in the front, and, in the back, inky bedrooms that look out on your neighbor's wife dressing herself by gaslight. If Mrs. Kempton was at home—that is, receiving—the carriage folk went up to her twelve by fourteen glass-doored drawing room, where they talked to her of things you and I have only read about. Naturally, they patronized a little; sometimes they even covertly condoled. It was so because she had no carriage—no motor—no chauffeur. Nor had she even a butler or a chef—to say nothing of a second man—all the things these friends negligently—but so certainly—slipped into their talk. Indeed, one and all of these essentials had been denied Mrs. Kempton, as she had been denied also, for the same reason, the comfort, the distinction, even of a lady's maid to bring up her morning tray.



"Ow, Glory be! 'Twill be Both His Shrub and the Little Kineery!"

This was the least of it. What galled her so habitually—and on this morning in particular—was not altogether the unsatisfied craving for money, its gewgaws and its lollypops. There was something else. It was the something implied in the airs, in the manners, in the affectations of these women, who seemed to waste no effort to show her how much she should envy their superiority. Envy?—Oh, yes! that was it. They meant her to envy—to crave, to covet enviously. Otherwise they could have felt little satisfaction in their many goods and chattels. They were the wives, you know, of able, successful men; while she—humph! Who was she?

Mrs. Kempton knew the answer. It was inevitable that she should.

She was the wife of one Thomas Kempton, clerk—a drudge, a Wall Street hack—a four-thousand-dollar failure. In effect, as it long had galled her to admit, she was tied for life to an inefficient man.

"Ah, dear!" None could deny her the privilege to sigh.

There was a letter on the table. It was torn across, still lying where she had tossed it down, its two halves cast like scented petals amid the disorder of the breakfast things—a litter of orange peel, crusts of toast and chipped eggshells on a plate smeared with marmalade; and beside it a cup in which the dregs of coffee had begun to turn a streaky, chalky white. One of her friends, a Mrs. Pinney, of the carriage aristocracy, planned a fortnight's airing at Lakewood, and so had written—or may it have been at Atlantic City? It was, at any rate, some one or other of the places flocked to by women with means—with money, that is, and the limp inactivity that so often goes with their money. "Pity you can't join me!" said the letter blandly, indolently—a bare statement of fact; as if, indeed, the possibility that Mrs. Kempton might share in a caste privilege such as this were quite beyond the bounds of reason. Lakewood?—Atlantic City, eh? At the moment the moon seemed quite as accessible.

"Dear—dear!" she murmured pensively.

Instantly there was an answer. It was an echo, furthermore, that pitched itself in a key as pensive, as pervasively sweet and sad, as her own reflective sigh.

"Dree!" said the canary liquidly. "Dree! Dree!"

"Oh, be still!" returned Mrs. Kempton dully.

"Tweet! Tweet-tweet!" the bird retorted.

After it had rasped its bill briefly on the flake of cuttlefish bone stuck between the wire bars, the canary hopped back to the middle of its perch. "Twee! Twee-eee!" it chirped anew. Pausing then, it threw up its head, cocked itself sideways and, swelling out its throat and fluffy ball of a breast, again let forth into the sunshine an impulsive, throbbing voluntary, flutelike and melodious.

Mrs. Kempton stamped her foot. "Be still, I say!"

But the blithe soloist swelled itself even to a more eager effort, its alleluia pouring skyward in a renewed, impetuous obligato of fairy scales and grace-notes: "*Venite! Venite! Venite adoremus!*"

"Stop it!"

It was not the first time the bustling chorister had broken in on the repose of Mrs. Kempton's thoughts. Now she again stamped her foot. In turn, she snatched up the napkin and, violently waving it at the canary, sped toward its cage.

The drama, since it was to become a tragedy, ran swiftly to its tragic end. "Here—ssh!" she cried. There was a clatter, a sudden beating of frightened wings—and then there followed a crash. Somehow, the napkin so wildly jerked about had caught in a projection of the cage, which was instantly snatched from its hook. It fell then, and in the tumble not only knocked loose its bottom tray but struck from the windowsill Mr. Kempton's potted geranium. Afterward the cage and the pot sluiced floorward together, spreading out on the carpet in a general débris of dirt, smashed earthenware, bent brass wire, amid which were distributed the leaves and stalks of the dismembered, blasted geranium.

Out of this chaos emerged the canary; and, with one startled squeak, it departed via the window. In brief, it was seen no more.

Whether Mrs. Kempton, however, was shocked, pained or even disgusted by the catastrophe, each must judge for himself. On the heels of the crash the somewhat mussy cap and head of an otherwise untidy female obtruded itself from behind the pantry's swinging door.

"Ow, glory be!" exclaimed the handmaid—for she it was. "'Twill be both his shrub and the little kineery!"

Incensed by the frank sympathy of this avowal, which was both unasked for and familiar, Mrs. Kempton drew up stiffly, her head thrown back.

"Clean up this dirt," she ordered icily. "Do it at once! And here!" she abruptly added, "throw out that cage, too, with all the rest of the rubbish."

"Ow, but missis!" the girl protested, and regretfully clucked her tongue. "Ow, but—tck! tck!—the master will be that fond of thim!"

Mrs. Kempton had withdrawn, however. Passing down the hallway, she sought the privacy of her bedroom, where she slammed to the door with a bang. There, for an hour or more, she sat mured in the semidarkness, brooding morosely over what some women call their lot. Afterward she arose, dressed herself in a smart street dress and hat, and, after making sure that the wreck in the dining room had been cleared away, departed to a midday engagement. As it was one that involved both luncheon and the matinée, she absented herself until six o'clock or thereabout. Obviously her mood, meanwhile, had somewhat changed, for in place of the morning's trist reflection her face indicated strong, decisive resolution.

A few minutes later, Mr. Kempton's doorkey sounded in the latch; and, lacing her long fingers together in front of her, she stalked into the parlor to wait for him.

Of late there had been something rather curious in her husband's manner. He neither laughed so much as usual nor seemed so prone to relax himself with his usual light amusements. Instead, even the unobservant Mrs. Kempton had noted that he was repressed and thoughtful, and that often at long intervals he sat with an extinguished cigar clenched between his teeth, his head bent, his eyes fixed dully on the floor. Of course his wife might have found a suggestive cause for his mood in her own almost sulky moodiness; but the fact remained that not even this, though sufficient, could quite supply the reason. Ordinarily, at the first hint of her heart's heavy burden he had been quick to heed, to hie himself away, long experience having taught him that no art of his could soothe her melancholy—that black dog must have its day like every other dog. Now, however, when his wife's pet came out for its airing, Mr. Kempton neither hied himself away nor otherwise paid heed to her doings. Instead, he himself had put on an air of preoccupation that hour after hour ably matched in its profundity some of her own best fits of the doldrums. Queer, too—because whenever she had remained placid, even if not cordial, he had always made every effort to respond.

"Oh, Hilda!"

Of course it's not hard to sulk, but it's most trying when nobody notices. "Tuh!" said Mrs. Kempton.

"I say, Hilda!"

She gave no reply. After a pause, he tramped down the hallway toward the dining room, where he called again. Presently a loud exclamation reached her, a signal at which she slightly started; and then he came hurrying back along the passage.

"Hilda!" cried Mr. Kempton excitedly.

The truth was that Mrs. Kempton's housemaid had omitted to obey Mrs. Kempton's orders. Instead of throwing out the empty, battered birdcage, the girl had hung it again on its hook.

"I say, now!"

Thrusting aside the hangings he stood before her, a slight figure, a man of middling height, with a round, almost chubby face, lighted by shrewd and earnest brown eyes. One saw that his shoulders had begun to stoop a little and that the hair over his temples had already turned a frosty gray.

"Where's the bird—my canary?" he asked, alarm in both his tone and manner.

Mrs. Kempton drew herself up, a movement that trussed her elbows and intwined hands a little closer to her person. Very briefly then, not to say bluntly, she gave him the details of the day's disaster.

"The canary? Oh, gone! It got away. As the cage fell and smashed your geranium, too, I had all the rubbish thrown out."

At the announcement Mr. Kempton's mouth dropped open, while at the same time his face twitched a little as if with a twinge of pain.

"Gone!—humph!" he murmured, and gave a little sigh. After a bit he spoke again, almost in the manner of a requiem, one might say. "Poor little Dickey!" said Mr. Kempton simply. "I'd been getting so fond of him too."

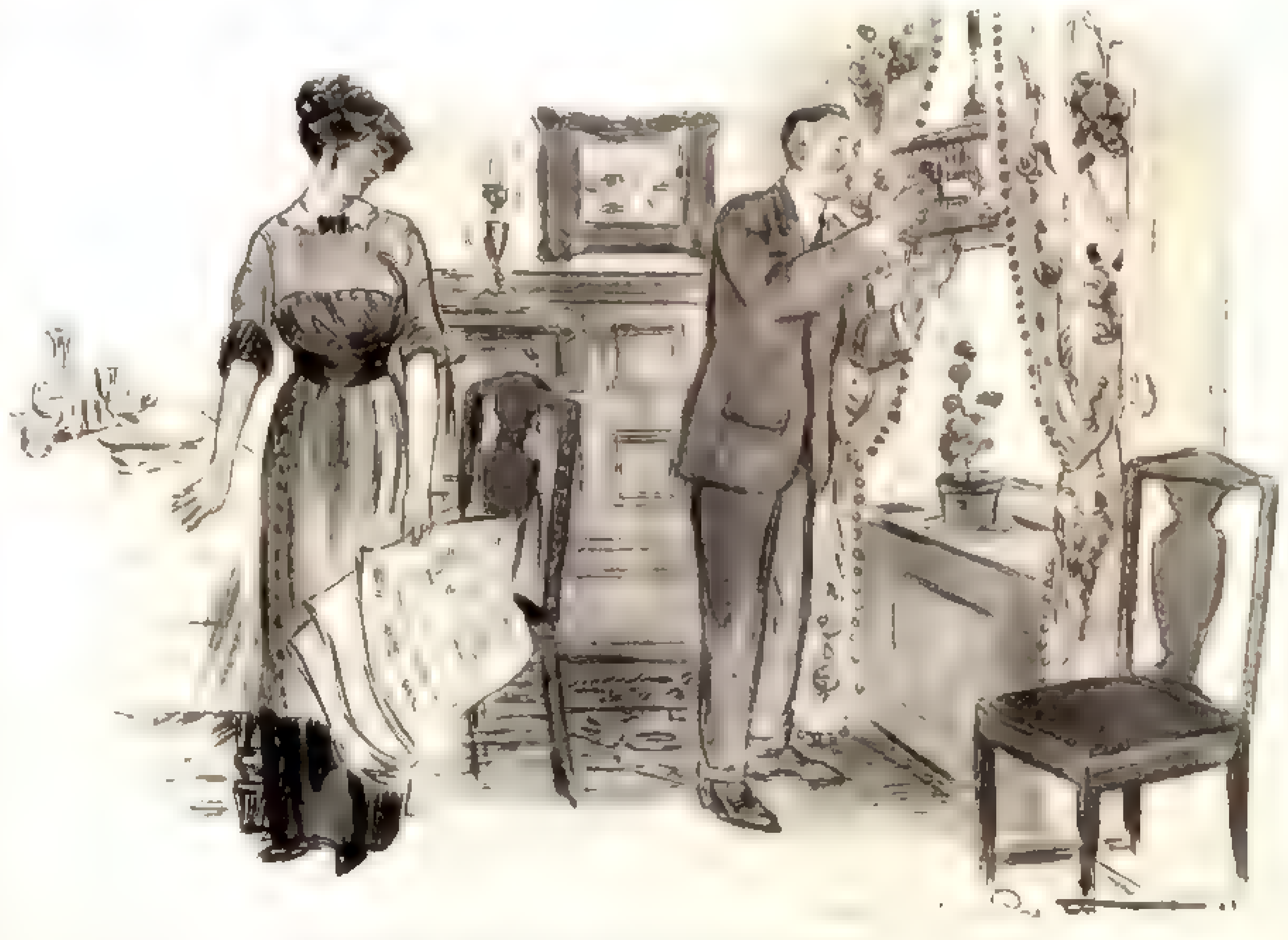
There was a homeliness about Mr. Kempton's ways—a crudity that his words now seemed to emphasize. His wife had often noticed it; and at the speech her lips parted far enough to disclose three or four of her white and even upper teeth. There was in the smile, however, no mirth.

"Yes, I have no doubt of it," she responded, with a graceful and cultivated inflection in her tones.

Mr. Kempton didn't seem to hear. He had stuck both hands into his trousers pockets and was staring at the floor.

"And the plant's gone, too, you say?—humph!" he droned again. "Well, I suppose it can't be helped. Kind of a pity, though," added Mr. Kempton dully. "It would have looked nice on the table. Besides, I'd been so successful. There were eight buds in all on the stalk."

As her husband finished, Mrs. Kempton propelled a deep breath between her teeth.



Mrs. Kempton Thought Both the Bird and its Tricks Rather Bourgeois

"Successful?—humph! Oh, indeed! Well," said she, in rising tones, "I'm glad to know it's in something!" Her tone, to say nothing of the words, left no possible chance for him to misunderstand; but, as if to make sure he caught her meaning, she added still more: "Perhaps we'd better start a bird store, then. You might get on with that!"

"Hilda!" gasped her husband.

"Or we might sell plants—cheap ones of course; geraniums in pots," she observed.

Mr. Kempton turned quite white. Breathing deeply, he fixed his eyes on her in hurt remonstrance; besides, he was trembling. "Hilda!" he protested. "Are you going to begin all that again?"

No doubt he wished to evade, to temporize, as he had done always when she had sought to rout him out of his rut; but now there was strength, the virtue of iron, in her resolution.

"Oh, I mean to be just," she answered; "and you can't help yourself, possibly, if you're nothing but a clerk. All the same," she drawled weariedly, "I'm about sick of always being pitied, patronized—sick of being treated by my friends as if I were nothing but a poor relation. Oh!" she cried, in sudden animation. "Look here! Can't you do something?—anything?—or are you always going to be a drudge, a hired man dubbing along on wages?"

Mr. Kempton wet his lips, then spoke. What he said was abrupt—quite sudden.

"No," said Mr. Kempton. "No!"

The word popped out of him with a snap, an explosive sharpness that fairly made her start.

"Eh!—why, what?" she exclaimed. A new light had come into her husband's eyes, and there was on his face an air of decision even more resolute than hers had been. It was almost surprising, but one would have said he had suddenly turned grim.

"Just what I say, Hilda. I got just as sick of it as you were."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Kempton, her voice breaking curiously. For the moment she had the almost nauseating thought that he might have lost his place. Four thousand a year isn't much, maybe, but it assumes proportions almost dignified if one be reduced suddenly to exactly nothing at all. An ironic grin lurked on Mr. Kempton's lips when he answered.

"You've never been satisfied with this, have you?" he remarked, jerking his head sidewise to indicate their surroundings. "Oh, yes; I know. You've wanted something bigger, better—and fine clothes, gems, a carriage—a whole lot of things. All right! Do you want to go out and buy them?" he asked quietly. "I've got the money now."

"You have!" After an involuntary gasp, Mrs. Kempton leaned forward to peer at him. The look made him grin a little, at which she haughtily drew back. Was it a jest—one of his wretched bits of playfulness? When she suggested so Mr. Kempton shook his head. She was, in fact, quite nonplused. "You mean—then you have made something? You don't mean you've got the money—money enough?" In reply, he bobbed his head. It was obvious, though, that she was still skeptical. "How much have you got?" she demanded hurriedly.

"Thousands," answered Mr. Kempton.

"Thousands!—and where did you get it?"

The reply, though it clearly evaded her question, very nearly swept Mrs. Kempton off her feet.

"I've got a hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Real money—not just paper profits either," said Mr. Kempton, and he grunted as if in disgust.

It was true. To prove it, he fished into his pocket and brought out a duplicate deposit slip. The amount, in fact, was even a little more than he had named, for there were the figures: "$163,140.10."

"Hilda," said Mr. Kempton, while his wife still sat with her eyes glued to the paper—"Hilda, I want to ask you something. We've not been very happy, you and I. Isn't there some way, dear, we can start in afresh?" As he spoke, Mr. Kempton's round, boyish face wrinkled anxiously and he leaned toward her, his hands outstretched in appeal. "Oh, you don't know how I care for you!" he faltered; "and the last three or four years 've been just nothing else but purgatory. Won't you see, my girl, how I've slaved and toiled, how I've plugged away trying to get you what you want? You know I've tried, Hilda—struggled to make you happy—but, then, we can't be happy here. No; let's go away, dear—start in new again!" he urged, awkwardly impulsive, almost passionate in his eagerness. "I've got enough now. Why, we could have a nice little place—a house with grounds and flowers—a garden, eh? Yes; wouldn't it be fine?—and lots of sunshine—air and sunshine both. My soul, now!" he cried impetuously, "sunshine!—and all we get here is only brick walls and gas, electricity. How

I hate it! And we could have trees around—a lawn, too, with a fountain in the middle; and—and —— Why, there'd be a whole lot of things—sure! I guess you know that, Hilda—a heap of things!" said Mr. Kempton, with eyes bright, birdlike, moistly shining from his eagerness. "Come! Won't you, now?" he begged.

Before she answered, Mrs. Kempton carefully folded the deposit slip and thrust it inside her waist. Her long fingers had laced themselves together again and she seemed to reflect as she leaned back and rather curiously studied him.

"Give up all this, you mean?—everything?—and go away, you say?"

"Yes! yes!" cried Mr. Kempton excitedly, his hands again outstretched. "That's it!—yes, exactly!" And, at this, a shadowy smile raised itself in his wife's eyes and hovered there momentarily.

"Are you tipsy?" asked Mrs. Kempton, and she gave a rippling laugh.

It's safe to say that her husband was quite astonished.

"Eh, what? tipsy?" he echoed clumsily.

"Give up my life?—my friends? Bury myself? Why, what can you be thinking about?" inquired Mrs. Kempton—not unkindly, though. "I'm afraid you don't realize just what you ask of me."

However, her answer made clear to him how inconsiderate he had been. At any rate, after wincing consciously, he gave a little sigh.

"Oh, well! I see, now," he mumbled, and awkwardly turned away. "All the time I was afraid it wouldn't be of any use."

There was a somber and portentous note in the way this was spoken that made Mrs. Kempton start again. The light smile which so recently had dawned upon her lips fled swiftly and she shot a look at her husband.

"Tell me—where did you get this money?" she demanded curiously, a little hurriedly, her brows knitting together in an absorbed frown.

For a moment Mr. Kempton didn't answer. His eyes had grown dull again, and there was a shadow in them of deep, painful helplessness and regret.

"Then you won't go away with me?" he asked again unreasonably—all the more humbly.

"Certainly not!—and are you going to answer?" she returned.

Mr. Kempton's dull eyes, which had been cruising vacuously about the room, tacked suddenly and fixed themselves on hers.

"D'you really wish to know?—you're sure, now?"

Mrs. Kempton was quite sure.

"Well," said her husband deliberately, "I made it in the market. I took a flyer in Reading common."

The answer might have sufficed one less versed, less interested in Wall Street's methods of moneymaking.

"Answer me! Where did you get it first?—enough money—the means to speculate? You'd need something to start on."

"Oh, yes," he replied listlessly. "You were so unhappy—I just got it somewhere. I got sixteen thousand dollars."

"You got it?—sixteen thousand! Pray *where?*"

"Why," answered Mr. Kempton simply—"I stole it from the firm."

There was a clock upon the mantel, an affair of gilt with a chime the tone of which, when it sounded, was of an almost secret fineness. Now it struck the hour—seven!—and, distracted by the sound, the two started, waiting consciously with averted eyes while the bell pealed forth its small announcement. Then, utterly oppressed, Mr. Kempton drew a deep, shrill breath and stirred himself.

"The stealing ain't done me any good," he observed inelegantly. "I've just made a thief of myself for nothing, because now I've got to go away alone."

Away? Did it mean to flee? With a sharp gasp, Mrs. Kempton hurriedly found her tongue.

"Then you've been caught!—found out!" she cried, horror-stricken.

Her husband looked up at her with a doglike appeal softly shining in his eyes.

"I wish you could be just a little sorry for me," he faltered helplessly. "Couldn't you?—just a little bit?"

"Answer me!" she commanded, stamping her foot at him. "Do they know?"

"Know?—know what?" echoed Mr. Kempton stupidly. He seemed not to have realized her question. She had to repeat it before he could grasp her meaning. Then he shook his head. "They?—oh, the firm, you mean. No; of course not. I'd be in jail if they did."

Even this failed to still the alarm that still drummed wildly in her breast. "They will know, though. You're going to be found out, just the same!"

Mr. Kempton, even yet, was stupid and confused. "Eh, what?—find me out, you say?"

"You'll be made to own up—yes! No one can steal and then go scot-free."

At this, a rather queer expression swept up into Mr. Kempton's face and he slowly wet his lips. One would have said the look that sprang up into his eyes loudly cried relief—with that, eagerness.

"Say," he said vulgarly, with a ponderous slowness; "let me get it clear now. Would you be willing to have me own up—free my conscience? I'd be tempted ——"

A sharp exclamation interrupted him. "What!—own up you're a thief?"

"Well—it's so, ain't it?" inquired Mr. Kempton clumsily.

There could be no doubt of it, of course; but in his self-consideration he had possibly forgotten that others might have a say.

"Yes! but do you wish to bring down your disgrace on me?" his wife demanded.

It apparently was the first time he had stopped to reflect. At all events, his eagerness fell from him like a cloak; and after a sharp glance at his wife he turned away more haggard and shrunken than before.

"Oh, I see," muttered Mr. Kempton painfully; "you're not thinking I'll get away with it. You're afraid I might get caught. Well, don't worry."

Mrs. Kempton had every reason to worry. Few escape it if their ethics are based on the main idea that honesty is the best policy—that those who steal are sure to be found out. She recalled the many proofs—Wall Street clerks, cashiers, confidential men, whose greed, or perhaps necessities, had grown too strong for them to withstand. In at least three of these instances her husband had known the fellows—a fact of which she now reminded him. Even so, Kempton only laughed—a harsh, grating cackle, devoid of any merriment.

"Sure!" he retorted; "but it was only because they were caught that they ever got found out. You never hear of the ones that get away with it!"

"Get away with it?" she echoed breathlessly.

Disgustedly Mr. Kempton shrugged himself.

"That's right—yes! There's your friend—that Pinney woman," he rumbled. "Her husband's one of them—Yeh! that woman who lent you her motor the other day. I wondered if you knew her man was just a thief—nothing but a common dip."

Mr. Pinney, one of the carriage folk!—a thief?

In affirmation Mr. Kempton savagely bobbed his head. "I got him with the goods myself. He used to work for us, you know; only I never peached because she was a friend of yours."

"He, a thief!—Mr. Pinney?" She refused to believe it.

The little man, however, though he indeed had seemed always so crude, so simple, had never uttered any statement he could not support with the facts.

"Right you are!" he answered. "And yes!—time and again you've chucked him up at me, asking why I couldn't make good like him. Or that swindler, Lomax, too—you know the fellow, the one whose wife you're always trotting after." Here he shrugged himself. "Gad! and more than once I've sat and heard you take the toffy that fat, blonde doll has handed out to you—yes, his wife!—she in her velvet and sables and string of matched pearls. Found out, eh? Oh, you don't know the men that've taken a chance at Sing Sing just so their women could roll on rubber tires up Riverside Drive and the Avenue! Well, you're one of the lot yourself now—or, at any rate," he added wearedly, "if there ain't enough to buy a private turnout you can at least call a taxi when you want it."

While the outburst lasted, Mr. Kempton could not have asked a more rapt, attentive listener. Afterward his wife drew in another deep breath and slowly let it out again.

"If they ——" she began; but there abruptly changed her speech. "No; wait! Tell me, when did you—why—er—why, take this money?" Her tone, though intent, was almost gentle—so placid, in fact, that he turned to look at her curiously. "Was it long ago—the time you took it?"

"Steal it, do you mean?" He seemed determined to call a spade a spade. "Oh, not so long—last fall—October—the time you came back from that visit to Pinney's wife."

"Humph! Seven months—and they still don't know," murmured Mrs. Kempton reflectively.

"After the Pinneys' motors and her fine clothes and the dinners they gave, you said all our sort of life was just ditch-digging. My soul, it was honest, anyway!" Mr. Kempton muttered.

Mrs. Kempton, however, still persisted in her questioning: "Wait, I say! The firm—they—your people—you're sure they don't suspect?"

The query at last struck fire, for he turned on her, his small figure almost noble, dignified, in its momentary vigor of passion.

"Hey? What's that got to do with it?" he cried, his voice sharply breaking. "Don't you suppose it's enough to suspect myself?—to realize I'm nothing but a thief? Ugh!" he groaned, his heat escaping him as swiftly as it had come. "You don't know the nights I've walked the floor out here—the times I've left you sleeping, just so I could be alone and think! Yes, to think!—and to think what? Yeh—that I was a swindler!—a thief!—a common blackguard that ought to be working up the river on the stonepile!" A dry sob racked him here and he slumped down into a chair, his form shaken from head to foot. "To think of it!—and I was honest once—just honest, plain and clean!—honest!—yes; and now—now!" he rumbled; and, with the cry still on his lips, Mr. Kempton jerked forward and buried his face in his hands.

There was a long pause which eventually was broken by his wife.

"Well?" inquired Mrs. Kempton.

He looked up at her presently and then struggled to his feet. Meanwhile she had seated herself in an armchair and was rearranging a lock of back hair that had escaped from its fastenings.

"What was it you asked?" he responded bewilderedly.

Mrs. Kempton's brows raised themselves as she spoke.

"Why!" she protested, affecting a small astonishment. "You haven't seen fit to tell me yet whether any one suspects you. Of course, if you don't mean to consider me ——"

No, he was not suspected. Furthermore, there seemed to be little chance of it. The money, the original sixteen thousand dollars, had been safely returned, and none could even guess it had ever been taken.

That this was so—unless he confessed, the theft would remain undetected—seemed to afford Mr. Kempton neither comfort nor consolation.

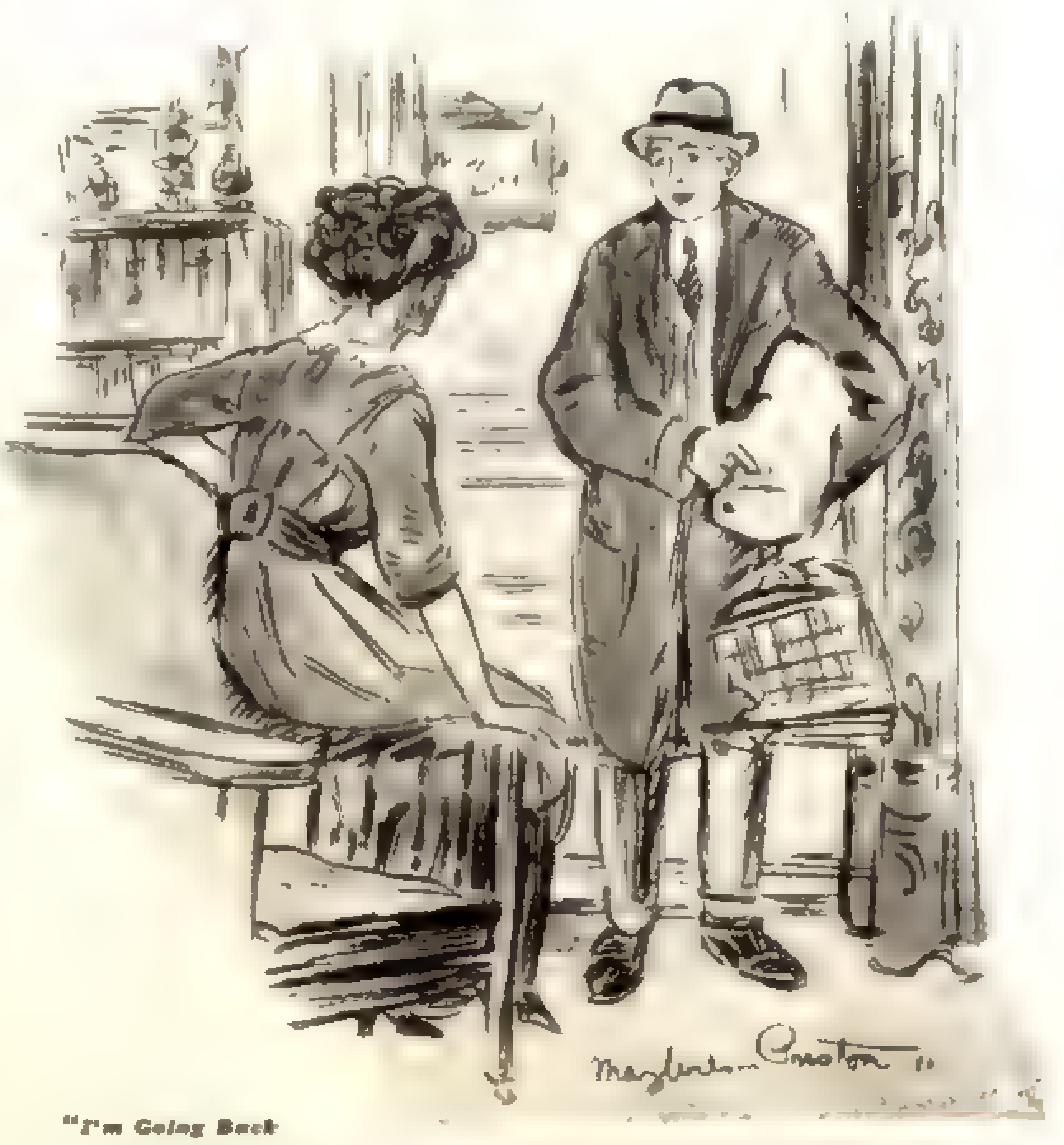
"Oh, if you only knew!—if you knew!—knew!" he cried beneath his breath. That was just the trouble with the man—it wasn't in him to make good as others had—to do as others had done. "No, I couldn't do it on the level down there—and I never would!" By this he meant Wall Street. "And I can't steal even," said Mr. Kempton in helpless self-abasement—"even steal—and be successful even in that!"

After a brief moment, however, he managed to calm himself.

"Well, all I ask now is a chance to forget—to get away from it. If I could sleep once—yes, say, just a couple of nights or so—why, maybe I could stand it then. That's all I ask—just the chance to forget, to get it off my my mind a while. Oh, if I only could!" droned Mr. Kempton helplessly.

At this Mrs. Kempton stirred, perhaps fretfully, as a new frown gathered on her brow. Her friends had often pleased her by remarking how able a woman she seemed! More than once, too, they had said that if her husband ever amounted to anything it would be because of her. Accordingly, there was every reason now why she should take the upper

(Continued on Page 30)



"I'm Going Back to My Garden Now, and—and —— Well, I Guess That's About All"

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XIII

A FEW days after this, Quixtus announced to Huckaby his intention of going to Paris to attend a small Congress of the Anthropological Societies of the Northwest of France, to which he, as president of the Anthropological Society of London, had been invited. He had gradually, in spite of his preoccupation, resumed his interest in his favorite pursuit; and, though he knew his learned friends to be villains at heart, he enjoyed their learned and even their lighter conversation. Human society had begun to attract him again. It afforded him saturnine amusement to speculate on the corruption that lay hidden beneath the fair exterior of men and women. He also had a half-crazy pleasure in wearing the mask himself.

When he smiled in his grave and benevolent manner on the woman by his side at the dinner table, how could she suspect the malignant ferocity of his nature? He was playing a part. He was fooling her to the top of her bent. She went away with the impression that she had been talking to a mild, scholarly gentleman of philanthropic tendencies. She possibly asked the monster to tea. He hugged himself with delight.

When it was a question, however, of identifying remains of aurochs and mammoths and reindeer, or establishing the date of a flint hatchet, he took the matter seriously and gave it his profound attention. A paleolithic carving of a cave lion on mammoth ivory recently discovered in the Seine-et-Oise was to be exhibited at the congress and form the subject of a paper. As soon as he heard this he accepted the invitation with enthusiasm. The carving was supposed to be the most perfect of its kind yet discovered, and Quixtus burned to behold it.

Huckaby, whose financial affairs were in the saddest condition and who had called with the vague hope of a trifle on account of services to be rendered, pricked up his ears at the announcement. Even though the main heart-breaking quest was deferred to August, why should they not seek a minor adventure during Quixtus' visit to Paris? It would be a kind of trial trip. At the suggestion Quixtus shook his head. The congress would occupy all his time and attention.

"Quite so," said Huckaby. "While you're busy with prehistoric man, I'll be hunting down modern woman. By the time I've found her you'll have finished. Having done with the bones, you can devote a few extra days to the flesh."

Quixtus winced. "That's rather an unfortunate way of putting it."

"To the spirit, then—the evil spirit," said Huckaby, unabashed—"that is, if we discover a subject. We're bound to try various experiments before we finally succeed."

"I'm afraid it will be more trouble than the thing is worth," said Quixtus musingly.

Here was something happening that Huckaby dreaded. Quixtus was beginning to lose interest in the adventure. In another month he might regard it with repugnance. He must start it now with Mrs. Fontaine, in Paris, or the whole conspiracy must collapse. The thought urged Huckaby to fresh efforts of persuasion.

"Revenge is sweet and worth the trouble," he said at last.

"Yes," replied Quixtus in a low voice. "Revenge would be sweet."

Huckaby glanced at him swiftly. Beyond the iniquity of Marrable, he was ignorant of the precise nature of the injuries that Quixtus had sustained at the hands of fortune. Was it possible that a woman had played him false? But what had this fossil of a man to do with women?

"I, too," said he, with malicious intent, "would like to pay off old scores against a faithless sex. You have found them faithless, haven't you?"

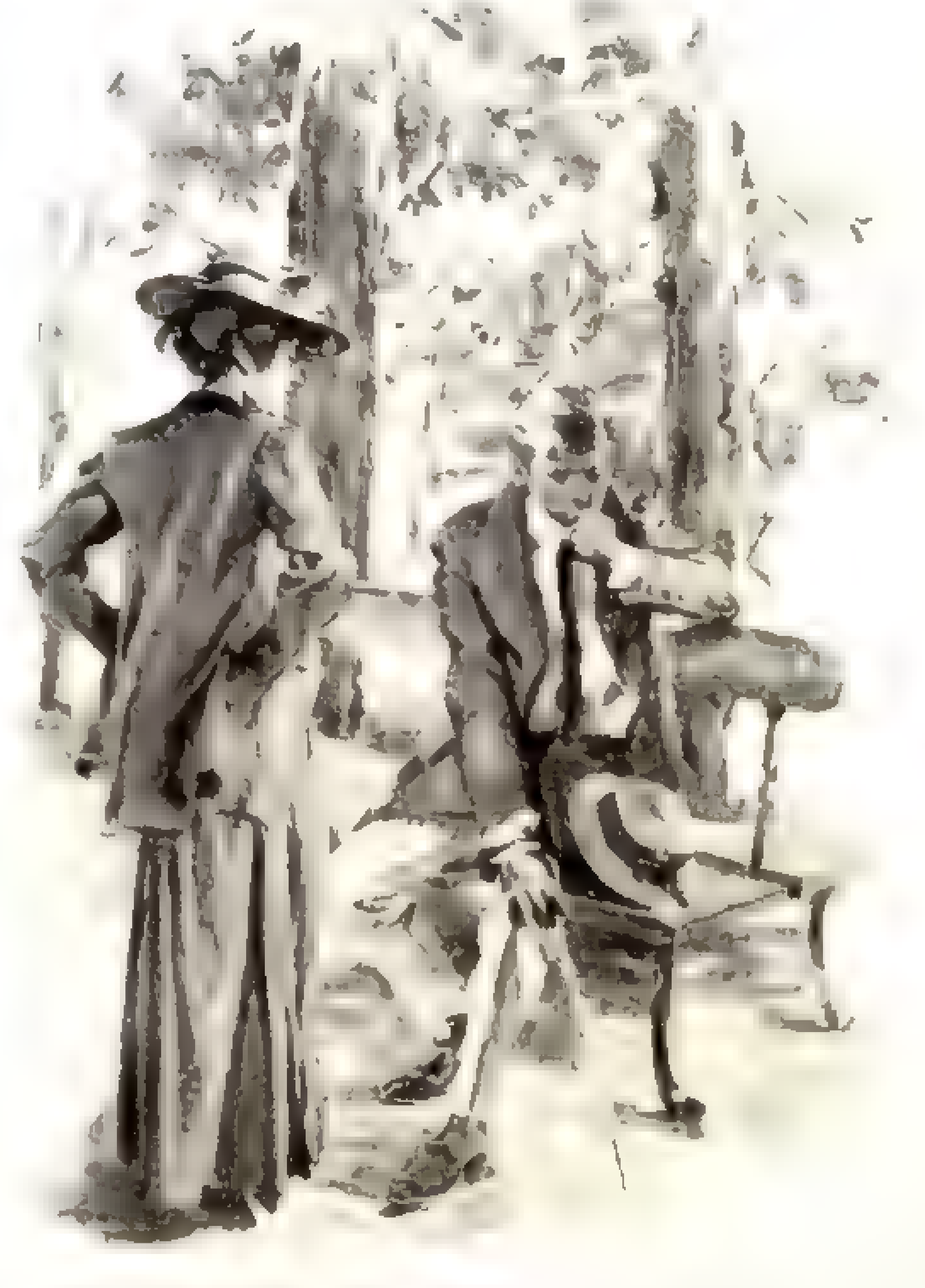
Quixtus' brow darkened. "As false as hell!" said he.

"I knew a woman had treated you shamefully," said Huckaby after a pause, during which Quixtus had fallen into a dull reverie.

"Infamously!" replied Quixtus below his breath. He looked away into the distance, madness gathering in his eyes. For the moment he seemed to forget the other's presence. Huckaby took his opportunity. He said in a whisper:

"She betrayed you?"

Quixtus nodded. Huckaby watched him narrowly, an absurd suspicion beginning to form itself in his mind. By his chance phrase about revenge he had put his friend's unsound mind on the track of a haunting tragedy. Who was the woman? His wife? But she had died beloved of him; and for years, until this madness overtook him, he had spoken of her with the reverence due to a departed saint. It was a puzzle; the solution peculiarly interesting. How should he obtain it? Quixtus was not the man to blab his intimate secrets into the ear of his hired bravo—for as such he knew Quixtus regarded him. It behooved him not to change the minor key of this conversation.



"Any Man of Honor Would Kick Me All Over the Place"

"A man's foes," he quoted in a murmur, "are ever of his own household."

Quixtus nodded again three or four times, with parted lips.

"His own household. Those dearest to him. The woman he loved and his best friend."

In spite of his suspicion, Huckaby was astounded at the inadvertent confession. In his last days of grace he had known Mrs. Quixtus and the best friend. Swiftly his mind went back. He remembered vaguely their familiar intercourse. What was the man's name? He groped and found it.

"Hammersley?" he said aloud.

At the word, Quixtus started to his feet and swept his hand over his face.

"What are you talking about? What do you know against Hammersley?"

A lurid ray shot athwart his darkened mind. He realized the betrayal to Huckaby of his most jealously guarded secret. He shrank back, growing hot and cold through shame.

"Hammersley played me false over some money affairs," he said cunningly. "It's a black business, which I will tell you about one of these days."

"And the woman?" asked Huckaby.

"The woman! She—she married. I am glad to say she's giving her husband a devil of a time."

He laughed nervously. Huckaby, with surprising tact, followed on the wrong scent like a puppy.

"You can avenge the poor fellow and yourself at the same time," said he. "Women are all alike. It's right that one of them should be made to suffer. You have it in your power to make one of them suffer the tortures of hell."

"Yes, yes; I'll do it," cried Quixtus.

"No time like the present."

"You're right," said Quixtus. "We'll go to Paris together."

. . . .

For the first few days in Paris, Quixtus had little time to devote to the secondary object of his visit. The meetings and excursions of the congress absorbed his attention. His Parisian *confrères* took him to their homes and exhibited their collections of flint instruments, their wives and their daughters. He attended intimate dinners—the words *sans cérémonie* being underlined in the invitation—where all the men, who had worn evening dress in the morning at a formal function of the congress, assembled in the salon gravely attired in tightly buttoned frock coats and wearing dogskin gloves which they took off only when they sat down to table.

His good provincial colleagues, who thought they might just as well as not hear the chimes at midnight while they were in Paris, insisted on his accompanying them in their mild dissipation. This generally consisted in drinking beer at a *brasserie* filled with parti-colored ladies and in talking paleolithic gossip amid the bewildering uproar of a Tzigane band. Now and again Huckaby, who assured him that he was prosecuting his researches in the fauna of the Hotel Continental where, on Huckaby's advice, they were staying, would accompany him on such adventures.

Curiously enough, Quixtus had begun to like the man again. Admitted on a social equality and dressed in reputable garments, Huckaby began to lose the assertiveness of manner mingled with furtive flattery which of late had characterized him. He began to assume an air of self-respect—even of good breeding. Quixtus noticed with interest the change wrought in him by clothes and environment, and contrasted him favorably with Billiter, whom new and gorgeous raiment had rendered peculiarly offensive. There were times when he could forget the sorry mission that Huckaby had undertaken and find pleasure in his conversation.

Scrupulous sobriety aided the temporary metamorphosis. As he spoke French passably and had retained a considerable amount of scholarship, Quixtus—to his astonishment—found that he could introduce him with a certain pride to his brother anthropologists as one who would cast no discredit on his country. Huckaby was quick to perceive his patron's change of attitude and took pains to maintain it. The novelty, too, of mingling again with clean-living, intellectual and kindly men afforded him a keen pleasure that was worth a week's abstinence from whisky. Whether it was worth a whole life of respectability and endeavor was another matter. The present sufficed him.

He played the scholarly gentleman so well that Quixtus was not surprised, one afternoon when passing through the great lounge of the Continental, to see a lady rise from a tea-table and greet his companion in the friendliest manner.

"Eustace Huckaby, can that possibly be you?—or is it your ghost?"

Huckaby bowed over the proffered hand. "What an unexpected delight!"

"It's years and years since we met. How many?"

"I dare not count them for both our sakes," said Huckaby.

"Why have you dropped out of my horizon for all this time?" asked the lady.

"*Mea maxima culpa.*" He smiled, bowed in the best-bred way in the world and half turned, so as to bring Quixtus into the group. "May I introduce my friend Doctor Quixtus? Mrs. Fontaine."

The lady smiled sweetly. "You are Doctor Quixtus, the anthropologist?"

"I am interested in the subject," said Quixtus.

"More than that. I have read your book: The Household Arts of the Neolithic Age."

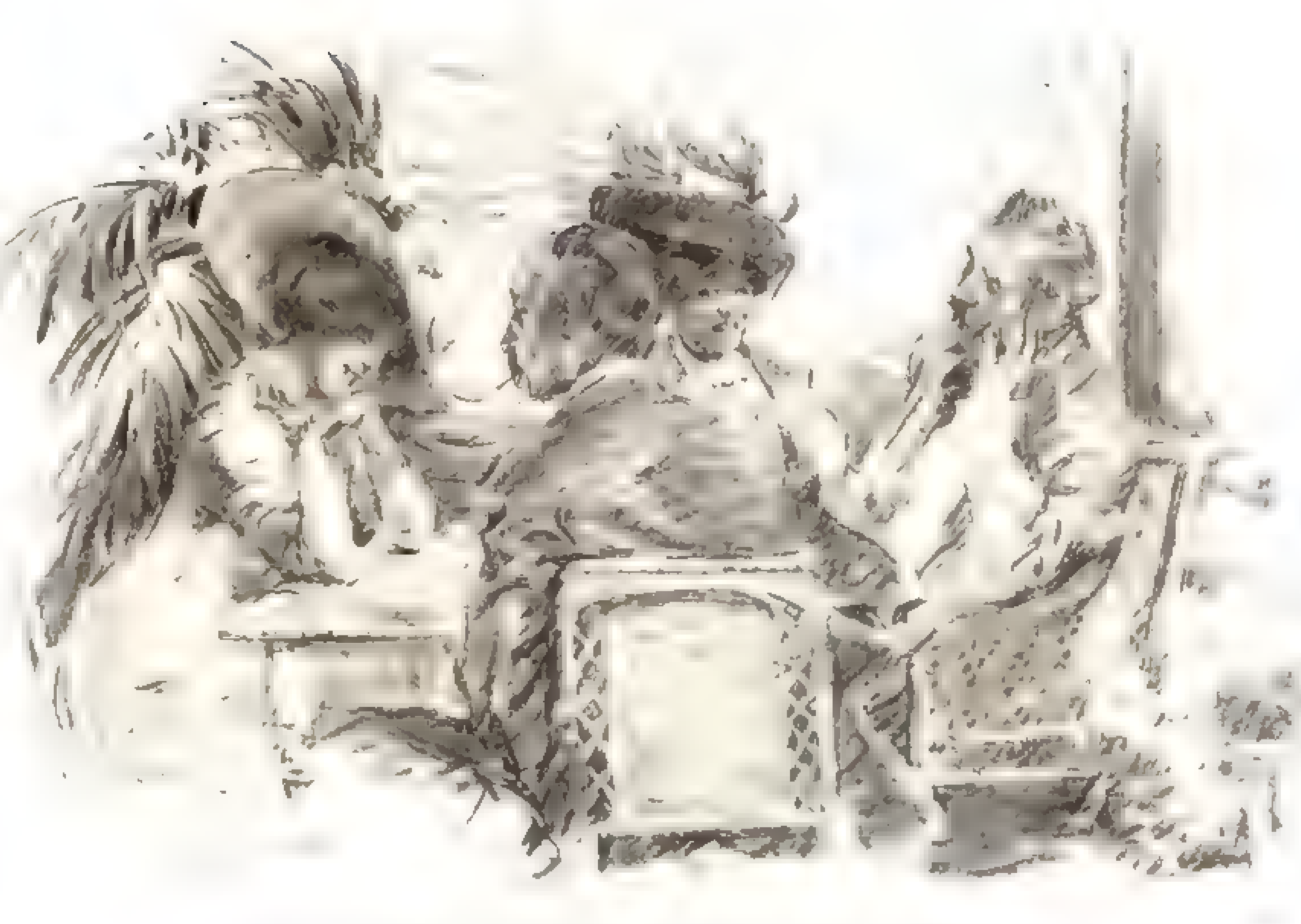
"An indiscretion of youth," said Quixtus.

"Oh, please don't tell me it's all wrong!" cried Mrs. Fontaine in alarm. "I'm always quoting it. It forms part of my little stock-in-trade of learning."

"Oh, no! It's not exactly incorrect," said Quixtus with a smile, pleased that so pretty a lady should count among his disciples; "but it's superficial. So much has been discovered since I wrote it."

"But it's a standard work, all the same. I happened to see an account of the Anthropological Congress in the paper this morning, in which you are referred to as the *éminent anthropologiste anglais* and the author of my book. I was so pleased. I should have been more so had I known I was to meet you this afternoon. Have you turned anthropologist, too, Mr. Huckaby?"

Huckaby explained that he was taking advantage of the congress to make holiday in the company of his distinguished friend. That was the first afternoon the congress had allowed him leisure, and they had devoted it to



"Do You Think I, for Instance, Am Just One Mass of Badness?"

contemplation of the acres of fresh paint in the Grand Palais. They had come home exhausted.

"Home? Then you're staying in the hotel?"

"Yes," said Huckaby. "And you?"

"I too. And in its vastness I feel like the most lonesome widow woman that ever was. I'm waiting here for Lady Louisa Malling, who promised to join me; but I think something must have happened, for there is no sign of her."

A waiter brought the tray with tea that she had ordered before the men's entrance and set it on the basket table. Mrs. Fontaine motioned to it.

"Won't you share my solitude and join me?"

"With pleasure," said Huckaby.

Quixtus accepted the invitation and, with his grave courtesy, withdrew a chair to make a passage for Mrs. Fontaine, who gave the additional order to the waiter. The lounge and the courtyard were thronged with a well-dressed cosmopolitan crowd, tea drinking, smoking and chattering. A band discoursed discreet music at a convenient distance. The scene was cool to eyes tired by the vivid colors of the salon and the hot streets. Quixtus sat down restfully by the side of his hostess and let her minister to his wants. He was surprised to find how pleasant a change was the company of a soft-voiced and attractive woman after that of his somewhat ponderous and none too picturesque *confrères*.

She was good to look upon—a fresh English blonde in a pale lilac dress and hat—the incarnation of early summer; not beautiful, but pleasing and at the same time simple and exquisite. The arrangement of her blond hair, the fine oval contour of her face, the thin, delicate lips, gave her an air of chastity that was curiously belied by dark gray eyes dreaming behind long lashes. All her movements, supple and natural, spoke of breeding. Unmistakably a lady. Evidently a friend of Huckaby's before his fall. Quixtus wondered cynically whether she would have greeted with such frank gladness the bloodshot-eyed scarecrow of a fortnight before! From their talk he concluded that she had no idea of the man's degradation.

"Mr. Huckaby and I knew each other when the world was young," she said. "Centuries ago—in the paleolithic age—before my marriage."

"Alas!" said Huckaby, sipping the unaccustomed tea. "You threw aside the injunction: *Cedant arma togæ*. In our case it was the gown that had to yield to the arms. You married a soldier."

She sighed and looked down pensively at her wedding ring. Then she glanced up with a laugh and handed Quixtus the bread and butter.

"Believe me, Doctor Quixtus, this is the first time I ever heard of the rivalry. He only invented it for the sake of the epigram. Isn't that true?"

"In one way," replied Huckaby. "I was so insignificant that you never even noticed it."

She laughed again and turned to Quixtus.

"How long are you going to stay in Paris?"

"Just a day or two longer—till the end of my congress."

"Oh! How can you leave Paris when she's looking her best without devoting a few days to admiring her? It's unkind."

"I'm afraid Paris must get over the slight."

"But don't you love Paris? I do. It is so fascinating, dangerous, treacherous! Plunge into it for a moment or two and it is the fountain of youth. Remain in the water a little longer than is prudent, and you come out shriveled and wrinkled, with all your youth and beauty gone."

"Perhaps I have already had my prudent plunge," said Quixtus with a smile.

"I'm sure you haven't. You've been on dry land all the time. Worse than that—in a Quaternary formation. Have you dined at Armenonville?"

"In my time, I have; but not this time."

"*Voilà*," said Mrs. Fontaine. "The warm June nights; the Bois in the moonlight, with all its mysteries of shadow; the fairy palace in the midst of it, where you eat fairy things surrounded by the gayety and sparkle and laughter of the world—essential and symbolical Paris—you disregard it all! And that is only one little instance. There are a thousand others. You've not even wetted your feet."

She embroidered her thesis very gracefully, clothing the woman of the world in a diaphanous robe of pretty fancy, revealing a mind ever so little baffling—here material, there imaginative—a mind as contradictory as her face with its chaste contours and its alluring eyes. Quixtus listened to her with amused interest. She represented a type with which he, accustomed to the less vivid womenfolks of the learned, was unfamiliar. Without leaving Huckaby, her girlhood's friend, out in the cold, she made it delicately evident that, of the two, Quixtus was the more worthy of attention on account of his attainments and the more attractive in his personality. Quixtus, flattered, thought her a woman of great discernment.

"But you," said he at last—"have you made your plunge—not that you need it—into the fountain of youth? Have you fed on the honeydew of the Bois de Boulogne and drunk the milk of Armenonville?"

"I only arrived last night," she explained. "And I must remain more or less in quarantine, being an unprotected woman, until my friend Lady Louisa Malling comes, or until my friends in Paris get to know I am here. But I always like a day or two of freedom before announcing myself—so that I can do the foolish things that Parisians would jeer at. I always go to the Louvre and look at the little laughing Faun and the Gioconda; and I always go up the Seine in a steamboat and from the Madeleine to the Bastille on the top of an omnibus. Then I'm ready for my plunge."

"I should have thought that bath of innocence was in itself the fountain of youth," said Huckaby.

The least suspicion of a frown passed over Mrs. Fontaine's candid brow; but she replied with a smile:

"On the contrary, my friend. That is a penitential dipping in the waters of the past."

"Why penitential?" asked Quixtus.

"Isn't it wholesome discipline to give oneself pain sometimes?" Her face grew wistful. "To revisit scenes where one has been happy—and sharpen the knife of memory?"

"It is the instinct of the ascetic," smiled Quixtus.

"I suppose I have a bit of it," she replied demurely. Then her face brightened. "I don't wear a hair shirt—I've got to appear in an evening gown sometimes—but I find an odd little satisfaction in doing penance. If I were a Roman Catholic I should embarrass my confessor."

Huckaby's lips twitched in a smile beneath his mustache. If all the tales that Billiter told of Lena Fontaine were true a confessor would be exceedingly embarrassed. He regarded her with admiration. She was an entirely different woman from the hard and contemptuous partner in iniquity to whom Billiter had introduced him before he left London. It had not been a pleasant interview—just the details of their Paris meeting arranged, the story of their past acquaintance rehearsed and nothing more. Huckaby, descending her stairs with Billiter, had felt as if he had been whipped, and he prophesied failure. She was not the woman for Quixtus. But Billiter grinned and bade him wait. He had waited and now had the satisfaction of seeing Quixtus caught immediately in the gossamer web of her charm.

He wondered, too, how she could have maintained her relations with so undesirable a person as Billiter, for whom he himself entertained a profound contempt. Billiter was unusually silent on the matter, letting it be vaguely understood that he had been in the dragoon guardsman's set before running through his money and that he had accidentally done her a service in later years. What that service was he declined to mention. Huckaby sniffed blackmail. That was the more likely influence keeping together a well-received woman of hidden life and a shabby and unpresentable sot like Billiter.

He remembered that Billiter had confessed to a mysterious source of income. What more natural an explanation thereof than the fact that, having once surprised a woman's secret and holding her reputation in his hands, he should have been accepted by her, in desperation, as her paid doer of unavowable offices? He knew that a woman of Lena Fontaine's type, with an assured social position in the great world, does not descend into the half-world without a desperate struggle. Her back is against the wall and she uses any weapon to hand. Hence her use of Billiter. At all events, in the present case there had been no pretense at friendship. To her it had obviously been a hateful matter of business which she had been anxious to conclude as soon as possible. One condition she rigorously exacted: that her acquaintance with Billiter should not be revealed to Quixtus. She was not proud of Billiter. Huckaby took what comfort he could from the thought.

Mrs. Fontaine sat talking to the two men until the tea-drinking and chattering crowd had melted away. Then she rose, thanked them prettily for wasting their science-filled time on an irresponsible woman's loneliness, and expressed to Huckaby the hope that she would see him again before he left Paris.

"I trust I, too, may have the pleasure," said Quixtus.

"You might lead us to the fountain of youth one of these evenings," said Huckaby.

"It would be delightful," said the lady, with a questioning glance at Quixtus.

"I could dream of nothing more pleasant," he replied, bowing in his old-fashioned way.

When she had gone the men resumed their seats. Quixtus lit a cigarette.

"A very charming woman."

Huckaby agreed. "It has been one of my great regrets of the past few years that I have not been able to keep up our old friendship. We moved in different worlds." He paused, as if thinking sorrowfully of his misspent life. "I hope you didn't mind my suggesting the little dinner party," he said after a while. "My position was delicate."

"It was a very good idea," said Quixtus.

Huckaby said little more, preferring to leave well alone. The plot, up to this point, had succeeded. Quixtus gave complete credence to the story, unsuspecting that Mrs. Fontaine was the woman selected for his heartbreaking experiment and already considerably attracted by her personality. Diabolical possibilities could be insinuated later. Meanwhile Huckaby had played his part. Future success now lay in Mrs. Fontaine's hands.

Quixtus dined that evening with one of his colleagues; and Huckaby, after a meal at a restaurant, went to the Comédie Française and sat through Phédre from beginning to end, with great enjoyment. The reawakening of his esthetic sense, dulled for so many years, surprised and gratified him.

When he met his patron the next morning he said abruptly:

"If I had a chance of getting back again I'd take it."

"Getting back where?" asked Quixtus. "To London?"

Huckaby explained. "I'm tired of running crooked," he added. "If I could only get regular work to bring me in a few pounds a week I'd run straight and sober for the rest of my life."

"I don't think I can help you to attain your wishes, my dear Huckaby," replied Quixtus reflectively. "If I did I should be committing a good action which, as you know, is entirely against my principles."

"I don't yearn so much after goodness," said Huckaby, "as after decency and cleanliness. I've no ambition to die a white-haired saint."

"All white-haired saints are whited sepulchers," said Quixtus.

In spite of regenerative impulses, Huckaby persuaded his patron to lunch at the hotel where he knew that Mrs. Fontaine and the newly arrived Lady Louisa Malling had planned to lunch also. The establishment of informal relations was important. They entered the table-d'hôte room and, preceded by the *maître d'hôtel*, marched to the table reserved for them. About six tables away sat Mrs. Fontaine and her friend. She smiled a pleasant greeting.

"Women can sometimes be exceedingly decorative," remarked Quixtus, helping himself to sardines.

"If they are not they leave unfulfilled one of the main functions of their existence."

"Did you ever know a good woman?"

"Mrs. Fontaine is one of the best I've ever known," replied Huckaby at a venture.

The heartbreaking could be practiced on a sweet and virtuous flower of a woman with much more villainous success than on a hardened coquette.

Quixtus said nothing. His natural delicacy forbade the discussion of a specific woman's moral attributes.

The occupants of the two tables met after lunch in the lounge, and had coffee and cigarettes together. The men were presented to Lady Louisa Malling, an aimless, dowdy woman of forty, running to fat. So far as could be gathered from her conversation, her two interests in life were Lena Fontaine and food in restaurants. In Mrs. Fontaine's presence she spoke chiefly of the latter. When Mrs. Fontaine went up to her room for a forgotten powder-puff, leaving her with the men, she plunged with animation into a eulogy of Mrs. Fontaine's virtues. In this she was sincere. She believed in Mrs. Fontaine's virtues which, like the costermonger's lovely strawberries, lay ostentatiously at the top of her basket of qualities; and she was so stupid that her friend could always dissimulate from her incurious eyes the crushed and festering fruit below.

"I always think it so sad for a sweet, beautiful woman like Lena to be alone in the world," said Lady Louisa in a soft, even voice. "But she's so brave, so cheerful, so gentle."

"It's a wonder she hasn't married again," said Huckaby.

"I don't think she ever will," replied Lady Louisa, "unless she gets a man to understand her. And where is he to be found?"

"Ah! where?" said Huckaby, to whom as Mrs. Fontaine's childhood friend this talk had been mainly addressed.

Lady Louisa sighed sentimentally. She was an old maid, the seventh of eleven daughters of an embarrassed Irish earl, now defunct. Her face, such as it was, had been her fortune; and it had attracted no suitors.

"Not that she isn't very much admired. She knows hundreds of nice men, and I'm sure heaps of them want to marry her; but, no. She likes them as friends. As a husband she wants something more. The modern man is so material and unintellectual — don't you think so?"

This Diana—with a touch of Minerva—among widows came up swinging the little bag of which she had gone in search.

"I'm sure Lady Louisa has been talking about me," she laughed.

"She has not been taking away your character, I assure you," said Quixtus.

"I know. She has been giving me one. And the worst of it is I have to live up to it—or, at least, to try. I suppose it's always worth while having an ideal before one, though it may be somebody else's."

"You believe in an ideal of goodness?" asked Quixtus.

She raised her dreamy eyes to his and looked at him candidly.

"Why, yes — don't you?"

"No," he replied, with a darkening brow. "There is only one force in Nature, which is wickedness. Man sometimes resists it for fear of the consequences; and the measure of his cowardly resistance is, by a curious inversion, taken by him to be the measure of his striving toward an ideal."

Mrs. Fontaine exclaimed warmly: "I must cure you of your pessimism."

"There is only one remedy."

"And that?"

"The same that will cure the disease of life," replied Doctor Quixtus.

"You mean death?"

"Yes," said Quixtus.

"It's a remedy, but not the only one." Her pale cheeks flushed adorably. "In fact, it's only by a twist of language you can call it a remedy. The only remedy against the malady of life is life itself. The bane is its own antidote. The only cure for loss of illusions is fresh illusions, more illusions — and always illusions."

"Supposing for argument's sake you are right—where are they to come from?"

"They form of themselves, like fresh tissue of the flesh, without your volition."

"Only in healthy flesh," said Quixtus, with his tired smile. "So in a gangrened soul there can be built up no fresh tissue of illusions."

Womanlike she begged the question, maintaining there was no such thing as a gangrened soul. She shuddered prettily. Belief therein was a horrible superstition. She proclaimed her faith in the ultimate good of things. Quixtus said ironically:

"The ultimate good takes a long time coming. In the ages in which I, as a student, am interested, men slew each other with honest hatchets. Now they slay by the poisoned word and the treacherous deed. The development of mind has for its history the development of craft and cunning, of which the supreme result is a religion as to whose essential tenets scarcely two persons can agree—a rule-of-thumb arrangement of purely mechanical appliances, which is the so-called wonder of wireless telegraphy, and an infinite capacity for cruelty, which has rendered hell a mild and futile shadow in human speculation. Whatever hellishness human imagination could invent as the work of devils, calm history, the daily newspaper, your own experience of life, tell you has already been surpassed by the work of man. Sometimes one is tempted to cry, like Ferdinand in The Tempest: 'Hell is empty, and all the devils are here!' But if it were empty, and the devils were here, they would be hard put to it to find a society in which they would not hold up their tails before their snouts in shame and horror."

He spoke with a certain crazy earnestness that arrested Lena Fontaine. Heartless, desperate, cynical though she was—intelligent, too, and swift of brain—she had never formulated to herself so disastrous a philosophy. She leaned forward, an elbow on the wickerwork table.

"Such a faith is dreadful," she said seriously. "It reduces living among one's fellow creatures to walking through a horde of savages — never knowing whether some one may not club you on the head or stab you in the back."

"Can you ever tell whether your dearest friend isn't going to stab you in the back?" asked Quixtus.

His pale blue eyes held her with a curious insistence. Her eyelids flickered with something like shame, as though she had divined a personal application of the question. She shivered; this time naturally.

"Oh, I love to believe in goodness," she exclaimed, "although I may not practice every virtue myself. There would be no sunshine in a purely wicked world." Mrs. Fontaine plucked up her courage and looked him in the face. "Do you think I, for instance, am just one mass of badness?"

"My dear Mrs. Fontaine," replied the pessimist with his courtly smile, "you must not crush me by using the privilege of your sex—arguing from general to particular."

"But do you?" she insisted.

"I believe," said he, with a little inclination of his head, "all that Lady Louisa has been telling me."

The talk ran for a while in lighter channels. Lady Louisa and Huckaby, who had been discussing cookery—he had held her in spellbound and watery-mouthed attention while he gave her from memory Izaak Walton's recipe for roasting a jack — joined in the conversation.

"You two have been having a very deep argument," said Lady Louisa.

"I have been trying to convert him to optimism," laughed Mrs. Fontaine. "It seems to be difficult, but I'll do so in time. I'm a determined woman. I've a good mind to forbid you to leave Paris before your conversion."

"The process would be pleasant, though the result would be problematical."

"I'm not going to argue with you. I just want to make you see things for yourself."

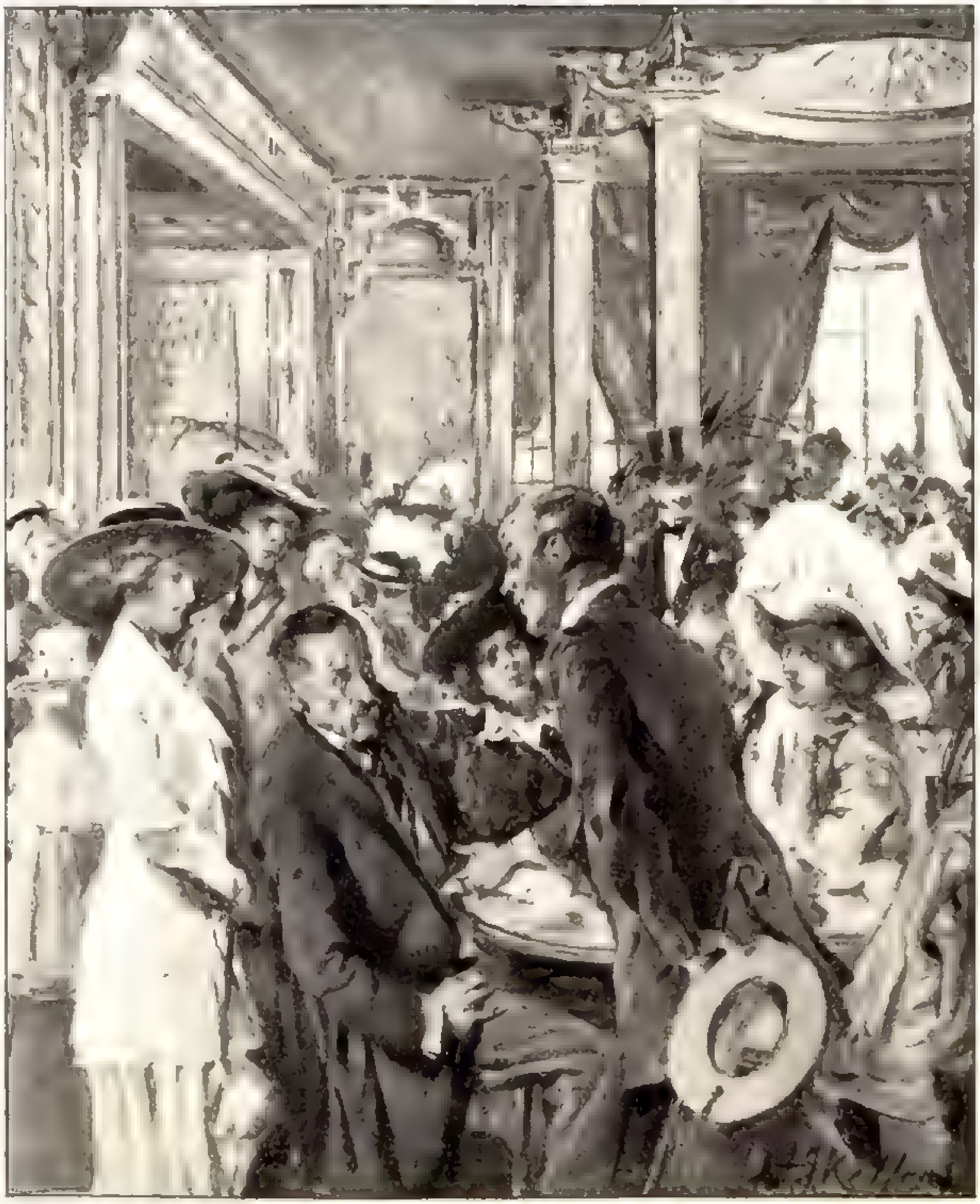
"I shall submit gladly to your guidance," said Quixtus.

She looked at the little watch on her bracelet, and her rising brought the little party to their feet. "Shall we begin now? I'm going to walk up the Rue de la Paix and see the shops."

Quixtus also consulted his watch. "I shall be honored if you'll let me walk up the Rue de la Paix with you. But then I must reluctantly leave you. I must meet my *confrères* of the congress at the railway station to go to Sèvres to see Monsieur Sardanel's collection."

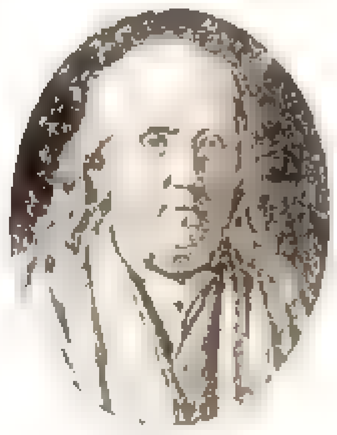
"What has Sèvres china to do with anthropology?"

(Continued on Page 48



"Hello, Uncle Ephraim! What are You Doing Here?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 1, 1911

Senatorial Persiflage

THE reciprocal trade agreement between the United States and Canada was submitted to Congress by the President on January 26—five months ago. It was twice extensively debated in the House and twice passed by that body. The President made half a dozen or more public speeches about it. Last winter the tariff board supplied official statistics as to cost of agricultural production here and in Canada. For months the measure was discussed in the press of the country more copiously than any other topic. Every pertinent thing that could be said about it had been said; every relevant fact was in print.

The agreement passed the House for the second time in April, and the Senate took it up in June. A Washington dispatch said that the upper branch hoped, with good luck, to get around to a vote some time in July. Before a word was said about this agreement in the Senate, every member of that body must have made up his mind about it. The senatorial debates were not expected to change a single vote, and they could have almost no influence upon the public because their currency would be mostly limited to such copies of his own speech as each Senator might send out under frank. To that end the upper branch must go through a long, dull, sweaty game of parliamentary checkers, the result of which was a foregone conclusion.

The Senate's unlimited freedom of debate almost makes us admire the dictum of the late Henry H. Rogers: "Boards in which I sit vote first and debate afterward." This freedom of debate is said to secure a more careful consideration for important measures than the rulebound House can give; but the claim is untenable. At the last regular session of Congress the big appropriation bills were rushed through the Senate in the closing hours with little consideration. The Senate had spent so much time talking that it had not any left for deliberating upon these bills. This often happens.

Wanted, a Professional Parent

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I have been a good deal interested lately in scientific management, the main principle of which seems to be that a man ought to look over his work carefully and find out where he is weak. In some ways I am a successful man. I have built up a good business—my credit at the bank is first-class, and other business men listen to my opinions with respect; but as a parent I am a flat failure. If I had no better control over the subordinates in my office than I have over those members of my household who are supposed to be subordinate to me I should be 'broke' in six months. I know a number of men who are trying to hold down jobs for which they are plainly incompetent, and I have considerable contempt for them. I think they ought to clear out and turn the jobs over to men who are competent. I know, too, from my business observation that an incompetent boss usually demoralizes the people under him. If he isn't up to his job his subordinates—especially the younger ones—don't really have a fair show. I argue that, as an incompetent parent, I must be having a bad influence on my children. As I look over the families of my friends, I conclude that at least fifty per cent of parents are no more up to the job than I am. Also, I notice this: If I had charge of my next-door neighbor's children I wouldn't for a minute let them do some of the things they do now, although my own children do pretty much the same. I like his children very well; yet I am not so besotted but that I would stop them from doing things that are harmful. Very likely he would stop my children too. I think we need a class of professional parents to take charge of children and be just and kind to them—but not foolish."

A Tip From the Thirteenth Century

AT THE beginning of the thirteenth century English law prescribed how much the farthing loaf of bread must weigh when wheat stood at a certain price, and how much it might vary in weight corresponding to variations in the price of wheat. The price of ale, based on the price of barley, was likewise fixed by law, and later statutes regulated the price of other necessary articles. To this period belong drastic laws prohibiting any one from buying foodstuffs for the purpose of reselling them at a higher price.

Following Adam Smith, many economists have spoken contemptuously of these medieval laws; but means of transportation were few and poor. Every town depended largely for its food supply upon the district immediately around it. The towns built municipal granaries and laid in stores of grain from which the inhabitants might be fed at moderate prices if the near-by harvest failed. Sharp collisions between neighboring towns over food supplies sometimes occurred.

In short, to monopolize a necessary of life at a given point would have been comparatively easy. The laws regulating prices, prohibiting forestalling, and so on, were called forth by a real and constant danger of such monopolization.

In more modern times, with far better means of transportation and a much more highly organized commerce, competition might safely be depended upon to prevent monopoly in the necessaries of life. To the political economy of a hundred years ago, medieval attempts to regulate prices and prevent speculation in foodstuffs might seem foolish. That economy, however, would hardly dream of aggregations of capital sufficient to monopolize a staple article of prime necessity in a whole nation. Latterly, with immense aggregations of capital, we have seen the competitive system breaking down at many points. It is by no means impossible that, with respect to regulation by law of prices of certain articles, we shall presently work back to the point of view of 1202; in fact, with regard to regulating the price of transportation, we have already adopted that point of view.

Increasing Interest Rates

THE most interesting fact about Mr. Hill's six-hundred-million-dollar railroad mortgage is that the bonds bear four and a quarter per cent interest. Other big railroad issues of late have borne interest above four per cent or have been offered to the public at a discount. A dozen or more years ago, four per cent was what strong roads expected to pay on long-term first-mortgage loans. The prior issues of the Atchison, the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific—now aggregating three hundred and fifty million dollars—bear that rate. In the Alton case Mr. Harriman even tried three per cent.

Ten years ago, almost two-thirds of all the municipal bonds issued in the United States bore less than four per cent. Last year only six per cent of municipal issues bore less than four per cent. The four and a half and five per cent municipals ten years ago comprised only ten per cent of the total. Last year they comprised thirty-two per cent of the total.

A dozen years ago, able financiers expected that the going interest rate on first-mortgage gilt-edge investments would tend to fall below four per cent. Much investible capital has accumulated since then, and money has been easy all this year; but the interest rate on gilt-edge investments tends rather to rise.

The difference between three and seven-eighths per cent and four and one-eighth per cent is not enough to send the great mass of small investors off into prodigal courses; yet it may comfort them to reflect that their money, with which the railroads of the country are built, is worth just a trifle more.

England's Account With Poverty

WITHIN three years, changes that are commonly described as revolutionary have been accomplished or set on foot in England. They include increased income and inheritance taxation, taxing the increment in land values, old-age pensions, state-aided insurance against loss to workmen through sickness and unemployment.

The new budget contemplates that in the coming fiscal year the Government shall spend a hundred and forty million dollars more than it spent three years ago—a fact that naturally provokes much comment upon the ministry's social, or "socialistic," program; but the London Economist points out that pretty nearly half of this increased expenditure goes to the navy. Measured in dollars and cents, England's ability to produce sickness, death, unemployment and dependent old age in any nation with which she comes in conflict is now greater than it was three years ago by more than sixty million dollars. Meanwhile the Government has taken important steps to reduce those evils at home in time of peace. Theoretically, at least, the accounts about balance, although the expenditure for producing disability and poverty may slightly exceed that for ameliorating them.

Thanks partly to new taxation, Government revenues in the three years will increase about a hundred and fifty million dollars—nearly half of this gain being immediately lost in rising military expenditures. For all of Lloyd George, in short, the British budget is still far from being a really "social" document—although it is considerably more human—everything considered—than our own.

Muzzles for Snobs

A COLONEL, in recommending that a young soldier be denied the promotion he desired to earn because his parents were of Jewish blood and humble origin, observed that the young man's promotion could scarcely fail to result in painful humiliation for the parents—evidently meaning that the officers would take pains to snub them.

We should like to know what ground the colonel had for thinking so. Among army and navy officers there must certainly be many pleasant, intelligent men, with whom self-respecting persons would willingly associate. They can't all hold the same views as this colonel or as that navy officer who raised a row because he thought a young woman who worked for her living had been introduced into his august presence. To a great majority of officers, the notion that a man of humble origin is quite worthy to be President of the United States, but unworthy to associate with them, must seem as preposterous as it seems to everybody else. Unfortunately, however, it is the snobs who manage oftenest to attract public notice.

For due protection of the intelligent, modest and respectable majority, we suggest that none of the snobs be permitted to approach within fifty statute miles of a newspaper plant—except when securely muzzled.

The Recall of Judges

JUDGES every now and then betray the interests of the people who placed them in power as grossly as any bribed legislature ever did—and more irreparably. Here is a bill to prevent the social injury that results from employment of women and children for unconscionably long hours in occupations that are physically very wearing. In most states there is danger that such a bill will be killed in the legislature by the corrupt influence of those who profit by burning up the state's female and juvenile citizens. Against that danger the people keep vigilant watch; but, after the bill has safely passed the legislature and governor, a hidebound court may annul it upon some fine-spun technicality. Of course the court is not bribed. It is merely infatuated with a cult of technical law. It would rather advertise its own learned astuteness by dragging out some hundred-year-old precedent of dubious relevancy than look around with human eyes upon the community in which it lives. Its guiding motive is not public service, but the glorification of a narrow, esoteric cult. In practical effect, it functions like the bribed legislature and is equally unfit to exercise the power intrusted to it. That the judge who proves himself unfit for his place must be accepted as though he were an unavoidable visitation of Providence is not a theory that especially appeals to us.

Southern Agriculture

IN FIVE years, according to preliminary estimates for this year, the South has added six million acres, or nearly twenty per cent, to her cotton area—the increase in Texas alone being nearly three million acres. That state now leads all others in value of farm crops, the gain since the twelfth census being a hundred and forty per cent, or more than two hundred million dollars. Georgia gained a hundred and eighty-eight per cent, moving up from fourteenth to fourth rank. Value of farm crops in the whole South more than doubled, showing a greater gain than in any other grand division of the country.

For several years the South's cotton area showed little change, and it was rather fashionable to argue that it could not be very greatly enlarged because the supply of competent farm labor could not be increased. The record of the last five years, however, effectually disposes of that theory. In the matter of increased value of farm production since the census of 1900, the Far West is the only grand division of the country that approaches the South's record, and the average price of grain lands west of the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains is almost two-thirds higher than in the South. We expect that in the next ten years Southern agriculture will set the country another record.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He Tames the Wild Denizens of the Dictionary

Mellifluous Martin

MARTIN LITTLETON put on a show up at the House of Representatives the other afternoon that played to standing room only. He brought into the arena and exhibited it so all could see his unrivaled collection of trained adjectives and awe-inspiring nouns, sending them through various intricate evolutions—driving them single, double, in fours, sixes and tandem; forcing them to eat from his hand; combining them in picturesque pyramids and other palpitating postures; making them do death-defying flipflaps from one gigantic sentence to another, and proving conclusively the remarkable power of the observant mind and the tenacious memory over the wild denizens of the dictionary and the thesaurus.

"Well, well, good people," said Martin, "here we are again, with our unparalleled aggregation of sibilant synonyms, antonomastic antonyms, contumelious caconyms and tuneful tropes. Nowhere else on earth can be found such a collection of apposite adjectives, adjutory adverbs, novitious nouns and vorticular verbs. After years of patient exploration in the jeopardous jungles of Webster, the arenaceous acres of Funk-and-Wagnalls and the refreshing rosetum of Roget, I shall exhibit before you this afternoon the fruits of my toil."

And he marched them in, two by two, the antithesis and the hullabaloo, the hyperbole and the sweet goo-goo, the metaphor and the rhapsodoo; and everybody said there had been nothing like it since Morris Sheppard chortled for three hours and forty minutes in blank verse about equal rights for all and special privileges for none—which is deuced odd; for Sheppard comes from Texas—and so does Martin Littleton.

However, Texas is an extremely large state—an Empire in Herself, as all Texas orators say—and we needn't worry about that phase of the subject; for though Texas is producing prose poets she is also producing steers and onions and cotton and oil and other utilitarian stuff, and maintaining the balance of trade.

To get back to Martin and his show: It seems that Arizona, along about last year, received some three hundred thousand copies of Jonathan Bourne's speech on representative government, which shows that Jonathan is a liberal young thing when it comes to sending out speeches—a regular speech-thrift—for there are only two hundred and four thousand people in the territory, or thereabout. Influenced, no doubt, by this generosity, the gentlemen who came to be engaged in the construction of a constitution for the state-to-be hastily stuck in the initiative, the referendum and the recall, which, in turn, caused much debate when said constitution reached Congress.

Right here is where Martin bulged in. He had remained silent during the discussion of those various matters that had occupied the attention of the Democratic House until this moment; but when he saw the judiciary tottering to its fall, because of the recall provision in that constitution, he rushed to the defense of the ermine and brought his flock of apt and ardent—not to say alliterative—adjectives with him.

It was hard to do; but, after we disassociated the libretto of Martin's argument from the music, we discovered that he feels deeply on the subject of the recall of judges, and is "agin" it to his guying dasp—no!—not that!—his dying gasp!

Alliterative Assistants

MARTIN'S speech contained a few other words than adjectives and nouns and adverbs, but they were comparatively unimportant. "They cut no signify," as Charley Potter used to say. Eliminating them, this is the way Martin handled his rhetorical assistants:

"——misguided and malignant passions—recklessly accuse—stainless judge—lying litigant—mendacious effort—fabricated cause—unscrupulous hand—ruthless weapon—culpable confederates of the convicted criminal irresponsible faction—corporate bandit—incorruptible court—agrarian agitator—substance and symbols of order—crooked creed—venal volunteers—pretentious program—empire of intrigue—deft and secret sign—swarms of satraps—daring demagogue—superficial sentiment impugned, impeached, outraged and dishonored—shattered fame—foreclosed honor—spineless seeker—idle invertebrate—irresolute timeserver—sibilant hiss—merciless mob!"

Of course there were many more, especially after Martin, who craftily withheld the effort for revision for several days, had had time to think adjectitiously; but herewith are enough to show what sort of an oratorical hairpin Martin is. I betray no confidence when I tell you Morris Sheppard rushed tumultuously from the hall and was seen throwing fits of jealousy beneath the statue of John J. Ingalls; and that Ollie James, although he appeared calm, was bitterly envious and furtively laughed a poisoned laugh of scorn that showed him to be hard-hit in his most vulnerable point—the vocal cords.

They crowded around Littleton and congratulated him, as well they might; for, since Charley Murphy refused to let New York send Bourke Cockran back to Congress, we have been worrying along with some mighty mediocre word trainers and exhibitors, and Martin seems to fill a longfelt want. And there is no doubt he will get better as he goes along, for he is only forty, or thereabout, and has years and years ahead of him to devote to the collection and exhibition of peerless and passionate phrases. A lot of galoots spend their time mourning because oratory is a lost art—but they needn't worry. If oratory ever was lost—which every Southern statesman seeks to prove is untrue—Martin Littleton found it and has it safely tucked away in his jeans. Be calm! Martin is the Oratorical Kid.

A most engaging chap, too, is Martin, who has touched a good many high places in a short time and is sure to touch a good many more; for he has a lot of ability, an attractive personality, and is clean, courageous and not without the requisite confidence in himself. He is ambitious, too, and you never can tell where an ambitious man, backed by brains and an individuality, will land. He has a good reputation as a lawyer and as a worker, is an excellent campaigner and not unversed in politics.

He was born in Tennessee, moved to Texas when he was eleven years old and went to work. He was a sturdy young chap and did anything that came his way, from plowing to working as a brakeman on a railroad, getting such schooling as he could and studying law as opportunity offered. He was admitted to practice law when he was nineteen and stayed in Texas until he was twenty-four. Then he decided they needed him in New York and he went there. He discovered, during the first few years of his New York experience, that if they needed him they were very successful in concealing the fact—but he held on; and, presently, after injecting himself skillfully into local politics, was elected president of the Borough of Brooklyn, which position he held during the years 1904 and 1905.

He had done a considerable amount of plain and fancy orating in New York, but his first national chance was when they put him up to nominate Alton B. Parker for President—in St. Louis in 1904. The nominating part of it was all right, for Littleton made a big speech; but the election part of it was a sad affair. However, that wasn't Littleton's fault; and he kept on growing in public estimation in New York, devoting himself to the law, with politics as a side line. Last fall he was nominated for Congress in the First New York District, which is inhabited by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and was represented by W. W. Cocks. Littleton defeated Cocks by some six thousand votes and just ripped things up in Oyster Bay, where the Colonel lives and votes.

During the course of the senatorial deadlock in New York State he offered himself as a solution of the problem, but they didn't solve it that way, and he came to Congress, where they put him on the Committee on Judiciary and the Committee on Patents—and where, as related here, he recently took occasion to make a few remarks concerning the recall of judges.

His début was a success, and from time to time we may expect him to appear in the arena and make the welkin ring. So far as that first speech is concerned, all will freely admit it was a corker; but it seems to us he slipped just one cog. He referred to the "corporate bandit." Nix, Martin! You can do better than that. Why not "corporate corsair" or "business bandit"? A rising young orator never should cramp his style with any such harsh combination as "corporate bandit." Apt alliteration's artful aid amplifies argument and augments appeal. Giddap! Dobbin, giddap! we must away to town.

How the Sun Shone

OSCAR KING DAVIS, now Washington correspondent of the New York Times, was on the New York Sun for a good many years and on one occasion was detailed to read editorial proofs for the late Charles A. Dana. This duty also included the reading of all the matter on the standing galleys. Mr. Dana was very keen on printing good short miscellany, and clipped a good deal of stuff from the exchanges himself.

On going over the proofs of the standing matter one morning, Davis found a short story in the miscellany that had been printed in the Sun twice within three weeks and he killed it. Presently, after the proofs had been taken in to Mr. Dana, Davis looked up and found Mr. Dana standing over him with the galley on which he had killed the short story in his hand.

"Why, Mr. Davis," said Mr. Dana with much concern. "You have killed this little story! Why did you do it? What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing," Davis replied, "except that the story has been printed in the Sun twice in the past three weeks."

"Oh!" said Mr. Dana, immensely relieved. "Is that all? Well, it's a good story; so let's print it again."

Mulcting John D.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER went to Thomasville, Georgia, a few years ago to spend the winter. Soon after he arrived he hired a team of horses from one of his neighbors. No arrangement was made as to price and at the end of the first week the owner sent Mr. Rockefeller a bill for a hundred dollars.

Mr. Rockefeller was very indignant, returned the horses and refused to pay the bill. Roscoe Luke, who is now a candidate for governor of Georgia, was the horseman's attorney; and to him the man went with the matter.

After Luke had heard the story he said to his client:

"Look here, old man; it seems to me like you have overcharged him."

"Overcharged him your eye!" shouted the horseman. "I wasn't overcharging him. I fined him!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Representative James P. Latta, of Nebraska, walked from Ohio across Iowa in 1863, crossed the river and took up a homestead in Nebraska in the district that sent him to Congress.

¶ Representatives W. D. Stephens, of California, and B. G. Humphreys, of Mississippi, of the present Congress, were both drummers in their earlier days. Stephens sold groceries and Humphreys sold drygoods.

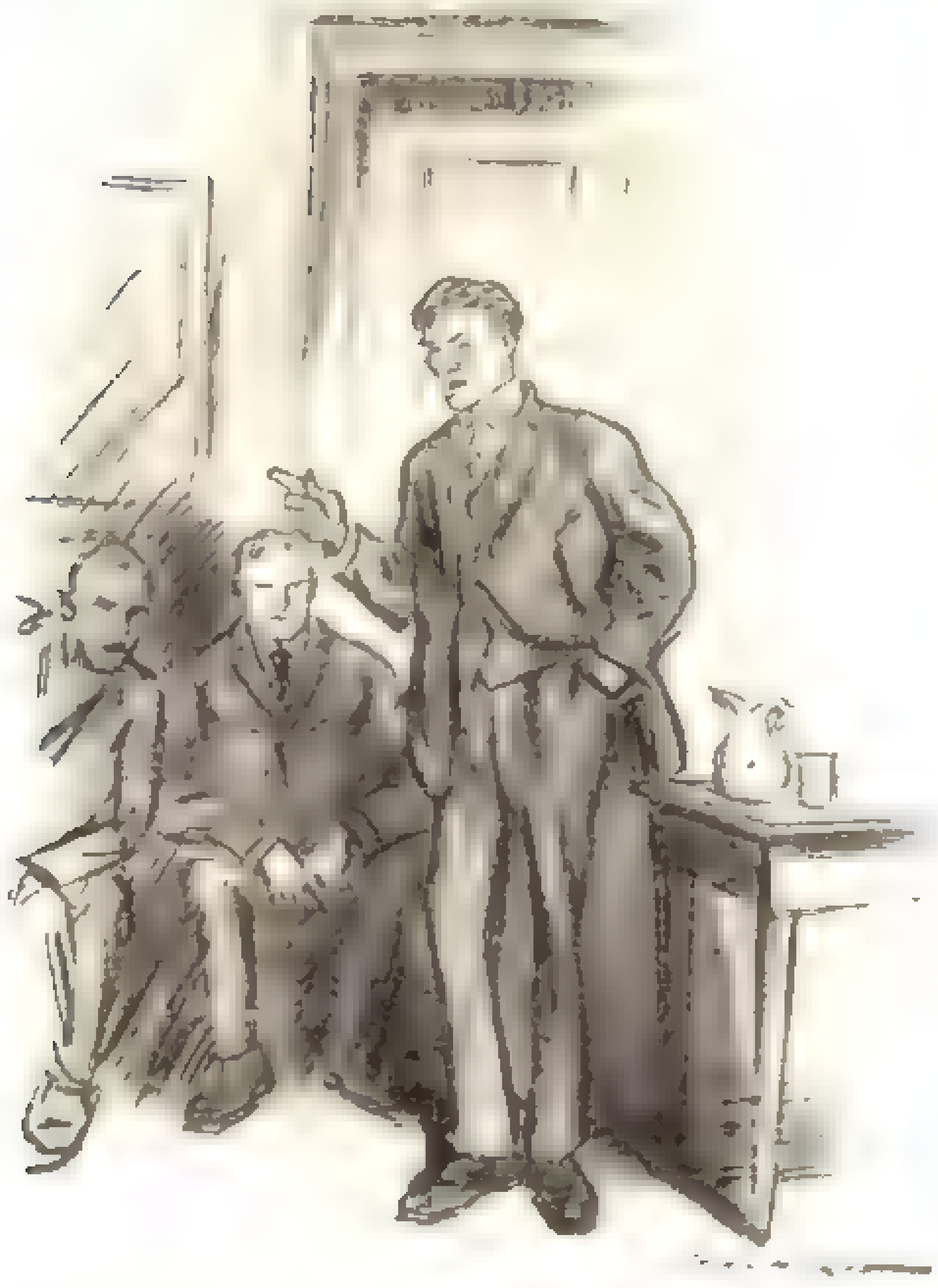
¶ The youngest Senator of the United States is Luke Lea, of Tennessee, aged thirty-two; and the oldest is Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, aged eighty-two, who is six months older than Senator Cullom, of Illinois.

¶ Congress used to be full of Union and Confederate brigadiers. There are only three left now: Generals Sherwood, of Ohio, and Bingham, of Pennsylvania, who were Union officers, and General George Washington Gordon, of Tennessee, who was a Confederate commander.

The Autobiography of a Jailer

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"'The Feller What Said First Honesty is the Best Policy Handed Mankind a Bit of Queer That it Has Never Been Able to Shove Off Yet'"

IT WAS at the end of my fourth year as a jailer that I picked up a newspaper one day and read, to my infinite surprise, that the new Democratic mayor had said to the representatives of the press, in answer to a question put by one of their number: "You bet your life, even if Latham is a Republican, he can have the office of superintendent of the bridewell if he wants it." I wanted it and got it. I don't know how much the chance question of the reporter had to do with winning me the appointment.

My predecessors at the bridewell were men who believed that discipline could be maintained only by keeping the mailed fist in constant use or at least constantly doubled for use. They would have considered it insane to have gained their ends by the employment of justice, fair play and persuasion. One of my forerunners—whom I shall call De Lacey—used to relate how he quelled a rebellion that was to have begun with his murder and to have ended with a carnage of the guards and an escape. When this pleasant bit of news first came to De Lacey's astonished ears he stripped himself to the waist in the privacy of his office, laid on his desk a pile of thin white paper and put on top of it a dagger with a razorlike edge. Then he sent a subaltern to fetch the burly negro who was to have given the signal for the insurrection by plunging a knife between De Lacey's stout ribs when De Lacey passed through the broom shop to inspect it on the morrow. Dismissing the guard, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket, De Lacey faced his nonplused, would-be murderer and hissed between set teeth: "So you're the man, Johnson, that has been bragging around here that he was going to lay me out tomorrow! I'll give you all the laying out you want before I'm through with you."

The Quelling of Johnson

"NOT me. I nebbah said no sich thing, Mistah De Lacey. No, not me," protested Johnson, seeing that the game was up and scenting disastrous consequences.

"You're a liar!" shouted the superintendent. "I know you're a liar. We're alone now; we're man to man., Why don't you croak me now, you coward? I'll tell you why! You're an empty blowhard and you haven't got the nerve." With this whirlwind of words De Lacey took the dagger from his desk and, cutting the white sheets of paper into shreds with it, yelled in feigned excitement: "You see how sharp this dagger is; take it and stab me! Stab me, you sneak! We're alone! Here, take it!" He handed the bewildered black Hercules the dangerous blade and thwacked him violently again and again across the cheeks with his open hand, screaming and screeching: "Hit back! Stab! Murder me, you cur! Now's your chance! Kill me!"

The negro, spirit-broken, humiliated, sank to the floor, clasped the superintendent around the knees and sobbed: "'Foah Hebbun, I nebbah meant to hurt you! I nebbah did! Nebbah! I'll croak de first man dat makes trouble heah, I will! Send me back to de shop! Let me go back! I's had enough! Dere won't be no trouble nohow!"

Nor was there any more trouble; the backbone of the chief rebel and of the rebellion was broken. If I have treated at length the manner in which this was accomplished, it is only because the story serves as a more or less typical illustration of the favorite tactics in vogue before my appointment.

The very first day that I took charge I addressed my board of directors and told them that barbarity and brutality would have to cease at once, and that a common-sense scheme of kindness and a well-considered plan of fair dealing would have to take their place. There was an uproar at once. One of my directors had been a warden of a small penitentiary, and what had been good enough for him twenty years ago was more than good enough for him now. He took my criticisms on prison methods as personal to himself and he stoutly insisted that there was only one way of handling prisoners—namely, by putting the fear of punishment in their hearts. Another member of the board exclaimed irately: "Look here, Latham, the sort of thing you have been doing at the county jail is all well enough for a few players to the gallery like you, but it doesn't go with us hard-headed practical men. You'll have to cut it out."

"No," I replied quietly, "I want to keep my job as much as any man does, but if I have to drop my policies I quit. And, furthermore, all of you will live to see what you call my fads adopted as a matter of ordinary procedure in all the penal institutions of the country."

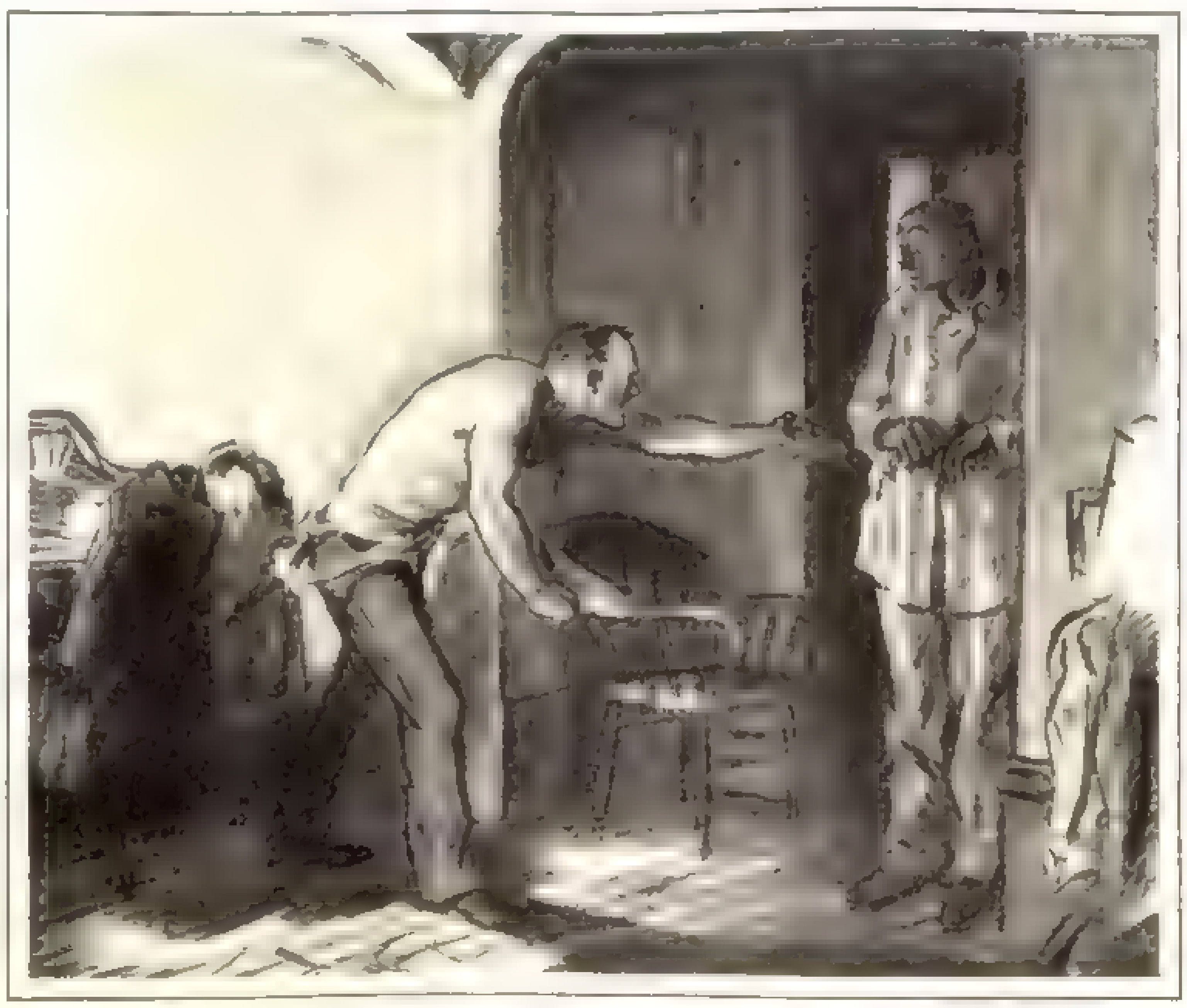
The board, seeing my firmness and knowing that I had the administration as well as many influential citizens and judges back of me, yielded an inch here and there; and every time it yielded an inch I took a rod or two. Moreover, as soon as I showed myself in the shops and talked humanely and encouragingly to the prisoners, most of them, knowing me by reputation at least, changed their whole attitude toward the place. The difference was so perceptible that the guards told me they could feel it in the air. At the end of my first week, when the men lined up one night to march into the cell-houses, one of them raised his hand for permission to speak and said to me:

"Well, Mr. Latham, this is your first week here and it's been a crackerjack. You've got more work out of us than they ever got in any ten weeks before you took charge."

"And why?" I asked, curious to hear his explanation.

"Oh, just because we know you're here and that you won't stand for nothing but a square deal."

I assured him that a square deal was to be the absolute, undeviating rule of the place; and to the very best of my ability I set about to make my word good. My greatest difficulty from the outset was with the guards. They had been handed down to me from the old régime; and if they didn't crack a head or two each day they felt as if they had been remiss in their duties and had failed to earn their wage. Whose head it was or why it was cracked were questions quite beside the mark.



"Stab Me, You Sneak! We're Alone! Here, Take It!"

It had been a common practice before my appearance at the bridewell for the men to "hide out" somewhere in the huge establishment during the day in order to effect their escape at night. These would-be runaways were always missed at counting-time and ninety-nine out of every hundred were tracked and captured. Then the guards would line up and take turns in mauling the unfortunate wretch, one officer when winded from the exercise passing him on to the next. You can imagine what the victim looked like after the last guard had had his turn. I stopped that popular form of sport at once; and with its extinction, although one might expect the reverse, the attempts at escape ceased altogether.

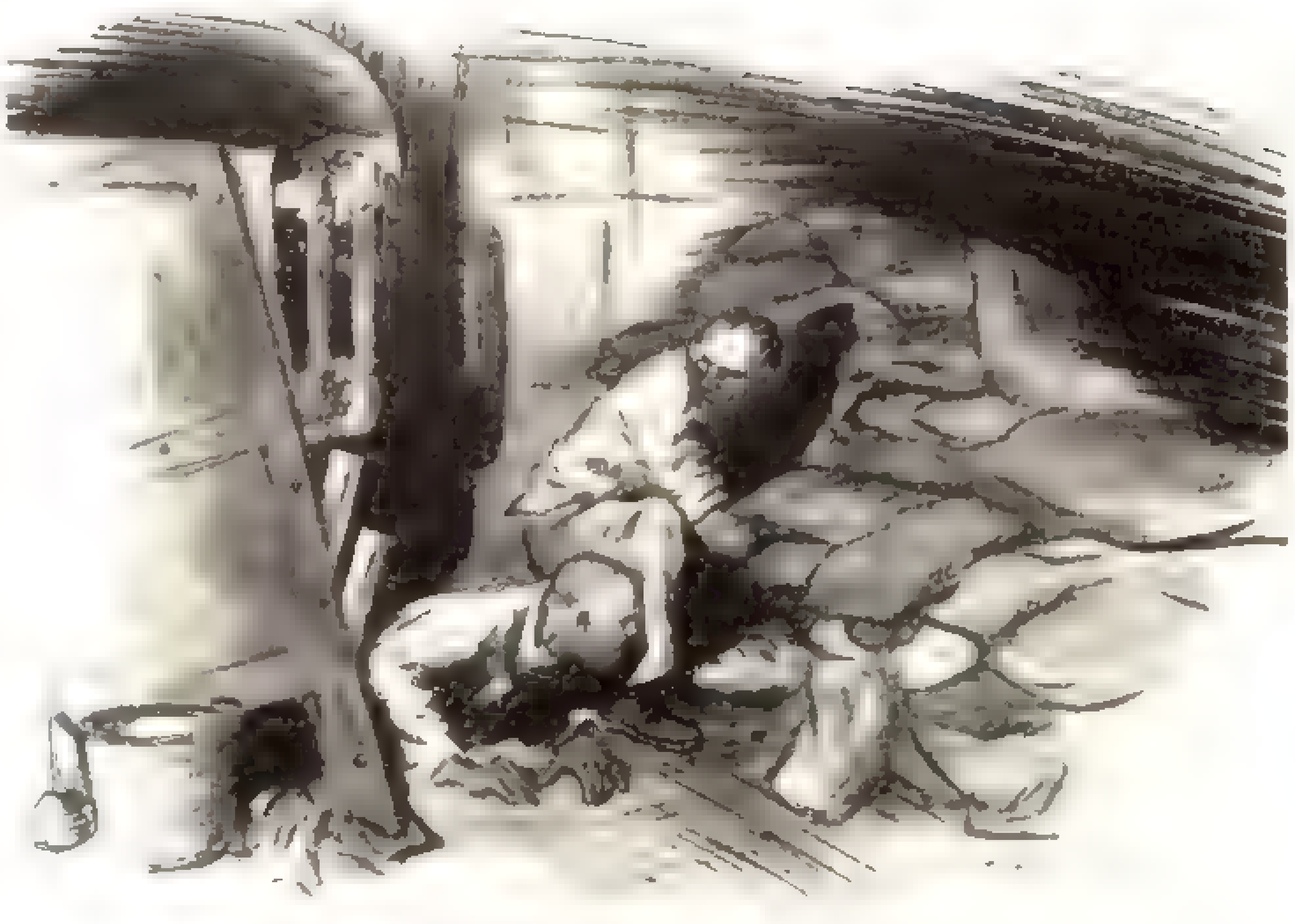
Perhaps I may pause here for a minute to tell of one of these attempted escapes which, even though it failed, was clever enough to have deserved success. A prisoner who had managed to scale the outer wall on a hot summer night saw a cab drawn close to the curb just outside the entrance, awaiting the return of a visitor. The tired cabby, worn out by the heat and the long absence of his fare, had removed his coat and retired inside of his vehicle for a nap. The refugee, turning his wits to shrewd account, donned the driver's discarded garment, mounted the box and whirled off with its owner. Two hours later the fellow was caught and returned—after the welcome customary in such cases—to his cell. But the strangest part of the incident was that the luckless jehu almost went back to the bridewell with him, for he was haled into court for having connived at this flight for freedom, and the justice before whom he was tried consented only after considerable deliberation to let him go with a reprimand and a fine.

The Policy of a Square Deal

SUCH was my difficulty, however, in putting a stop to the chastisement of "hide-outs" and the infliction of physical torture on all other malefactors, that often I had to get out of bed in the middle of the night to thwart guards who couldn't resist the force of old habit when they thought I was too sound asleep to protest. I am speaking literally. Once, to cite a flagrant breach, I was awakened by heart-rending shrieks at two o'clock in the morning. I rose at once and after a search discovered that a couple of my underlings had taken a refractory prisoner out of his cell and moved him down to "solitary" to pommel him to their hearts' content. I discharged them on the spot. There were no more nocturnal combats.

Gradually, however, the guards came to see that when they spoke a kind word instead of giving vent to horrible curses, and when they exercised a fair degree of patience instead of a club, their lot was in every way easier and more enviable. They were respected and liked instead of being hated and despised—and the normal person prefers respect and affection to hatred every time. Most of the officers had kept themselves filled with cheap whisky in order to drown their better instincts and fit them for administering inhuman punishments. Therefore, when chastisement was taboo, whisky was no longer necessary as an inspiration for fiendishness, and my guards were transformed into a sober, decent, self-respecting lot of men. They and their wives thanked me warmly for the change I had wrought, and many of the men told me in all sincerity that they would rather die than go back to the old life and the old way of doing things. The prisoners, too, were quick to notice the absence of the smell of whisky on the breath of their superiors, and they did with willingness and alacrity for the sober what they had done sullenly and resentfully for the semi-intoxicated. To paraphrase Lincoln, a house of correction can't stand with the prisoners all sober and the guards all under the influence of liquor.

Before my time it had been a steadfast policy never to accept a prisoner's word against a guard's, it being not only assumed but actually maintained that the prisoner couldn't speak the truth and that the guard couldn't lie. The result of this was that when a complaint of injustice or maltreatment was brought against an officer the one who brought it usually gained nothing for his pains but a sound trouncing at the hands of the officer whose implacable and everlasting enmity he had provoked. Naturally such a system did little to encourage well-founded complaints or to correct the most flagrant abuses.



It Had Been a Common Practice for the Men to "Hide Out"

A Reform That Paid

I MADE it known at the outset that any justified grievance would find an immediate hearing, and that neither time nor pains would be spared in tracing down the facts on which it was based. At first the guards viewed this edict as an indignity inflicted on their authority; but they soon discovered that if the charges leveled against them were unjust they would have nothing to lose or to fear. The complainants, on the other hand, knowing that their statements would be subjected to a minute inquiry, were pretty careful about taking undue liberties with the truth. A fair percentage of the fault-finding, I learned before long, was caused by some misunderstanding of the rules of the place on the part of the authorities or the imprisoned. In all such cases it required but a word or a little tact to reestablish good feeling. After all, a house of correction is a small municipality, a social whole, and, if it be run honestly, fairly and aboveboard, publicity is as necessary for its efficiency as for that of any other social entity. You can make up your mind that any penal institution that stifles publicity has something crooked or rotten to conceal.

To make sure that nobody should suffer for the lack of a hearing, I set aside one hour of every Sunday morning after chapel services for private interviews. This brought me into a more intimate personal contact with my charges than any other method I could have devised, and at the same time it put them so entirely at their ease that they could speak without the restraint or bashfulness caused by the presence of others. I am of the opinion that no other reform I ever introduced proved so valuable to my work and so helpful to my wards as these consultations. It was through them I learned that at least ninety per cent of my charges were worrying as to what they should do to earn an honest livelihood after leaving the bridewell The world they had to face outside the high walls had greater terrors for them than the prison itself. With real concern on their faces they told me that their past records would in almost every case debar them from finding employment, and that even if they should be lucky enough to get jobs they would be thrown out into the street again as soon as their fellow toilers discovered their identity.

These obstacles, I knew from experience, were far more real than fanciful. But besides the difficulties on which the prisoners laid such pathetic stress there was one that they failed to mention, which had its roots in their own characters and temperaments—their love of strong drink. In one sense the long abstinence necessitated by confinement in durance serves as a cure for the disease, in another it provokes the appetite for liquor. The reason is simple enough. When men are deprived of liberty of conduct and action for a continued period it is quite natural that a reaction should set in when they are free to follow their own impulses. Hence they fly to overindulge themselves first in those very things of which they have felt the want most keenly.

The liquor dealer, understanding this bit of prison psychology, has been quick to take advantage of it and, thanks to the lethargy of our stupid city councils, has pushed his line of saloons right up to the doors of our bridewells. It is curious how much society does to tempt instead of to protect the weak!

As this problem of employment for the paroled or the discharged was general rather than individual, it struck me with growing force that I must find a general solution for it. Of what permanent value would it be to settle it in a few cases and leave the vast majority to wander the streets exposed to every chance temptation? After much deliberation I worked out a plan that seemed to meet the exigency squarely, point for point. I presented it to several judges on the bench, and it was with their aid and influence that I established The Home of New Hope. To this home are sent each month, on the average, two hundred men discharged from the bridewell, to be cared for, protected and guided until they find employment. Nor is admission to this refuge received without some slight test of character. My office in the bridewell was so situated that those who were discharged had perforce to pass two saloons before they could reach the home. Those who were weak enough to surrender to the first temptation knew it would be useless to ask me for a recommendation of good conduct as an open-sesame to the home, and the result of this was that the patrons of those two resorts dropped off by at least three-fourths. I am glad to say, too, that only a negligible number of those who reached the home were ever sent back to my keeping. Even the most hardened, after they had been given such a fair chance, and after I had left nothing undone to make a place for them in the world, would break down from sheer shame when they faced me for recommitment

The Refugee Donned the Driver's Discarded Garment

The difficulty of finding jobs for the former residents of the bridewell was most discouraging at first, but it gradually retreated before our organized onslaught. As more and more of the men made good and I could point to their records as an argument in favor of others, I found the task easier and easier. It seems to me now, as far as I can judge from my own necessarily limited experience, that the strong prejudice against employing ex-prisoners is dying a slow death.

No sooner did I realize the full merit of my work in helping the fallen after they got out of jail than it was brought home to my mind with haunting persistency that any plan that tended toward keeping the weak out of jail altogether would be incomparably more valuable to society than a plan for helping them after they got out or in. Since an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure everywhere, and since the majority of those committed find their way to the bridewell through drunkenness, I asked myself whether it wouldn't be wiser to cure men of the drink habit before punishing them rather than to punish them first and attempt a cure later on? The answer was a hospital that I established to treat sufferers from alcoholism and drugs. It is open to all of those who are sensible enough to perceive their need of its benefits. The large number who came of their own volition was astonishing; the smaller number who came at the kindly suggestion of the police or at the advice of the magistrates was still large enough to answer to the name of legion. I can say without vaunt that if we had more institutions of the kind we should need fewer jails. Moreover, since the idea has worked out so successfully with the drink habit, why shouldn't an extension of it along similar lines prove practicable in the treatment of other forms of delinquency?

How the Watch Came Back

MY CONSTANT endeavor to make their hard lot in life more bearable and to regain for them an honorable place in life won from my prisoners a gratitude so profound that no words of mine can hope to express it. At the end of my first year at the bridewell the men celebrated the day by presenting me with a gold watch and chain. The humorous paragraphers of the newspapers propounded all sorts of theories as to the manner in which this jewelry might have been secured and, having rung all the changes on that theme, they passed on to remark that it would only be a question of time before the donors would get back what they had given. They came more nearly being right than they ever knew. The watch and chain were lifted out of my pocket by unusually expert fingers at a political convention I attended. Two weeks later my property was returned to me with the following letter:

Dear Sir: I am sending back to you your watch, which I finds by accident in your pocket. Also the chain. One honest man ought never to steal from another; there are enough suckers on the outside and among strangers. I knowed you wouldn't worry none if you knowed it was me that had it. I gets more watches given me than I needs for my use anyhow. It is a perfect joy to give this one back to a friend of the poor and the oppressed as I see by the name and the words blowed in the case. Most of them poor and oppressed is friends of mine. Even a thief would return your watch after reading the said inscription where an honest man wouldn't care if he did or not. The only thing I regret, on account of the trouble, is that the watch, which I can recommend as first-class, didn't belong to

"Well I declare!"

NO one shows a keener appreciation of our Tomato Soup—when she has once discovered it—than the "good old-fashioned" housekeeper as she is often called—though she may be the youngest woman in the house.

She knows. She is a real critic. She wants real soup—no wishy-washy imitation. And her praise is the highest kind of a compliment to

Campbell's

TOMATO SOUP

You may be hard to please. You grudge no effort nor expense to make the home table attractive and satisfying. And you wonder how such perfect soup is possible at the price.

But forget the price. Judge the soup on its merits. Notice its fine *natural* color and aroma; its fresh spicy flavor; its creamy richness; its wholesome nourishing effect.

You'll say you never tasted anything finer.—Or the grocer refunds your money.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Campbell's
SOUP

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN N J

"The cause of my haste
Is not that I'm chased
But with *Campbell's Soup* ready,
There's no time to waste"

some other guy. Still I was born for hard luck. If it wasn't this it would be something else, and I would have been pinched.

Yours respectably,
BILL THE DIP.

P. S. None of the links is gone from the chain, which please count to satisfy yourself. Also I paid the express charges. If they try to collect, which they will, don't stand for it.

Another year, on my birthday, I was given a loving cup with the inscription: "To a Noble Sower of the Seed of Man's Humanity to Man." This gave the hard-driven paragraphers another chance. Each of them offered a reward for the return of the loving cup he had lost, and each of them warned the owners of objects of virtu to guard their treasures carefully against the time of my next birthday.

When four years of hard work had set affairs at the bridewell to running smoothly on the improved plan the warden of one of our state penitentiaries resigned and there was an eager scramble for the vacant position. A strong movement was put in motion at once in behalf of a penologist of the old school; but my friends, the judges, and the wives and mothers of the state insisted that the job go to me as reward of merit. The governor appointed me.

It had been urged against me that my fads and follies would work all right in a jail or a house of correction, but that if applied to a penitentiary they would end by making the state ridiculous in the eyes of the nation. I always have found that this sort of rule is applied to all new ideas. They are ever too big for small places and too small for the big ones. The governor advised me to go slow; and my new board of control set its face like flint against changes for the better. Determinedly I paid no attention to what was said, but got out my big broom and started to sweep aside the dust and dirt that were my heritage from previous administrations.

The lock-step—that degrading and telltale badge of infamy—went out almost the day I went in. So did the conventional convict garb—that medieval method of helping men to be good by putting them in ugly uniforms as an ever-present reminder of the inherent wickedness that separates them from the decent and the tolerated. State laws prevented my making this latter reform thoroughgoing; but, nevertheless, after my first six months seventy per cent of the inmates were wearing their own shirts, collars and underwear. This saved money for the taxpayer, yet, curiously enough, the measure was denounced as one of my foolish extravagances! Moreover, since to me there seemed no more reason for all convicts to have their hair clipped uniformly than for them to have their ears clipped uniformly—and is there?—I allowed each man to have his locks trimmed to suit his fancy.

The tonsorial energies saved in shearing I turned in the direction of bi-weekly shaving, with the result that hair was kept where its removal made for a senseless unsightliness and removed where its keeping made for a lack of cleanliness and a loss of self-respect.

A Prison Farm That Paid

I effected another big saving for the state by founding a penal farm. It cost the commonwealth fifteen thousand dollars in round numbers; and its produce represents an annual value of five thousand dollars, to say nothing of the superior quality of what we raise for our own consumption compared with the half-decayed stuff that avaricious contractors used to dump into our larders. I remember one occasion when the most culpable of this class of merchants had been watching my men at work in the fields. He turned to me and shouted with a string of oaths: "Say, Latham, you've got a nerve calling this here health resort a penitentiary! Why, you treat 'em ten times better than I do the niggers and foreigners that works for me!"

Even the material profits of our farm were of small moment compared with the physical and spiritual improvements that the out-of-door work and life brought about for those fortunate enough to be assigned to tasks on it. Many of my prisoners are agricultural laborers and farm owners as well, and to condemn them to the indoor toil of the shops often results in adding to the number of victims of that dread disease, consumption, which our civilization is engaged in fighting. Often I wonder why the penitentiary, that hotbed of the destructive germ, is overlooked in the heat of the battle.

Speaking of sickness, I am reminded that before my coming to the penitentiary, if a sufferer from the toothache complained, neglected his work or became refractory, he was pronounced a malingerer and either sent to solitary or strung up by the wrists until the pain from his decayed molar sank to insignificance beside the artificially induced torment. When he could stand this no longer and begged and pleaded for the boon of going back to his hard job in the shop his action was taken as proof positive that the poor devil had been shamming and that his teeth, unlike his morals, were sound.

The curing of toothache by throwing a man in solitary or hanging him from the ceiling by his wrists seemed hardly as scientific to me as the methods of modern dentistry. I therefore immediately attached a dentist to the institution. In addition I called in the services of a throat and nose specialist, an oculist and an aurist. The effect these doctors had on our morals was wondrous. One unmanageable convict, to choose an instance at random, became exemplary after an operation that separated him from an adenoid growth. I believe that if this man had had the obstruction removed in his youth he never would have seen the inside of a penitentiary. There are others! Indeed, many of the ill-starred sent to penal institutions are more properly fit subjects for insane asylums or some establishment that is neither the one nor yet quite the other.

The Evils of Convict Labor

Again, for purely hygienic reasons, I gave the prisoners a half-hour rest after their noonday meal, and a half holiday on Saturdays for match games between the baseball nines that I had organized in the various shops. This provoked the wrath of the owners of prison contracts, for whom the sentenced moiled only ten hours a day at the hardest work imaginable under the most unfavorable conditions possible! These gentlemen asked in bitter sarcasm why I didn't reverse the process and let the derelicts amuse themselves all week and work on Saturday afternoons—if the weather permitted. One of them suggested in a letter to the press that I pull down the cell-houses and shops to build a tennis court and a golf course. Baseball was only for the vulgar: golf and tennis for the leisure class my institution had been built to pamper!

I always have held that this particular contractor's ire, like that of all the rest, was provoked justly. We allowed our men fifty cents a day for skilled labor that in the open market would command three, four and, in some instances, seven or eight dollars a day. Since my critics pocketed the difference, it was only natural that they should believe that those who had sinned against society should expiate by way of overtime at toil. Nor is this by any means all that they pocket. The state pays the rent, insurance and taxes on what are practically their factories, besides supplying power, light and heat. Will the smallest boy in the class kindly rise and tell the teacher where the state comes in on the deal?

There is nothing the convict resents more deeply than this ruthless exploitation. He swears under his breath against his oppressors, and vows in the bitterness of his heart that when turned loose he will rob or maul the first helpless person he meets, so as to get even with those individuals who robbed him. The whole scheme of prison contracts sets in motion an endless chain of dishonesty, lawlessness and reckless immorality. It degrades the fallen in their own estimation by shaming them into the conviction that they are worth no more to themselves or to society than the mean pittance of fifty cents a day. And if this were not enough to consign it to limbo, I might add that it tends to make the reform measures of the advanced warden a paradox and the reformation of the criminal an absurdity.

I never shall forget how all this was summed up in an oddly humorous but striking way by one of the most intelligent of my men, who drudged in the shoe shop at the making of paper soles that were palmed off on the purchaser as leather. "The nerve of them guys is such, Mr. Latham," he said, "that if they was to turn it down legitimate alleys they would take the bread out of the mouths of us hold-up men. We couldn't compete. We would have to go out of business. Society sticks me in here for eight years to think over my wicked past, and them guys says to me: 'Son, honesty is the best policy; mend your ways, reform, and while you're hustling ten hours for fifty cents and doing yourself out of three dollars and a half net, try your level best to make them paper soles look like cow's leather, so we can put it over on a dense population of lovable suckers, which is born one to the minute on purpose to wear one of our shoes on each foot!' This ends me and reform. When I get out I'm going to be just one of them plain, honest thieves, without no frills or fancy-work. Reform is for the rich, which are in a position to sell you paper for leather and throw the hooks into a guy like me, while he blows in the name of their brand on the outside of the April Fool package."

Although the immured loathe this contract work with all their hearts and souls, when they are called upon to perform a task that may redound to the benefit of the institution itself they toil with a will and an energy that can be surpassed by no body of mechanics in the world. In proof let me say that one unbearably hot day, when a gang was moiling in our quarry to secure stones for a new cell-house, less than ten per cent would avail themselves of my permission to lay off and rest at intervals, and even these few made the intervals too short to be worthy the name.

Being unable to change, much less to uproot, the system of selling convict labor by contract, I did all in my power to combat and mitigate its manifold evils. Since under that plan men are turned into the mere parts of a machine and learn next to nothing that educates or helps them toward earning a livelihood in the future, I organized a night school to meet their needs and appointed ten of my college graduates and professional men as teachers. I helped on the work of my instructors by making arrangements with a correspondence institute for more advanced courses in the arts, the sciences and the trades, by extending our library privileges, by putting an increased number of magazines and newspapers into circulation, and by doing away with the stern penal tradition that made it the most serious of offenses for a man to make use of paper and pencil in his cell or to have these concealed on his person. Before long, as a result of these innovations, we turned out a number of skilled artisans in all branches, our own optician among them, whose education saved the state a hundredfold more than it ever cost it. To speculate on what this movement has accomplished for the community in the prevention of crime and in the reduction of pauperism were as idle as needless.

When to be Honest

Inasmuch as it was my aim to encourage intelligence and to spread enlightenment—evil's two most implacable foes—I didn't stop there. I started a literary and historical club and hired with voluntary contributions made by the prisoners and the guards a number of well-known lecturers to bring us information that would add to our future efficiency and usefulness.

Now and then, at meetings of the literary and historical club, we would hold debates and thresh over such questions as whether environment or heredity is the chief cause of crime, whether or not penitentiaries should be abolished for the best interests of society, whether begging is not a greater crime than stealing, and whether honesty is the best policy.

In connection with this last subject, I am reminded of the argument of one of the orators, who took the peculiar middle ground that honesty is the best policy sometimes, dishonesty at other times. According to him one would be a fool to adhere to either uncompromisingly. "See here," he said, in defense of his position, "I knowed two brothers who was so crooked that they walked around as if they was doing the waltz step, in circles, and the circles they left behind 'em curled to and fro like a pair of ram's horns. What did they do? They says to each other: 'There ain't no corner we can turn without bumping up against a brace of fly cops. All the cards of crime is marked and stacked agin us. It's high time we was blowing town and turning over a new game.' So they shoved the last bunch of 'queer' [counterfeit money] they was making and opened a general store for rubes up country. They stuck to business so close that you couldn't have teased 'em to go out for a drink if you had paid the barkeep for it in advance. They stood strictly on the level with the jays, and the coin comes rolling over the counter so fast that their fingers gets calloused from picking it up. 'Honesty is the slickest policy known to man,' they says. 'If we had had sense enough to listen to them preachers sooner we'd have more coin in the bank than we ever cracked out of safes in our best days. Us for the honesty policy! Let's continue to resist the temptation to pick a good customer's pockets while he's trying to beat us down on a pair of socks, and let's keep on handing 'em the right change with each pair of nineteen-cent braces, marked down from twenty-five, as is guaranteed on the sign over the door.' Then the hard times comes down on 'em and what do you think them two guys done? They sits around, gettin' blue in the face and watching their pile get thinner and thinner, and says: 'What do we get for connecting so close with this honesty policy? Nix! The feller what first said honesty is the best policy handed mankind a bit of queer that it has never been able to shove off yet. Let's back to the good old life and hand the poker to the obliging rube around the corner.' So they bumps their bright heads together and works around the post until they finds a sucker in Chicago to let 'em have one hundred thousand dollars on credit. Then they fails and gets away with that swollen lump of coin. I ain't heard of 'em since; no, nor that sucker either. This proves what I've been saying, that the wise guy votes both tickets."

The debates on whether environment or heredity is the chief source of crime brought out innumerable points of interest in the law-breakers' lives and also shed considerable light on that much-mooted question for me.

Somehow the reports of these debates leaked into the press, and the opposition howled that I was sharpening the wits of the wicked and teaching them how they could break the laws in such a manner as to evade punishment! The opposition always seemed to be lying in wait for one of my reforms for the fun of bowling it down, and it will have been seen that I gave it plenty of opportunity for voice culture. But all this preliminary yelping was as the dying notes of a slumber song in the storm that broke forth when I turned our musical talents to account by training thirty voices for a glee club, drilling an orchestra for state occasions, and mustering a brass band to dispel the gloom, the somber silence, the animal-like stolidity that surcharged the atmosphere in the mess room. Hardened though I had been to such sights, I contributed one hundred dollars for sheet music and five hundred more for instruments to make that tomblike hall a thing of the past and the atmosphere more bearable.

But despite the protests of the contractors, the anger of a part of the public and the vigorous attack of the press, the band played on! And the louder it played the more anger it provoked. When indignation reached its climax a celebrated artist gave it voice in a cartoon that showed a mob of ex-convicts crowding around the walls of my penitentiary, clamoring for the privilege of entering it, and breaking through the bars with hammers and jimmies lest they be denied admission. A well-known journalist supplemented this pictorial effort in a venomous editorial remarking that the only improvement he could suggest to turn my reputed penitentiary into a first-class hotel would be to clothe my dining-room waiters in immaculately white costumes and caps.

I adopted the suggestion at once, to the horror of the author, who advised me to buy a rhetoric and study up the subjects of sarcasm and irony when I was not engaged in making the outlaw's profession the most enviable and desirable on earth.

But in due course of time, when the public had swept enthusiastically around to my way of thinking, the press lauded me to the skies for building up something it said it had always advocated—a model penitentiary. Again I disagree with my erstwhile enemy. Modesty forbids it now.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers giving the experiences of a jailer

OUT-OF-DOORS

Mountain Climbing in America

THERE are mountain climbers—good ones and many of them—on this continent, and some of them have not confined their work to this continent; yet it is fair enough to say that we do not have in America any science or cult of mountaineering such as obtains in Europe. We have clubs like the Mazamas; the Canadian Alpine Club—many others, indeed; and there is hardly a well-known peak of difficulty in the Cascades, Rockies or Selkirks that has not been successfully attacked by one or more members of these clubs. The great majority of our climbers are, however, detached amateurs, largely big-game hunters, and more often solitary performers than devoted and well-organized practicers of the sport.

There is no harder or more difficult form of physical exercise than that of mountain work—and it is not for the very young, the very old or the very weak. For the physically sound there is nothing better. No man can carry much extra flesh and be a successful mountaineer; and, though this is a very grueling form of exercise for those who have grown a trifle stout, it is the best of medicine for them if kept up through a term of days or weeks. The very practical man, who asks why he should climb a mountain when there is nothing on top of it that he wants, will perhaps be blind to some of these definite compensations for the hard work involved.

Socially speaking, mountain climbing is eminently correct. If you have in your "book" the names of two or three noted peaks of the Alps—still better, one or more in the Caucasus; almost as well, two or three in the Selkirks; much better, one in the Andes; far better yet, one in the Himalayas, or even Africa—then you can sit in the highest circles of sportsmanship in any land and others will listen to your speech. Of course, in a less desirable sense, it is socially correct to pose in Switzerland as a bold, bad mountaineer. For this the right kind of clothes are a help and the cog railways up some of the Alps are of still more definite aid. If you are that sort of a mountaineer, however, the less you talk about it the better.

So far as original enterprise is concerned there is little room for talk today. You will find most of the great mountains of the world have been "done" by some other fellow ahead of you. Not to mention Mount McKinley and its alleged conqueror, take the case of the Monte Rosa group north of Italy. No less a person than Leonardo da Vinci is said to have ascended these peaks; and a late successor found cut in the rocks at a height of ten thousand feet above sea-level the inscription, "A. T. M. 1615!" It is rather discouraging to find that some other fellow has beaten us to it by some three hundred years. As a matter of fact, A. T. M., whoever he was, was beaten another three hundred years in many of the Alps of Europe by yet other climbers, whose stories have come down to us mostly done in Latin.

The crystallized science of mountain climbing, if we may use the phrase, has been perfected in the Alps of Switzerland; and it may be said that this has occurred within the last fifty or sixty years. Today men climb to type and by rule. They climb in hundreds and thousands, partly for love of the sport and partly because it is fashionable. The Swiss hotelkeepers rarely overlook a financial bet, and you scarcely can blame them for systematizing mountaineering, since they have almost more mountains than anything else in Switzerland. It is a little boresome to know that you climb pretty much by schedule in Switzerland, even when you do not go up on the cog road. They even have permanent ropes or chains stretched for you in some of the worst places! Still, you will be much surprised if you go there thinking that Swiss Alpine climbing is an easy stunt. The Alps are real mountains and the Alpine guides are accepted as the best in the world all over the world. Indeed, many a man who carries a mountain scalp at his belt got it by virtue of the Swiss guides and porters he hired to go with him to this or that corner of the remote regions.

The American mountain lover who desires to turn his amateurish enthusiasm into professional skill can do no better than to join one of the better mountain-climbing clubs for one of their summer meets in the American Northwest or in Canada, in both of which countries large summer camps are often established in some difficult mountain district. Such a camp will always have one or more experienced leaders and will be equipped with everything needful in the sport. There are many women who join these summer camps and who are very successful, even at considerable elevations. A summer trip of this kind may, therefore, prove to be one of pleasant social experiences. It will serve to show the beginner that mountain climbing is, if not gregarious, at least coöperative.

Most of us who have hunted big game in the Rockies have climbed more or less incidentally and individually. We wore our usual hunting rig and climbed for a definite purpose—not to get to the top, but to get to the trophy of elk or bear, bighorn or white goat. The hunt of the chamois in the Alps is not more trying than the pursuit of either of these last two animals in some parts of the Rockies or the Selkirks. The man who has killed his bighorn or his goat with his own gun, high up on some mountain summit—especially if it be in the wintertime—is entitled to call himself a sportsman and to say he has seen the acme of sport with the rifle. That, however, is not professional mountain climbing.

The hunting party going into the mountains with the intention of hunting at great elevations usually will go up some valley and follow the watercourse as high as possible, back into the hills. After locating the game, the permanent camp is pitched and side trips made from that point, perhaps many miles in distance. Suppose, however, it were the purpose of a few friends not to kill big game but simply to go to the top of some peak regarding which they could find no local advice. What would be their plan of attack?

Even a limited mountain experience would teach that one of the easiest ways to get uphill is to follow the course of a snow-filled gully or gulch. Such a gully is, in the vernacular of climbing, called a couloir. Its surface, especially when the snow is well packed, gives good footing and a steady upward grade. All climbers know the trick of using such a natural ladder so far as it goes—that is to say, they take this ladder after they have gone up as far as they can by horse or other conveyance, always provided, of course, that there is such a ladder waiting for them.

The couloir, however, sometimes has a habit of not reaching up to the top-story windows. In many of our mountains of the Rockies we will find above timberline a steep pitch covered with what we call slide rock, but what the expert calls scree—steep slopes of more or less disintegrated stone, where the footing is none too secure and where the whole cover sometimes seems to start moving underfoot. Again, at the top of a slope of this sort, we occasionally come to what in the West we call the "rimrock" of a mountain, which often is a sheer wall, inaccessible, perhaps, in a great part of its extent. The main peak, which is the only one desired, very likely sticks up above this rimrock, amid a series of broken crags, which are surmounted by ultimate peaks, needles or *aiguilles*, as they are called sometimes in climbing language. The shape of your mountain depends on geology. If you know your geology pretty well you are better apt to know what sort of climbing there will be on the tiptop part of the mountain. Dolomite, granite or limestone will offer different forms.

The man who has gone out to climb a given mountain does not make the mistake

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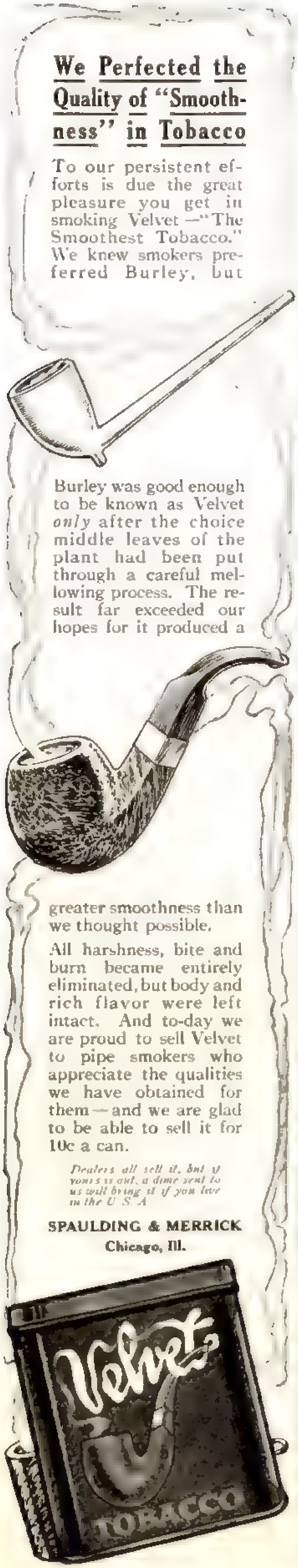

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of the beginner and start to scramble up the face, wherever he can get a start. He will study it from this side and that, perhaps for more than one season if his time for a trip be short. He wants to get above the rimrock, we shall say. After a time he locates a corner of the summit where there is a long, knifelike ridge that carries on up to the summit—broken, of course, by steep depressions that make down to each side and by all those unimaginable rock shapes that you have found piled on top of almost any considerable peak. In the West we call such a ridge a hogback; but that is a very vulgar phrase. We should call it an *arête*, because that is what it is called in Switzerland that word meaning "ridge" as near as anything. Now, if you can get to the lower end of that ridge you will not find it so sharp as it looks from below. Perhaps that will be the easiest path to the top of the peak; and perhaps some convenient couloir will carry you up within sight at least of this final ridge or *arête*. If there is snow up there—sufficient to fill in the small cañons and natural hollows all the better for your chance of success. There are some mountains that seem to have no blind side, as it were; but the average peak will disclose some vulnerable line of ascent to the skilled reconnaissance of the veteran.

A mountain trip is like a hunting trip. There must be a base of supplies, usually served by packtrain. There are mountains where you can ride up to an elevation of eight thousand or ten thousand feet on horseback. Indeed, in our country the average mountain is "done" in one day out of camp and back. Of course this does not mean a really lofty peak. Experts have camped for days at elevations of sixteen thousand and eighteen thousand feet before being able to make their final attack on a coveted summit.

The Indispensable Ice-Ax

The greatest romance of mountaineering has to do, of course, with glacier work. We can furnish plenty of glaciers in Alaska or in the Selkirks, or even in the Rockies—for instance, in the St. Mary's country, in Montana. Many of our big-game hunters know these Montana glaciers. Guides have been known to cross from the Middle River to Sullivan Creek over the glaciers lying below the head of the Saskatchewan, in the Selkirks. Indeed, hunters and trappers often do risky things that they ought not to do.

The Alpine climber is honing for glaciers all the time, but he tackles none except in the company of other climbers. As systematized in that country, the ascent of a known mountain usually means getting up at two o'clock in the morning and starting out for a steady day's work of twelve to fifteen hours. A night of bad rest in a mountain hut is then, perhaps, followed by a few hours of hard work the next day, crowned with success or failure, as the case may be; but all this is done with each man in the party—which consists of never less than three persons—roped to the other members; so that, in case of bad luck on a glacier or steep rocks, a man who slips or falls can be saved by the others. Of this ropework the average mountain man in our country knows little, except as he has seen it at some meet of a climbing club. It is obvious there is risk in the Alps. There is system also. Your guide is putting you through on a schedule. You are one of a party, each of which does what he is told to do—if he can.

We have not even an accepted mountain-climbing costume in this country, as they have in the Alps. We are apt to wear hobnail shoes, sometimes ignorantly using small steel-headed nails, which are dangerous on rocks. The correct thing is a heavy Alpine shoe, with the nails clamped out over the edge, with the heel nailed all around the edge and the waist of the shoe also hobbed. The best spikes for all-round mountain work in this country are those that screw into the leather. For expert mountain work on ice and rock, the Swiss nailed shoe is supposed to be the best obtainable.

The ice-ax is a new implement in the Rockies but old in the Alps. It is, of course, not in the least like any other sort of ax. Its shaft is slender, of toughest ash or hickory, four feet or just less in length, tapering down to a steel spike at the bottom. The head is not large or heavy but is fixed on very firmly. It has two ends—one a spike, which tapers to a blunt point, the other a rather narrow and dullish cutting edge, for use in cutting steps in ice. The ax can be used as a staff, as a probe in the snow, as a tool or a support; and it can also be used in glissading or sliding down a steep slope, in the same way that a skee runner uses his skee pole—sitting down upon it astride, with the front end held firmly in the hands and the rear dragging in the snow as a brake. The ice-ax is necessary in the equipment of any real mountaineer.

The rope used in a mountain party should be, say, sixty feet long, of good manila and well tested. The loop is tied in such way that it cannot slip or cut; and each man wears it around his body. Good team-work consists in keeping the rope from dragging and in keeping the men spaced regularly. In this way they will be traveling, say, twelve or fifteen feet apart; and one extremity or the other of the line will be on a zone of safety. The weakest man is put in the middle—at least, if there are two experts and one amateur, the latter is apt to be placed there. Or, again, he may have the rear of the line going up, the front of it going down. The head guide arranges these positions on the rope in such way as best to distribute the danger in case of a fall. The rope has a great deal of moral effect. Sometimes a beginner will cross a dangerous glacier slope on steps that have been cut in and will look down fearlessly over a drop of a thousand feet or so. You are not so apt to be dizzy in the mountains as you are in leaning out and looking down over the edge of the roof of a house, even for a distance of only twenty or thirty feet. Much of your comfort depends on the normal quality of your heart and on what you call your wind.

Your feet should be well cared for, of course, with not less than two pairs of woolen stockings. Canvas leggings keep the snow out of the shoes. Wear nothing tight. Knickerbockers are better than trousers, of course; and they should be worn wide and full, never drawing over the knee. If you carry any weight at all let it not exceed five or six pounds—perhaps a sweater; possibly a buckskin shirt as a spare garment. Nothing is warmer for its weight than buckskin, but it must be kept dry. A canvas jacket and canvas overalls will keep out a lot of snow in hard scrambling. You do not need to fear the cold while at work, but you will chill very quickly when you stop work. An extra garment is desirable.

Necessities for High Altitudes

Don't carry a heavy packbag. The Swiss *Rucksack* is thought to be about the best sort of climbing pack. It comes low down on the back—and you want the center of gravity low in the mountains. If you are going to spend the night high up, all the worse for your comfort. Porters are to be had as beasts of burden in the Alps—not so easily to be had in this country. No man not trained to it can carry weight when climbing at great altitudes. A tent will, therefore, probably be out of the question for you. Perhaps you can manage a sweater, a pair of dry socks and a pair of really good moccasins for nightwear.

You should have a silk handkerchief with which to tie your hat down over your ears. If you have to sleep on the snow sleep on your hat and do not keep it on your head. If you have any paper wrap your feet and ankles in it. Of course it must be dry paper—it will prove very warm for its weight. You can put your feet or your head in your packbag to good advantage if obliged to rest on the snowfields. At night in camp, unless you are too much chilled, it is good to wash the feet in cold water or in snow; then put on the dry socks and moccasins.

It is very important that you take along smoked spectacles or goggles. Don't have them blue or yellow, but smoke color—and not too dark. The leader should never let his party start without seeing that each has his proper equipment—and this is part of it. Your doctor will give you some eyewash of boric acid, or the like, to take along. If a man goes snowblind put him on his back and have him shut his eyes. There is a little hole in the corner of the eye made for the express purpose of pouring eyewash into the systems of fools who forget their smoked glasses on the snow.

The mountain-climbing pace is a slow and steady one, and the spurt has no place in it any more than the too-frequent stop for rest. Don't let any one hurry you beyond your natural gait. Too much speed in mountain climbing is bad form for many reasons. The step in climbing is not taken from the ball of the foot, but with the whole of the foot, as on the level. This saves the calves of the legs and uses more muscle. You must not make one needless motion. The thing to do is to swing along as easily as you can—just like a prizefighter.

How high can you climb in a day or an hour? That all depends, of course. On good paths men have ascended two thousand feet an hour. One thousand feet would be practically a limit—and half of that very much closer to the average in good work. In icework it may be only three hundred feet—or two hundred. It is less as the elevation increases. In the ascent of Mount St. Elias, for instance, the Duke of the Abruzzi did the last fifty-eight hundred feet in ten and one-half hours—and it was called fine work.

One thing pertaining to the art ought to be remembered by every climber, and that is to stand straight on any sharp slope of snow, ice or grass, and not to lean toward the face of the mountain or to seek support by the hand. The instinct is to lean over for safety, but reason will show you that the more you lean the more unstable is your position. Set the feet firmly and keep your body vertical in spite of the feeling that there is nothing on your off side. This is one of the first things for the beginner to learn. Your guide will teach it to the entire party, because he knows that if any one falls on the rope the straight and stiff legs of all the others make the best anchorage. A fall that caught an entire party leaning in would mean that all would drop together.

When Sport Becomes Religion

Small parties of amateurs can have enjoyable times in the mountains without much danger and without much professionalism. In any such party usually there are some who want to show off and go fast. This is inconsiderate and impolite, and in a professional sense it is bad form. On a long, hard march in the upper Alps, for instance, an exhausted man anchors the whole party. It is the weakest man who is really the pacemaker; this is recognized by all. Of course, in any case of exhaustion or accident, the victim should never be left alone. There are only a few stains on the records of hunting parties in the Rocky Mountains of the sort where a man was abandoned by his friends when he had been disabled. No mountain should be attempted except in company of at least three if there is to be any really dangerous work.

Let the party of amateurs undertaking a mountain climb be sure to advance slowly and steadily, and to zigzag as much as possible in the ascent. Stones often are detached and may be dangerous. If the party be extended along the front of a slope a falling stone is less apt to break the line and cause disaster. Climbing is not simply scrambling, however; and if you care to go in for it in the proper fashion it is well to learn what is good form in the work. To repeat, it is a cooperative proposition and it calls for forbearance and courtesy as well as for strength and hardihood.

In the highest and best-organized form of mountain climbing there must be danger or there would be no sport. In the past forty or fifty years of Alpine records there have been more than two hundred fatal accidents, in some cases involving entire parties. There is a serious side to the work that puts it in a class with hunting dangerous game. In short, the attitude of the lofty snowpeak is that it wants to be let alone—that no man belongs there. The sport of the thing is to do what you are told you cannot do, of course. Naturally the big-game hunter may not necessarily be a mountain climber and yet may be something of a mountaineer. Mountain work alone and at midwinter is, perhaps, the riskiest form of outdoor sport if one really climbs where the game calls for climbing. Strange and awesome enough are some of the scenes one will encounter under such circumstances. To hang on the face of a mountain and look out over untold miles of other mountains, all white and silent and forbidding; to look down where a bighorn has perhaps fallen to a lower ledge that it will take an hour or more to reach—that is keen work, although solitary. There is nothing like the mountains in the wintertime and there is no way of approaching them like going alone at that time; but that is not sport—it is religion.

The Senator's Secretary

THEY are tearing down the Riggs House to make room for an office building and theater. When the wreckers went in the Has-Been Legion lost its last stand. The colonels and majors and judges and ex's stayed until the destroyers began to rip up the lobby floor. Then they filtered out into Fifteenth Street and disappeared—never to know again in Washington a place where they are free to meet and tell how great they once were, to talk of the palmy days, and to watch with furtive eye for the appearance of any person who might, if properly approached, supply a drink or loan a quarter.

One after another their meeting places have been destroyed by the march of improvement. Long ago they were driven from the hotel lobbies farther down the street. Death, in the past ten years, has taken many of them away, and those who are left met daily at the Riggs House, where Colonel Staples tolerated them and let them sit around in a certain portion of the lobby or on the steps. Now the Riggs House is gone and the Has-Been Legion has vanished with it. There is no other place for them. They must walk up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, or sit in the parks, or stay wherever they have been used to sleep at night. No one else will give them shelter.

They have been crowded pretty hard of late. In the palmy days the old Willard was their haunt, but that is gone; and so are the Lawrence and Welker's and Wormley's and John Chamberlin's—although not many of them got in there except before they began to slide. And they have been chased out of the National and the Metropolitan, and all the rest. The saloon where the charge on Fort Fisher occurred every day at noon has changed hands and the Has-Been Legion is in bad luck.

The best they can hope for now is to meet an occasional acquaintance, or an occasional anybody on the street, who is not so absorbed in the mad chase after the dollar that characterizes these degenerate days that he will brush by and refuse the trifling loan of a quarter or a dime; or, failing that, establish credit at a convenient bar to the extent of fifteen cents. There will be little nourishment in this, and the thought of it girds the Has-Beens. Accustomed to sit on the leather seats of the Riggs House and wait comfortably for some one to come along to whom a gentleman might make a gentleman's appeal for a little temporary assistance while awaiting remittances, or while fees in important cases are deferred, it will be mighty hard to descend to the methods of the ordinary panhandler and solicit this assistance on the streets.

Moreover, the Riggs House bar was convenient to the lobby, with two doors leading thereto; and many a man, who would not go half a block to purchase some stimulant and refreshment for a citizen who had served his country valorously in days gone by, would take the few steps to that bar and say to the man behind it: "Give him a drink."

The Councils of the Heroes

The Has-Been Legion was once a legion truly, but dwindling, dwindling steadily—the old chaps have died in large numbers in the past ten years—until all that was left of it was the remnant that sat from morning until night at the Riggs House. There were twenty or twenty-five of them, all told, when the wreckers came in. Not all were there every day, but some were there every day. The winters were hard on them; but when spring came they turned out of their burrows and sought the leather couches. The Old Gambler could be seen almost any time—a tall, thin, hawk-nosed man with a long white beard, who always wore a long black coat and long black tie. He was a relic of the days when the statesmen used to play for high stakes in the open gambling rooms; and when they stopped gambling they stopped him, for he was a faro dealer and a poker player—a professional. He said he remembered the gay days before the war—and probably he did. At any rate, he never talked about anything else; and he lamented the decadence of the times, which have come to such a pass that a gentleman cannot turn a card professionally in the District and is thus deprived of his legitimate means of support.

There was the judge, once a court reporter, but who drifted to Washington many years ago, lost his various positions and joined the Has-Beens. Full of reminiscences, he was positive the statesmen of the present times are mere pygmies compared to those whose golden speech he recorded away back yonder; and he could quote by the hour brilliant passages from Tom Corwin, Proctor Knott, Blaine, Bayard, Randall, Conkling and the rest—and would, too, if you would listen and would supply irrigation at proper intervals.

The major was a regular—the major who fought in fifty-seven battles; it used to be thirty-seven; but, as times grew sterner and the older men interested in such things were displaced by younger and heedless persons to whom the Civil War is mere history, it was necessary to shove the number up to fifty-seven, and even that great record, more frequently than not, failed to bring adequate response. The major knew the intimate history of every battle, from Big Bethel Springs, where he fought gallantly, to Appomattox, where he helped General Grant receive the sword of General Lee; and he mourned the mistaken strategy of many, pointing out where the basic errors of Meade and Hooker and Hancock and Macpherson and Thomas lay, disputing at great and arid length with the colonel on these vital points.

The Palmy Days of the Seventies

The colonel gave his sword to the Confederacy, but cherished no ill will at the close of that memorable struggle; and he came to Washington to live soon after its close, inasmuch as his valuable plantations had been ruined by the Yankee hordes. The colonel was a corporal when he came, but he soon promoted himself to colonel and was universally recognized as having full right to the title. Far be it from him to criticise his loved commander; but if Stonewall Jackson had lived there would have been "a different tale to tell, suh, a different tale"; and not only that, but he had precise information as to where many Confederate generals had "blundered grossly, suh, grossly," which information was yours if you cared for it and would allow the colonel to tell it adjacent to the bar and recognized by the bartender.

There were many other colonels and majors, with a general or so mixed in. Of ex's there were a dozen or fifteen, men who had given their best years to the service of the Government and—"by gad, sir, would you believe it?"—been turned out on the cold world "just because they were growing old, sir"; or because it had so happened they -"as any gentleman might, sir"—had been once or twice under the influence of liquor. "These upstarts in the service of the Government, sir, have no conception of what the rights and privileges of a gentleman are." And now and then a former "king of the lobby" came in, gloomily to recount the glories of the days when Sam Ward and Tom Ochiltree and the rest made merry with the highest in the land. "They, my dear sir, were a part of these revels, an integral part"; and they could—and would, if you would loan them a trifling sum—confer on you great secrets of national importance, touching on legislation of bygone days.

It was always the consensus of opinion that republics are ungrateful; that the rewards of unselfish patriotism are dead-sea fruit, and that the Government in all its branches would be conducted on a much higher plane than at present if they had the management of it. So far as the army and navy are concerned, they are being mismanaged by a lot of inexperienced boys—"boys, sir"—and rapidly degenerating; not holding up the high standards set by them when they were in their prime. Nor need there be any foreign complications, nor unsettled economic questions if they might return to their former high stations; but, alas, their places had been usurped by upstarts—"by fools, sir"—and they could do no more than point out the errors and blunders and crimes of those who now hold the reins of government, and gloomily predict disaster, which was sure to come.

One or two of them had had foreign missions; one or two had been bureau chiefs, and many of them actually served in the Civil War in some capacity or other. All of them had come to Washington thirty or forty years ago and had had places or prospects, or some means of sustenance. Together they had drifted down and down, until there was no place that would shelter them but the Riggs House lobby; no way to get alcoholic sustenance—imperatively needed—but through the largess of the casual passer-by. Still, they were not panhandlers in the usual sense of the word. They thought they retained their dignity. They held desperately to a nodding or speaking acquaintance with any man in public life. They had regular patrons whom they knew and could, in times of stress, approach for a quarter. The free-lunch counter supplied a good portion of their food.

How they managed their clothes and linen no one knows; but each had his separate scheme, and each had a dingy room where he went at night and from which he emerged in the morning. All of them made as brave a show as they could of neatness and respectability.

They were the last relics of the old days in Washington—the days when there was a lobby, when the Civil War and its problems were uppermost in the minds of the men who were legislating for and governing the country; when it meant something to have been in the war in some capacity. They came to Washington to get jobs or to hold them.

They couldn't leave, for they had no place to go when their jobs left them; and they hung on, scheming, contriving, borrowing, imposing on those who had known them in their better days, waiting to die—hopeless, of course; but doing the best they could in circumstances that prohibited work.

They work? No. They had served their country and the country should support them in their declining years. To be sure, the country was callous about it and was constantly shoving them back farther and farther; but here they were and here they stayed.

Some of them had small pensions. Some had women relatives working somewhere—one of them used to sidle across to the Treasury, about twice a week when the clerks were coming out, and get a small sum each time from a tired and worn gray-haired woman—and some had no income at all save what they could borrow from day to day.

The Last Stand of the Old Guard

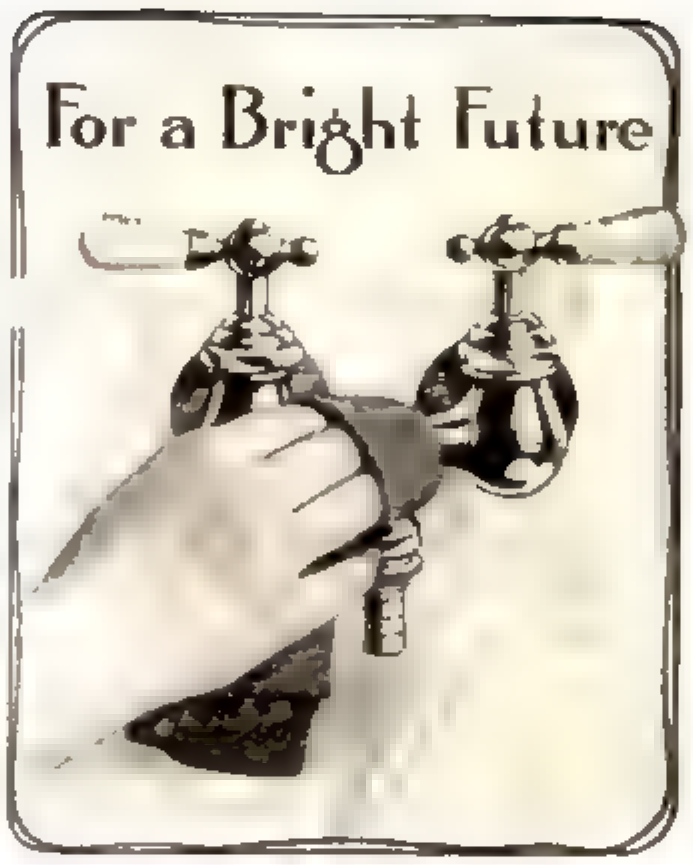
Where there were twenty-five members of the Has-Been Legion when the Riggs House passed there were twenty-five hundred twenty years ago. They died off—some of them pathetically and all of them in the most dreary circumstances. Not one in a thousand ever left Washington. They stayed and died. And they typed the old days.

No one has patience with them or sympathy now, and no one had, in the past five or six years, except Colonel Staples, who tolerated them around his hotel. Nor did they deserve sympathy, for not one of them would work even if work had been offered to him; not one of them would do anything but what he did do—talk and cadge and mourn the palmy days. Of course they were all frauds. None of the soldiers had been of much account as soldiers—if they had been soldiers at all—and none of the officials had been of any account as officials.

Whisky ruined most of them; but, at that, they were all that was left of the Washington of two or three decades ago. Time had passed them by. They were derelicts. And now the Riggs House has gone and the Has-Been Legion has discussed for the last time the battles of the Civil War, the mistakes of Lincoln, the merits or demerits of the Star Route cases, the Mulligan letters, the Whisky Ring frauds, and other topics that are of a past generation.

They have made their last stand and have passed on. The remnants of the Has-Been Legion have been turned out on the street and another feature of Washington life is eliminated forever.

For a Bright Future



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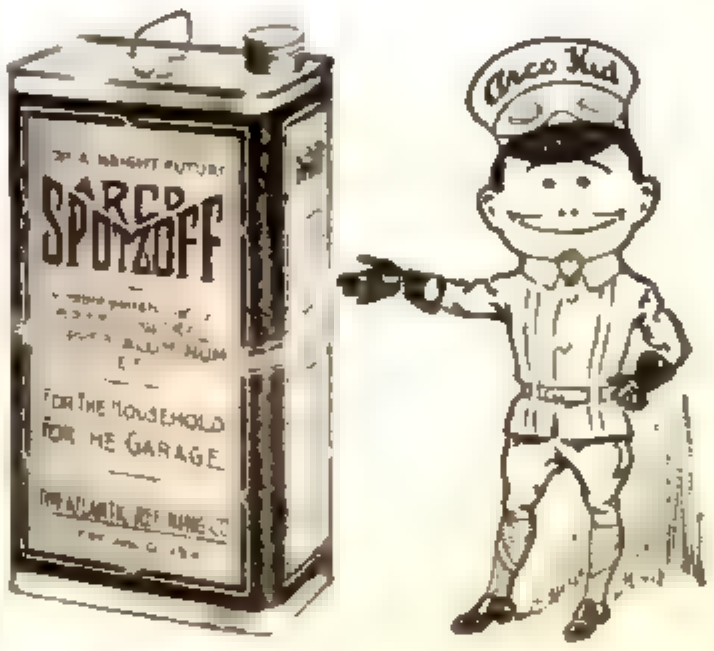

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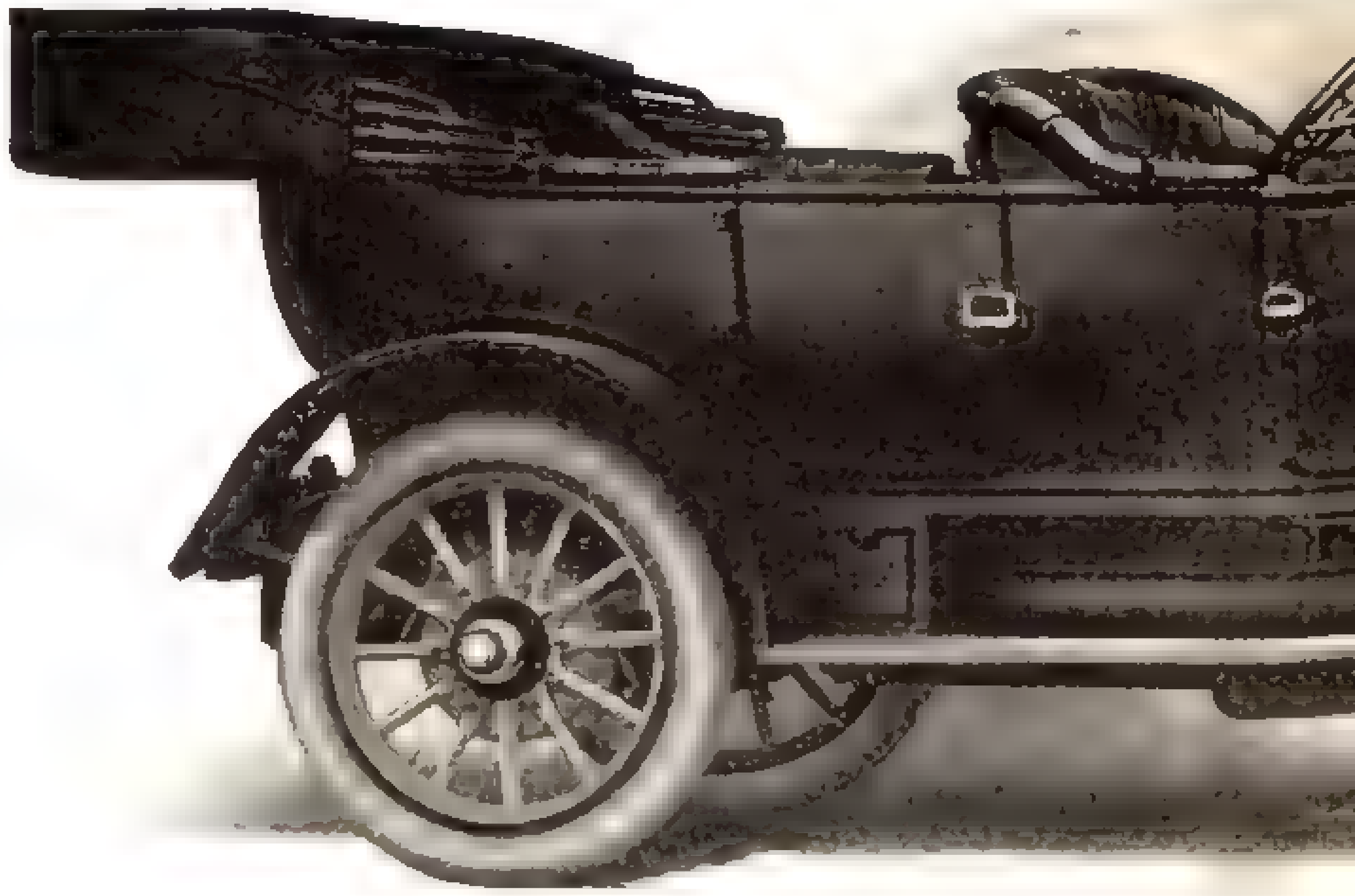

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So many six-cylinder cars are now on the market that the buyer has a wide choice. But, before you do make a choice, you need to know that most makers are themselves only recent converts to the Six idea, and that their six-cylinder cars are consequently newly-devised products. All such cars may be good: we don't know. But we do know that every element of risk is removed when you buy a particular model that has stood the test of criticism and service for four straight years.

Beginning the Battle

In June, 1907, when this company became so fully convinced of six-cylinder superiority that, in good conscience, we could no longer believe the four to be of equal merit with the Six, *we abandoned fours altogether*.

At that time there was not in America a single maker, great or small, but looked upon our attitude as foolhardy.

To these makers the four-cylinder car was the very pinnacle of merit. Nothing could ever supplant it.

A Great Change of Mind

But—

Something has supplanted it. With the result that today this country does not know a single front-rank maker whose faith in fours is firm enough to cause him to defend the four in his advertising. Not one. Today you look in vain for an argument in favor of the four. The four's strongest defenders have capitulated to that overwhelming public sentiment that is firmly established on the vital fact of Six Supremacy.

This brilliant victory for a principle was not won in a night. It has been of slow growth that affirms its strength—strength based on conviction.

One Against a Host

How this change was wrought—a change affecting the entire automobile industry—is a simple story. The industry at large stood for four-cylinder cars: the Winton Company alone denied the four and advocated the Six against all other types. It became our duty to make plain to the public the reasons for our attitude. This we did with enthusiasm, making specific claims for the superiority of the Winton Six. The success of this campaign depended wholly upon the ability of the Winton Six to make good on these specific claims.

Results Tell the Story

That it did make good on every point is shown in the results. Before one season had passed, other makers dropped into the Six column. And as time went on, still other makers began producing Sixes, until now we find that the entire map has been changed, and that the chorus which sings Six approval lacks no high-famed manufacturer.

Credit Belongs to Buyers

Credit for this tremendous victory belongs wholly to those car buyers who were open-minded in their search for excellence, and would not be swayed from their conviction after having found it in the Six.

Say what you will, it is the buying public that sets standards. Let makers produce what they like, public demand is the judge that dictates what a factory shall ultimately produce.

Merit Alone Can Win

Note that we say ultimately. Fashion, frills, and fantasy may have their sway for a period, but in the end merit alone can win. It is so in everything.

And now that the Six is the commanding type of the automobile world, we want to make it clear to you, Mr. Six Buyer, that you are responsible for the greatest evolution the industry has ever experienced. Yes, and the hardest fought evolution.

We Are Under Obligations

That the Winton Six has been the medium through which you were able to express your conviction, means to us, not a cause for pride, but rather an obligation upon us to be more than ever before worthy of that generous support which has been given us.

With us, as you well know, the making of Sixes is no experiment. You have made it possible for us to concentrate upon *Sixes exclusively now for the fifth consecutive year*. And in the Winton Six for 1912 we have aimed to express our appreciation by offering a new extreme of value at the lowest possible price, and by standing back of Winton Sixes all the time, to the end that your investment may be thoroughly satisfactory to you.

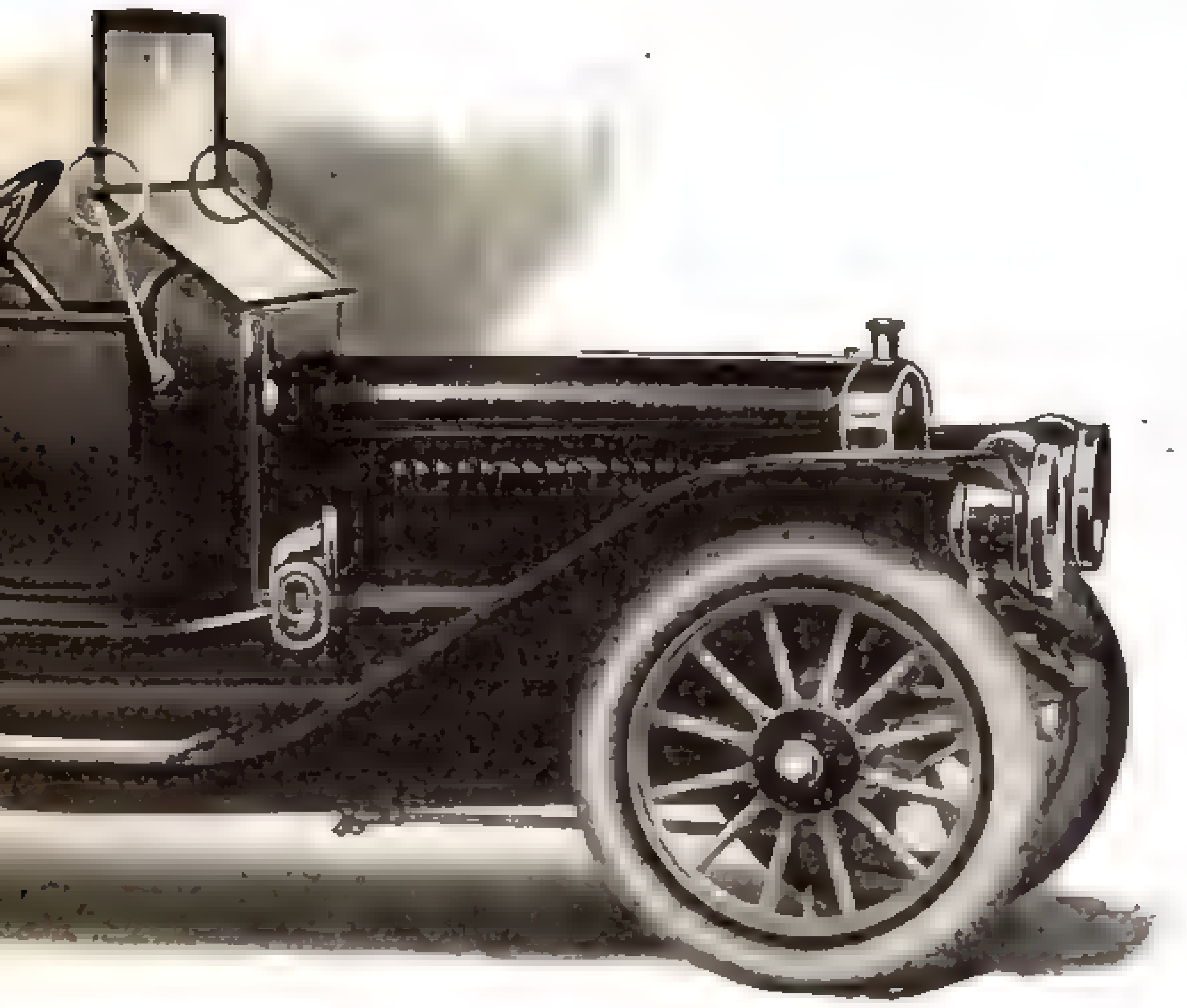
"Reasons Why" Worth Knowing

For those car buyers unfamiliar with Six principles, we continue to publish them. In our catalog are the same "reasons why" upon which the whole campaign of Sixes vs. fours has been fought out

Even the Six enthusiast will read these reasons with interest, for, lest we forget, be it known that the Six has a distinct individuality and superiority which will be enjoyed all the more when we know their how and why.

osition Silenced

At Last Become Six Builders and Boosters



WINTON SIX

1912—$3000

Holds world's lowest sworn repair expense record—43 cents per 1000 miles.

130 inch wheel base.

More car than ever before.

Price not increased.

Now making deliveries.

Not Merely Power and Speed

Especially do we need to know that the purpose f the Six is not merely more power and speed. here is nothing excessive about 48 horse-power. et this is the horse-power which the Winton Six as had from the beginning, and it is also the orse-power adopted by the chief recent converts n the industry.

The Real Six Purpose

Power and speed are mere incidentals. The real urpose of the Six is a superiority, a refinement, an xcellence, a grace, a charm of performance that our cylinders never knew.

As a perfectly healthy man is practically unconscious that he has a heart and a nervous system, so s the owner of a Winton Six practically unconscious that he has a motor in his car—so unostentatiously, quietly, completely, and with such bundant satisfaction does it perform its functions.

Not One Radical Change

A distinct success from its first season on the arket, the Winton Six has never required a single adical change in design or construction.

Except that the 1912 Winton Six is larger, more eautiful, and refined here and there, it is identically he same car that has stood the severe tests of four ears of service in the use of its owners.

With its wheel base lengthened to 130 inches, the 1912 Winton Six carries an enlarged and spacious ody, having generous doors front and rear, and luxuriously comfortable cushions and upholstery.

An Electric Lighted Car

Electric side and tail lights, the former imbedded in the dash, together with ventilators, are a new feature of regular equipment. Lighting current is supplied by a six-volt 60 ampere hour storage battery.

Gas headlights are continued, the gas tank being boxed on the left running board.

Practically the only other changes affecting the chassis are the adoption of adjustable pedals, vanadium springs, and cross-type front universal joint, and the lengthening of the flexible coupling between the motor and the clutch.

Price is Not Increased

The motor, ignition, carburetion, cooling, lubrication, clutch, transmission and other elements are the same as previously.

Booth demountable rims and 36 by 4½ inch tires all around are regular equipment.

Notwithstanding the increased value represented in the 1912 Winton Six, the price remains unchanged at $3000.

The Winton Motor Car. Co.

CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.

Winton Branch Houses

NEW YORK	Broadway at [illegible] St	CLEVELAND	Huron Road at [illegible] Avenue
[illegible]	[illegible]	DETROIT	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	KANSAS CITY	[illegible] Main St
[illegible]	[illegible]	MINNEAPOLIS	[illegible]
PHILADELPHIA	[illegible]	SAN FRANCISCO	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	SEATTLE	[illegible] Pike St
PITTSBURGH	[illegible]		

These Are the Specifications

Motor—Exactly the same as before. Six cylinders. 4½ x 5 inches. 48 horse-power, A. L. A. M. rating. Cylinders cast in pairs, and offset. Cylinders ground. No moving parts exposed, except fly wheel. Interchangeable, two-piece, mechanically operated valves, all on one side. Quiet spiral gears in front. Four bearing crankshaft has tensile strength of 125,000 pounds to the square inch. Crank case has inspection openings. Crank shaft, pistons, etc., removable without removing cylinders.

Self-Cranking System—Motor cranked by air pressure. A simple device with only one moving part. A Winton Six feature *exclusively*. Fifth year of success.

Ignition—Dual system. Bosch or Eisemann magneto. Exide storage battery.

Carburetor—Winton Stromberg type, having two aspiration nozzles and glass float chamber. Primer on dash.

Lubrication—[illegible] force feed. Same system as before. Grease cups on springs.

Cooling—Gear driven centrifugal pump. Winton honeycomb radiator mounted over drop frame. Radiator fan, gear driven.

Clutch—Multiple disc, [illegible]. Takes hold smoothly but positively. We have used this clutch five years [illegible].

Gear-Change Mechanism—Selective, sliding gears. Four forward speeds and reverse. Direct drive on third speed. Lockout on fourth speed.

Wheel Base—Lengthened to 130 inches.

Frame—Pressed steel. Narrowed in front to allow short turns. Raised over rear axle to allow low suspension of [illegible]. Motor, [illegible] and transmission carried on drop frames. No sub-frame.

Steering—Screw and nut design, with ball thrust bearings. Hard rubber steering wheel [illegible].

Brakes—[illegible] on rear wheel hubs. Solid brake spiders. Drums bolted to hubs and spokes. Increased brake leverage. No transmission brake.

Drive—Shaft, with cross-type front universal joint and [illegible] type rear universal coupling. Timken roller bearings on pinion shaft. Driving mechanism entirely housed.

Axles—Front axle is an I beam section drop forging. Rear axle [illegible]. Spur differential. Drop-forged [illegible] steel gears and pinions.

Radius Rods—Have adjustable hardened ball joints at both ends.

Springs—Vanadium. Semi-elliptical, of ample size.

Wheels—Twelve spoke artillery 36-inch wheels. Timken roller bearings [illegible].

Tires—4½ inch all around.

Tanks—[illegible] gallon gasoline tank astern. Holds in reserve three gallons for emergency use; prevents stranding for lack of fuel. Patented [illegible] gasoline tank on dash. Avoids feeding gasoline to carburetor under pressure.

Body—Four-door, five-passenger, straight line body, built on beautiful lines. Is low, long and especially comfortable. Generously wide tonneau [illegible].

Finish—Without question Winton cars carry the finest finish that [illegible].

Dash—Wood, with steel hood. Carries electric lights, ventilators, [illegible] gasoline tank, carburetor primer and [illegible] starter gage, switch button and shut-off.

Bonnet—Aluminum. Quadruple hinged.

Guards—Extra wide guards of [illegible] design with visor at front end. [illegible]

Flooring—Running boards and front floor are covered with pressed aluminum.

Levers and Pedals—Long spark and throttle levers on steering column. Pedals adjustable as to length.

Dust Pan—Quick detachable. The under side of the car is completely [illegible].

Lockers—Storage space under both seats.

Gear Ratios—3.60 to 1, [illegible] 43 to 1, [illegible] 4 to 1, 2.64 to 1.

Equipment—Electric dash and tail lights, gas head lamps, storage battery [illegible].

PRICES—With four-door touring car body . . .	**$3000**
With [illegible] body	**3000**
With [illegible] body	**4250**
With [illegible] body .	**4600**
Chassis only (We make but one chassis—48 H. P.)	**2750**

We have a wide range of body designs. Ask for illustrations.

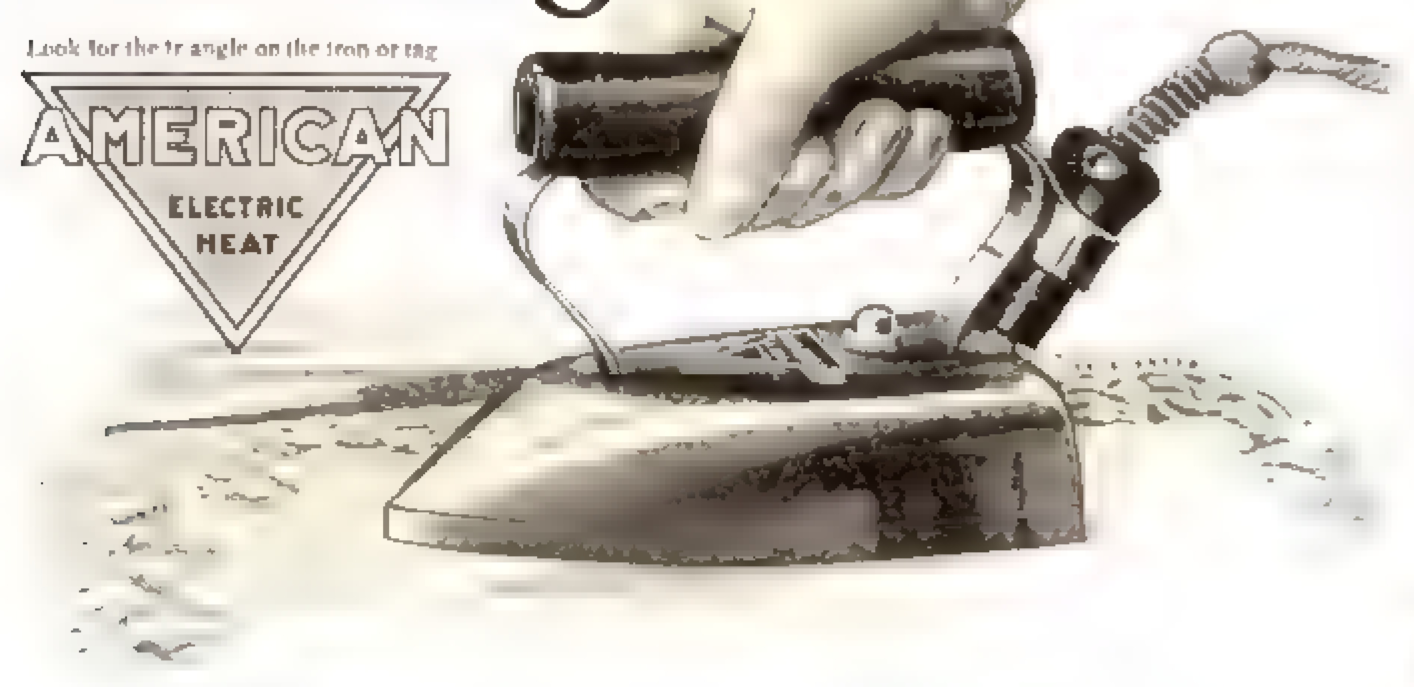
Get the facts about the car whose wonderful success has caused many makers to change their minds, their policies, and their models. Our catalog gives the fullest details. Also it tells *how* and *why* the Six-Cylinder Car stands alone at the top—the car without an equal.

Clip the coupon and mail it today.

Send catalog mentioned in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

"American" Electric Ironing


Look for the triangle on the iron or tag
AMERICAN
ELECTRIC HEAT

Keep cool on ironing-day if your house is wired for electric lights

HAVE you ever been compelled to keep the windows closed on a hot ironing-day because the wind blew out the flame of the gas range? With "American" Electric Ironing you can put out the fire in the range, and enjoy all the breeze there is.

The only heat is in the iron—thrown so directly upon the work that even the handle remains cool.

And this cool comfort is only one of the advantages of "American" Electric Ironing. One iron does all the work. It saves all the weary steps to and from the range, and turns out an ordinary all-day ironing by three o'clock. The work is cleaner and better, and when the ironing is finished there is time and energy for other things.

It is Practical and Economical

The "American" Electric Iron will stand the hardest usage on the heaviest household work; and it is so efficient that it will make no appreciable increase in your bills for electric current, whether it is used by housewife or servant.

But to assure all these advantages you must get the "American" Electric Iron—Beauty type.

Look for the triangular trade-mark on the iron or on the tag attached to it—for this iron is the very latest development of the experience of the oldest and largest exclusive manufacturers of electrical heating-appliances.

It utilizes the heat directly upon the work, without appreciable loss through top or sides. It can be attached to any ordinary electric lamp socket. It weighs 6½ pounds—the best weight for all around household work. It has a point that will work into small tucks. And it is so durable that it is guaranteed for three years.

Prices of "American" Electric Irons anywhere in the United States:

"Beauty" type, 6½ pounds, ...	$5
Other types	$4 to $5

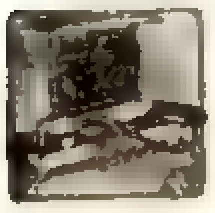
Prices higher in Canada

For sale by electric and hardware dealers and department stores.

If your dealer hasn't the "American" Electric Iron—Beauty type—we will ship it, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Write today for free booklet: "Heat without Fire." It explains the reasons for "American" efficiency, and describes many electrical heating-appliances for household use, such as these:

"American" Electric Toaster



ECONOMICAL, quick, small, light, unbreakable. Ten slices average one cent. Price $4.

"American" Disc Stove

HEATS liquids; boils or fries eggs; fries chops; convenient in many ways.

AMERICAN ELECTRICAL HEATER CO.

Oldest and largest exclusive makers

1349 Woodward Avenue Detroit, U. S. A.

BUSINESS HELPS

YESTERDAY I was told a story about a three-dollar-a-week boy and some chairs. This boy was working in one of the big department stores. In a hall in the building it was necessary to move a lot of chairs and a dozen or so of the boys were set at the job. Said a department head to me:

"Pretty soon I noticed that some of the boys were working with order and celerity, while the rest were sort of falling over each other and not accomplishing much. So I watched; and I saw that this boy was not only working fast and hard himself but that he had sort of taken charge of some of the other boys and had them right in line, carrying out his plan. We hadn't given him authority; but he had it. If a man or a boy has it in him he doesn't need to have it given; it's the executive eye, the executive faculty; and it has to be born in a man—or, if not born in him, at least the nucleus is born; and from that he can build up the rest. Well, this boy had the knack of managing the others, although he was the youngest in service and about the youngest in years. I didn't say anything to him, but for some days watched him pretty closely and saw that he was fast making good. That was ten years ago; and from three dollars a week he has gone ahead, so that now he draws almost two hundred a week. He won't stop till he has made the three into three hundred at least. And the beginning of his success was the way he jumped into the job of moving chairs."

Another of the managers of the establishment pointed out to me a young woman and said:

"Capable looking, eh? Been with the house just six months and has had her salary doubled in that time. The first day she worked here she came to me late in the afternoon and gave me a suggestion that saved the house twelve dollars a thousand on the big pasteboard boxes that we send out women's gowns in. She pointed out to me that the boxes we were using were too large and not quite the best shape; that they could be decreased a couple of inches in one dimension and changed in another, so as to leave them not only just as good for the purpose but a little better. And the saving on the dimensions worked out to cut the pasteboard to so much better advantage as to make a difference of twelve dollars on each thousand. Since then, as she has her eyes open and her brain constantly alert, she has mentioned several other things to me. Of course, not all of them were feasible, and one or two were feasible only with alterations from myself or some one else; but her case is typical of the alert-minded—the kind that is so rare."

Nothing So Precious as Originality

As a matter of fact, it is astonishing what a large proportion of employees lack originality and never make material advance. Even many of the most faithful—the early-and-late men—who feel disappointed that they are not given recognition for their faithfulness and reliability, fail to advance merely because they do not cultivate their eyes and brains. Plodding is necessary—even the most capable are willing to plod—but plodding alone never takes a man or a horse very far, and it certainly doesn't win in competition with the clean-cut steppers.

"Scarcely one out of a hundred ever comes to me with an original idea," said a prominent business man a few days ago. "Nothing is so precious as originality—and nothing is so rare."

I asked one of the successful men in a big store just how his advancement had come about.

"Frankly, I hardly know," he replied—"except that, even as a cashboy, I never let anything interfere with business. Then I gradually found myself being put ahead, without knowing why. Nobody took the trouble to tell me why and I just kept pegging along.

"Then, it happened that I began inventing something, now and then, or trying to improve on something that somebody else had invented. One was a machine to mucilage slips to stick on packages. Dirty work, it used to be, and always with danger of great damage from getting a few drops of mucilage or else sticky fingerends on some expensive fabric. My machine did away with the dirty part of it by running the slips between rollers in a sort of box. And one day I thought of a better kind of holder for balls of twine. It used to be that, pulling down out of the bottom, there would often be a great deal more drawn out than was wanted—and often it got tangled in some one's feet and was dragged out. Well, simple thing when the idea came—just to make it unpullable at the bottom and to be drawn out only at the top. And—oh, every little while there's been something. Just now I'm working on an improvement on the cash register. See: it's this way." And, full of enthusiasm, he set to work to show me what he was busy with—in an instant absorbed in the scheme.

"No; I never had any technical education," he said. "Came in here too young. Somehow I managed to get along without it." It was clear that he was proud—and with reason—of his success along technical lines and against such a drawback. And then he said: "A man doesn't need a technical school"; adding naïvely: "But I find I get a good deal of help from an assistant who has had a technical course and has learned a whole lot of practical things that I don't know about."

All of which goes to show that a technical school training may be a mighty good thing, even if it does not happen to be entirely indispensable. More men will succeed with the help of a special training than without it.

Backing for Amateur Inventors

Down at the main entrance of the same establishment a man was testing a new kind of spring to shut heavy doors. "One of our employees," said the one who had just been telling of his own inventions; and it was interesting to notice that he was much more eager to tell me all about the other man's success than he had been about his own.

I learned that, in that establishment, the general system of encouraging and assisting originality in inventions is one that seems to work out excellently, though at first thought it may seem a trifle unfair—for it isn't really unfair, but the contrary.

A man or woman employee thinks of an improvement—something, say, that can be patented. He presents his idea to the manager or the head of a department—and access to the heads is intentionally made easy for those who have something to say, this being held essential to the well-being of the house.

The idea is carefully gone over by those in authority, and the outcome may merely be that it is not considered feasible or valuable, in which case the inventor is still at liberty to go on with his ideas independently of the house; but perhaps it is looked upon as a good possibility, either in the shape proposed or with improvements. Then the employee is allowed the firm's time for working out his idea to a practical demonstration and is also given the valuable privilege of the services of technical machinists in making what is necessary.

Then the idea, if successful and patented, belongs to the house, the inventor securing his personal reward through having given his employers proof that he is a valuable man.

The invention will probably be used not only by the house itself but sold throughout the country, and the profits will belong to the house; but the inventors are not critical of this, as their reward comes in the form of appreciation and increased salary, though seldom does an increase come as definite payment for an idea.

It was curious that at the very time I was looking at the man working at his door-spring, in an effort to make it just right, a representative of a rival store was there to ask the house the price of the springs for the many doors of his own big establishment.

Never is a greater mistake made than when a young man—or an old one, for that matter—goes around with his head in the clouds, looking for something big to accomplish. The man who is so busy looking for big things is mighty likely to miss the little things—and to miss the big things too. There are often enough big things to do, but they needn't be hunted for in particular; it's quite enough if you are ready to meet them when they come.

I remember two boy friends of mine who used to go hunting. One was always thinking of something big—didn't want to waste his shot upon anything less than a fox; and really hoped for bear or deer, though he never happened to see any. The other boy was content to pick off nice fat rabbits and squirrels, and always came home with a bagful. When they grew older and went into business there was the same difference. Harold was always looking around for the great big dignified thing to do, while Bill was busy picking up a dollar here and a dollar there and perhaps a half or a quarter, or even a nickel, on the side. Well, it didn't take Bill many years to be a rich man; and Harold I lost sight of altogether after he had figured it all out that he was to make a million by going short on some favorite stock. He went short, all right; but the million didn't materialize and he never again saw the few hundred dollars—his entire capital that he had invested.

And that reminds me of how a little capital can really do a whole lot if it's handled right. A friend of mine dropped into a country district not many miles from New York and bought a place. It was a neighborhood of tradition; one of the traditions was that there was no particular money to be made in real estate thereabout, or at least that, if there was, plenty of good men existed ready to grasp at and get hold of any possible bargain that was trying to slip by.

Well, this friend of mine was pretty nearly broke. Like Harold, whom I have just been referring to, he had only a few hundreds in all; but he didn't go short on stock. Instead, he had figured it out to go long on some real estate and thought he had spotted a likely neighborhood for a deal.

Well, he found a place of fifty acres, with a house and barn, and the owner crazy to sell. The owner's price was eight thousand, but he came down to five thousand three hundred under pressure, my friend being something of a cotton-compress kind of man when it came to squeezing the air out of prices.

The price agreed upon, the terms came next; and then the seller found that my friend was expecting to pay only three hundred and take the rest on mortgage! For a time there was a generous amount of murky talk; but my friend was firm—that three hundred was all he had; and in the end the seller agreed. He was in a hurry to close and move to the city and couldn't be at all sure that he would have the chance to get even the three hundred if he let this chance slip. So the place changed hands on a shoestring a mighty slender one; and the neighborhood took turns in roasting the old resident who had sold so cheap and in prophesying disaster for the city man who had put in more money than he was ever going to get out.

The Dutchman's Ten Per Cent

However, my friend went right on, living there comfortably and getting a good living out of the place in the way of fruit and vegetables and farm products. He was a good deal of a business man and didn't have any delicacy, false or otherwise, about selling to his friends sent me five bushels of potatoes at full market rates; sold other friends onions, apples and pears; best of all, even sold several barrels of cucumbers to the steward of his club in the city, who had once, long before, unctuously expressed himself regarding the difficulty of getting fresh cucumbers.

Well, he lived there a year; and when the twelfth month was just about up he announced, one evening, to the village parliament gathered in the general store when he went to get his mail, that he was going to move away.

"Going to throw it up, be ye?" said, with a snicker, one of the old-timers who had been particularly distrustful.

"Yes; I guess so."

"Too much to carry, hey?"

"Oh, I don't know not precisely that anyhow; but I've sold the place for over eight thousand dollars. Sanatorium looking for just such a site. Heard of it through knowing the doctor in charge. Brought him up here. Sold the place."

The parliament was silent with awe.

"Yes," went on my friend expansively, for he had known of the criticism right along, "I put in three hundred, paid a little in interest on the mortgage—but not nearly so much as the use of the place for a year was worth and am pulling out with a profit of over three thousand for the year."

Well, that was a pretty good one-year profit on three hundred! It was the Dutchman's ten per cent.

And as to the general subject of small opportunities - why, opportunities are all around us, hidden from our sight if we are not original, and as plain as sunlight if we are.

A few days ago I went into a hardware store to buy a hasp for a padlock. I expected to get just a plain every-day hasp, such as has been made ever since the year one; in fact, how could a hasp be anything but a piece of iron with screwholes at one end and a place to tuck the padlock arm through at the other with every opportunity offered to the sneak-thief with a screwdriver?

The clerk said, as he handed me a hasp: "It's a safety." And I looked at it with interest.

Oh, it was a hasp all right! There, at one end, were the screwholes; but they were so folded in at the side that a screwdriver couldn't be used when the door was shut. And there, at the other end, was the place for the padlock arm; but the screwholes there were to be covered by a plate slipping over them—and the padlock would hold the plate in place.

Decidedly a clever thing—decidedly the man who thought it out had eyes and a head. And a man who could improve like that on a hasp that the world had settled down into believing could not be changed ought to be capable of pretty much anything.

A Skyscraper Built of Dimes

It is the little things—it is knowing how to do the little things and training one's mind to see and understand the little things—that fit a man for the big things. Napoleon, when master of Europe, was still lovingly referred to by his soldiers as the "Corporal." And all his men realized that he knew all about being a corporal, and that he could still, if necessary, act as corporal better than could any other corporal. If he hadn't been the kind of man to be a good corporal he couldn't have been so good a leader of armies.

I am inclined to fight shy of illustrations out of the past, however. Perhaps the conditions mean something to us and perhaps they don't; but we don't need to go out of our century or out of this very year to find the most striking of all examples of the value of little things properly handled.

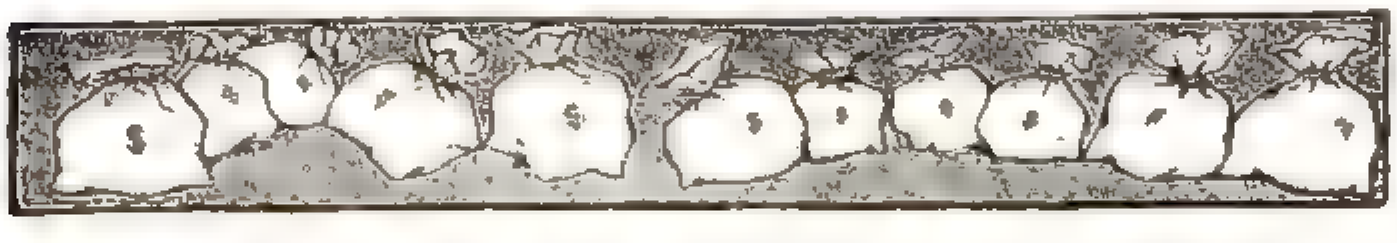
In the city of New York, that city of huge and towering skyscrapers, the tallest skyscraper of all is now building. It is to be the highest building in the world. The newspapers have devoted columns and pages to it, telling of its hundreds of feet of height, its acres of floor space, its marvels of intended equipment.

And here is the point: The owner is a man who made his fortune by selling things for five and ten cents in a chain of stores gradually established in city after city. He did not need to deal in millions. Millions came to him through dealing in nickels and dimes.

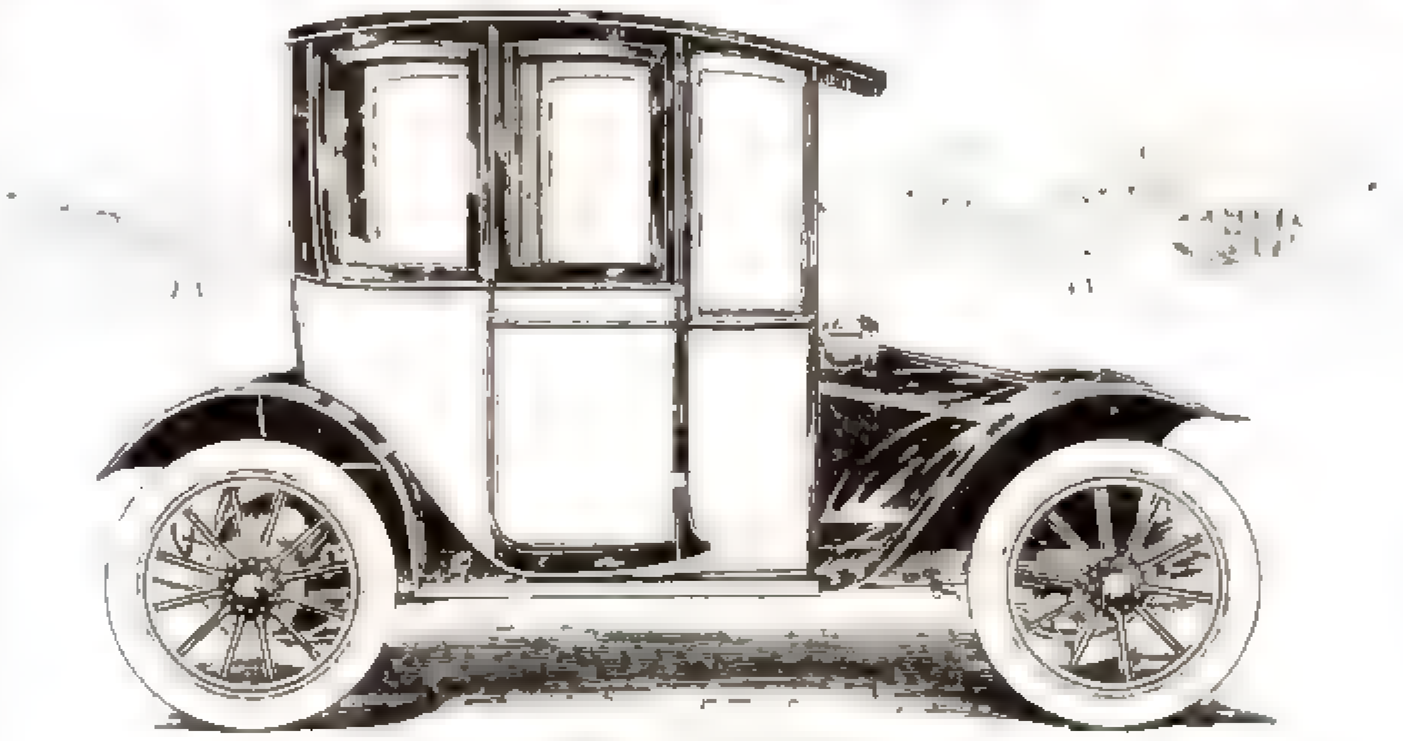
"Small profits and quick sales." Yes—we all know the truth of that idea theoretically; but how many of us would have had the insight to see it practically and the courage to march along such an extremely narrow road to fortune?

How obvious things are when we see them! Or, rather, how hidden from us they are until the other fellow sees them and shows them to us!

It was a good many centuries ago that a wise man advised against despising the day of small things - but a mighty small proportion of people have followed the spirit of his advice.



First View of the New and Larger Hupp-Yeats



THE "PATRICIAN"
100-inch wheelbase; 30 cell, 13 plate battery. Price, $2150 f. o. b. Detroit

A Coach of Kingly Origin Whose Exquisite Ensemble Establishes a New School of Electric Carriage Design

Men and women of discernment, everywhere, welcomed the *first* Hupp-Yeats for its delightful departure from the conventional and for the charm of its low-hung body.

They recognized in the first Hupp-Yeats a renaissance of the golden age of coach building—when the designer catered to kings and was knighted for perfection of form, or guillotined, perhaps, for failure. It is our pleasure to supplement this *first* marked success with a *second* and a larger coach; more striking still in its adaptation of ancient ideas to modern needs. We believe that the Hupp-Yeats coach, by virtue of its beauty, and the increased utility that results therefrom, is destined to become the popular and permanent type of electric carriage.

HUPP-YEATS
ELECTRIC COACH
Guaranteed for life. Design protected by letters patent

The old royal coach—that distinguished ancestor of the twentieth century Hupp-Yeats—was constructed so as to assure the huge element of safety to the royal person.

With electricity as the motive-power, the danger of overturning in a carriage hung high in the air is much greater; as is the menace of skidding.

For relief from the potential perils of a slipping, sliding electric, susceptible to the terrible possibility of overturning on a wet asphalt pavement, you have the Hupp-Yeats to thank.

The Hupp-Yeats *cannot* overturn and it *will not* skid unless it is fairly driven to do so by carelessness.

So you see, the low-hung body borrowed from our French and British forebears, and modernized to meet American conditions, is a thing of practical utility as well as beauty.

The addition of the curved roof and sloping hood; the perfect balance of all the parts; and the elimination of several hundred pounds of useless weight, so reduces the wind-resistance that a Hupp-Yeats will travel of its own momentum for an incredible distance on the gentlest sort of down grade.

The same factors give it very much more power and utilize much less current under adverse conditions, on the upgrade, or against a stiff breeze.

News Notes about the New Hupp-Yeats

The new Hupp-Yeats coach has a wheelbase of 100 inches.

This is longer than the wheelbase of any other electric carriage.

The purpose is to secure the luxurious riding qualities peculiar to the largest and longest gas cars and impossible in the average short and "bunty" electric.

The Exide Hycap battery with which the new Hupp-Yeats coach is equipped contains 30 cells, of 13 plates each.

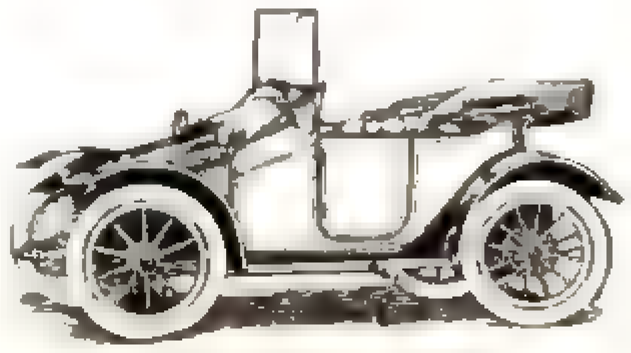
One hundred miles on a single charge is no unusual performance, for this car, under normal conditions, will be good for 115 miles on a charge.

The motor is the famous Westinghouse.

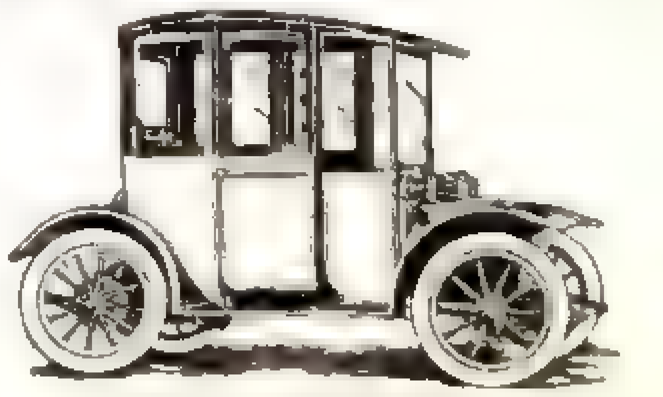
It drives the car in the direct motor-to-axle system that originated with the Hupp-Yeats—without reduction gears or chains and through but one set of gears.

The bearings throughout are of an imported ball type, still further promoting easy running and economy of power.

The chassis frame is of pressed steel, tremendously strong, though light, and the weight of the car is 500 to 600 pounds under that of any other of approximate size.



HUPP-YEATS TORPEDO
With top, windshield and lamp equipment
$1650 f. o. b. Detroit



HUPP-YEATS "REGENT"
86-inch wheelbase; 27 cell, 11 plate battery
$1750 f. o. b. Detroit

HUPP CORPORATION, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES

Chicago, 1509 Michigan Avenue
Buffalo, 1225 Main Street
Detroit, Woodward and Warren Avenues
Philadelphia, 330 N. Broad Street
Minneapolis, 1334 Nicollet Avenue
Kansas City, 34th and Broadway
Denver, 1620 Broadway
Los Angeles, 816 S. Olive Street
Cleveland, 1992 East 13th Street

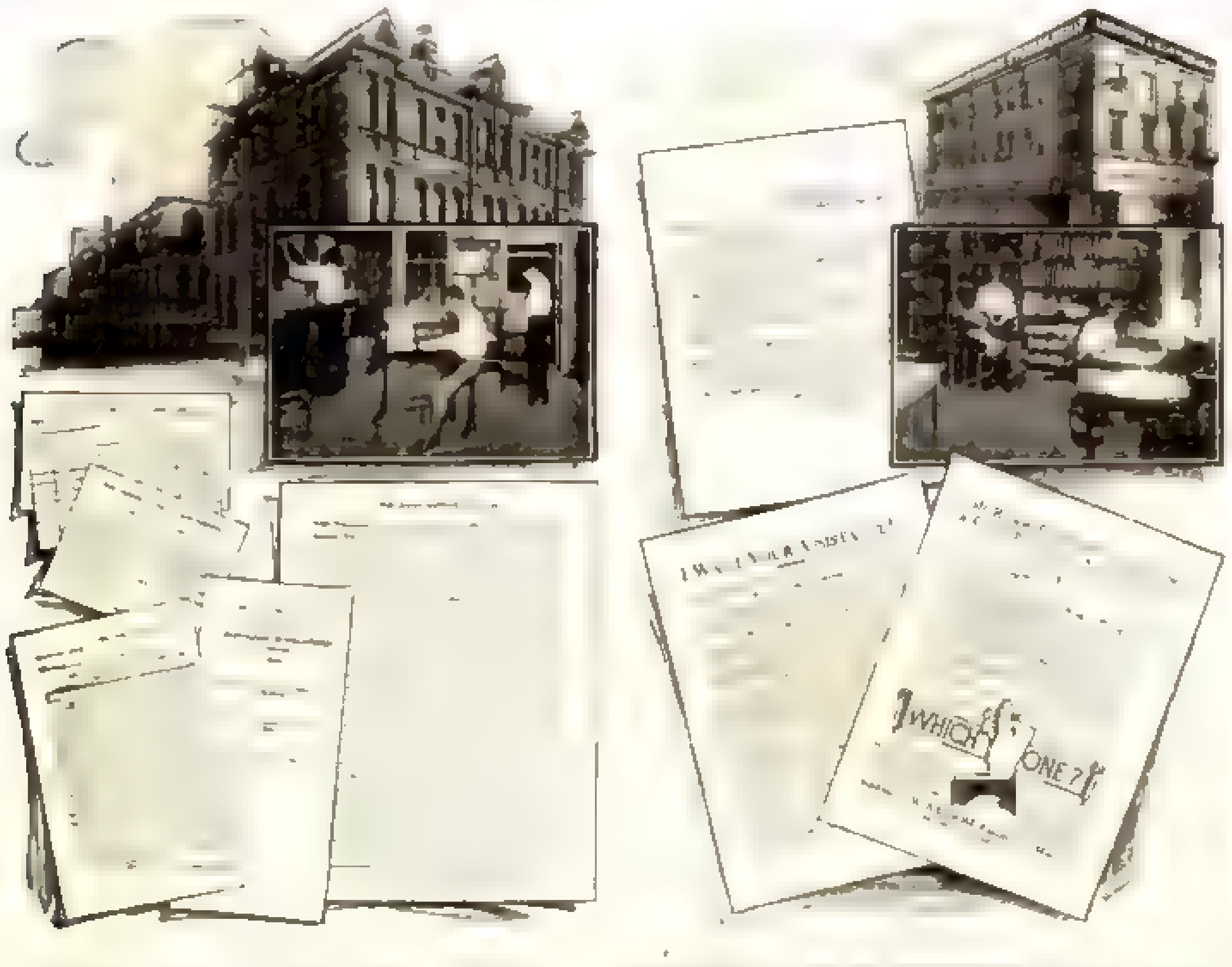
THE MULTIGRAPH

How it aids in the work and saves the money of Educational Institutions

The Multigraph in its simplest form, for multiple typewriting. It can readily be adapted for printing without interfering with its primary use

The seventh of a series of advertisements dealing with the Multigraph [illegible] Insurance, [illegible] to your line of business

THE Multigraph is a rapid rotary printing-press and multiple typewriter combined in one handy little machine that can be easily operated by students or employees. It produces quantity typewriting at the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour—notices to faculty and students; questions for examinations and tests; syllabi of lectures; form-letters to answer inquiries from prospective students; and the various system-forms that are used inside the institution. It produces real printing in a manner that would do credit to a good printer, and at a saving of 25% to 75% of the average annual printing-cost. In an active advertising-campaign for students, it is invaluable in producing follow-up literature and other direct mail advertising. Thus the Multigraph facilitates work, saves time and money, and makes money where the plan of the institution permits.



Multigraph room of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and examples of its Multigraph printing

[illegible] School of Penmanship, Kansas City, and examples of [illegible] Multigraph printing

How Widely Different Institutions Use the Multigraph

Johns Hopkins University uses the Multigraph for printing most of the stationery and system-forms used by the various departments of the University—letter-heads, note-heads, envelopes, bill-heads, memorandum-blanks, receipts, notices, requisitions—at a distinct saving over printers' charges.

The Ransomerian School of Penmanship uses the Multigraph for printing typewritten and printed advertising—even for the reproduction of penmanship in fac-simile. Its president writes as follows:

"It has reduced the cost of my sales letters more than 50%. Besides this we print our own letter-heads, bill-heads, circulars, etc., at a tremendous saving. If we had to go back to the employment of printers to do every particle of work for us, we feel that our profits would be greatly reduced. The Multigraph has paid for itself many times."

How the Multigraph Typewrites

THE impact of metal type, through an inked ribbon, upon a rubber cylinder, gives actual typewriting—but a whole form at every turn of the cylinder, instead of pounding out a character at a time. The typewriter or Gothic type is set semi-automatically, without touching a finger to type, and is always held so it can't be dropped or "pied."

Complete Unit, with Printing-Ink Attachment, Electric Motor and Automatic Feed.

How the Multigraph Prints

A SIMPLE printing-ink attachment may be used in place of the inked ribbon—using real printing-ink in any color. Electrotype plates used instead of the Multigraph type will reproduce any size or style of type desired, besides line-engravings, borders and ornaments. The result is excellent work, produced quickly and economically.

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

You are safe in permitting our representative to investigate the Multigraph possibilities of your business. His report must prove to our satisfaction, as his demonstration does to yours, that you really need the Multigraph.

Write Today for Illustrated Booklet

"More Profit With the Multigraph" is a descriptive booklet that we shall be glad to send free to men in executive positions who request it on their business stationery. It is a handsome example of Multigraph printing.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
Executive Offices and Factory, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland
Sixty Branch Offices
European Representatives: The International Multigraph Company, 79 Queen St., London, E. C., Eng.

ON JOINT ACCOUNT

Continued from Page 14

hand in this crisis of their lives. So, after austerely frowning for a moment, she swung round in her chair toward him.

"Oh—ssh! Do be still—can't you?" she commanded bluntly. "How can I think out what to do when you carry on like that?"

Her husband ceased suddenly and raised a haggard face.

"If you could be just a little kind, Hilda, I don't think I'd feel so bad," he pleaded humbly, his voice catching. As his wife, however, told him, it was not a time for sentiment. She said also that he should have thought of all this before he stole money from his employers. "I know—yes!" faltered Mr. Kempton, even more humbly than before; "but if you could be just a little kind. You know, anyway, I only did it for you."

The remark seemed to fill Mrs. Kempton with a perhaps justly righteous wrath, for after a stare and a stern tightening of her lips she arose slowly.

"Indeed!" she retorted quietly. "No doubt you'd like to shoulder your guilt all on me."

Mr. Kempton shook his head. All he had meant was that he'd been sorely pressed when he took the money and that it would be kind of her if she would forgive him. So, after a moment's thought, Mrs. Kempton resumed her seat.

"Forgive you?—humph!" she said judicially. "Well, that depends on your future conduct. Dishonor is not a thing a wife may lightly overlook."

It was a fine speech, to be sure; and, once she had let it fall, Mrs. Kempton drew herself up with an added air of dignity. What her husband heeded in the sentiment, however, was less its nobility than the affront it put upon himself.

"Dishonor, eh?" he echoed after a pause in which he had begun to regard her curiously, with his head perked sidewise like a bird's. "Dishonor?—humph! I'll have to ask, then, Hilda, what you intend to do?"

"Do?—I? Why, nothing!" she replied, astonished. "Of course we can't live here any longer—no, not after today; I should be reminded always too bitterly of this wretched happening. We must go elsewhere—where, I cannot say now; but of course I shall make every effort to live this down. Naturally, though," added Mrs. Kempton, "I shall always remember. I never shall forget."

The speech meant much or it meant nothing at all, just as one chooses to regard it. Apparently Mr. Kempton himself felt as vague.

"Well, I know anyway what I ought to do," he announced heavily. "I ought to own up—yeh, hand 'em back the money. Then I could sleep again—after I had my conscience clear."

"Own up?—you!" His declaration seemed to have affected her rather strongly, perhaps queerly; for with his speech all her fine manner suddenly departed. "What! You'd do that?" she exclaimed, frankly alarmed—an emotion that grew still more obvious when he grimly bobbed his head. "But you can't do that! No, no! Why, you said yourself—yes, just a moment ago—you said Pinney had never been caught—Pinney and Lomax too. You told me nobody'd ever found them out!"

It was all quite true, exactly as she said. Nevertheless, Mr. Kempton's conscience, now that it had fully awakened, seemed most difficult to soothe.

"Yes, but you forget," he observed dryly. "Their wives know nothing, while you do! You've found me out, you know, and you'll never forget. You said so yourself."

She bit her lip vexatiously; in fact, so great was her irritation she was tempted to stamp her foot again.

"Do you think I'd tell on you?—admit that my husband was a thief?" she demanded, her breast heaving with emotion. "Do you?"

It was quite obvious that he didn't.

"Just the same," remarked Mr. Kempton, "you not only said you'd never forget—you said, too, you'd never forgive. I'm a thief! Oh, sure; that's what I am!—only it's not very pleasant to know you're always going to call me one."

However, when Mrs. Kempton spoke again it was evident she had already reconsidered her early decision.

"Come! come! You mustn't talk like that. You're tired and you need a rest. Dinner will be ready presently," said she with easy assurance. "Why, it's nearly seven-thirty now. Come! After you've had your dinner we must talk over what you'll do."

"Talk it over!" echoed Mr. Kempton hollowly. "My soul—and eat? Eat, you say, when it's all I can do to keep from leaning out the window and yelling for the cops to come and get me! Here, now!" he cried with a sudden change of tone; "I've got to know for sure what you intend to do. You've judged me; and I'm a thief, as you say—yes, that's right! And so it's up to you now to decide!"

"Decide?—Decide what?" she inquired, raising her brows once more, again affecting a light surprise.

"You know perfectly," retorted Mr. Kempton. "You said that Lomax—Pinney, too; all the rest of us thieves—had never been caught with the goods. Do you mean you want to join the gang? go on living the way they do? Come, now; you've got to say one way or another just what you mean to do."

Mrs. Kempton thrust back her chair and with an effort struggled to her feet. There was something almost supreme in the nobility of her answer.

"Would you accuse us women? Is a wife to be held blamable for the dishonor of her husband?" There was in her speech something so profound and compelling—as she thought—that even he must heed it. It is a fact, of course, that he started, then stared at her; but somehow it still failed to silence him.

"You mean that you won't decide? Is that it? All right," said Mr. Kempton; "then I'll do it for you. Now, answer me," he directed. "You won't let me own up—confess—will you?"

With a gesture of resignation Mrs. Kempton leaned back in her chair.

"Confess? Why, what earthly good would that do?—yes—when you've already stolen their money. No," she said, her tone judicial; "but I shall tell you what you must do. You must not be tempted again. I have just decided that you must resign your place at once!" Then she leaned back, decisively pressed her lips together and fixed her eyes on his.

A long pause followed. During it Mr. Kempton grew pale, then pink—and afterward quite white again.

"Resign?" he echoed and giggled weakly, his face twitching as it had twitched before, as if from a twinge of pain. "Resign? Oh, well—good!" said Mr. Kempton. "I'm glad to get that much settled; and, anyway—why, I resigned this afternoon!" At this she gasped first and then tried to speak, but the little man cut her short. "Now about the money," he hurriedly added. "I suppose I'll have to put the question flatfooted. Are you willing to live on that hundred and sixty thousand or not?—on the proceeds of my theft? Come, now, madam; you've got to answer yes or no!"

It was a little amazing; but, for a woman of her reputed force of character, she displayed a curious hesitancy.

"What do you mean? Why, of course! naturally I expect you to provide for me."

The reply forced him to frame it in another way.

"Madam, if you'll look at that bank-slip—at the name on it, not at the amount—you'll see the money is yours—all yours—all deposited in your name. You've got to tell me now whether you accept it. If you won't—why, you need only say so. In that case I shall hand it over to the firm. I'm a thief—a thief, as you have called me!—but just the same, madam," added Mr. Kempton quietly, "I want to know on whose conscience the burden's got to lie—on yours or mine—on mine or yours."

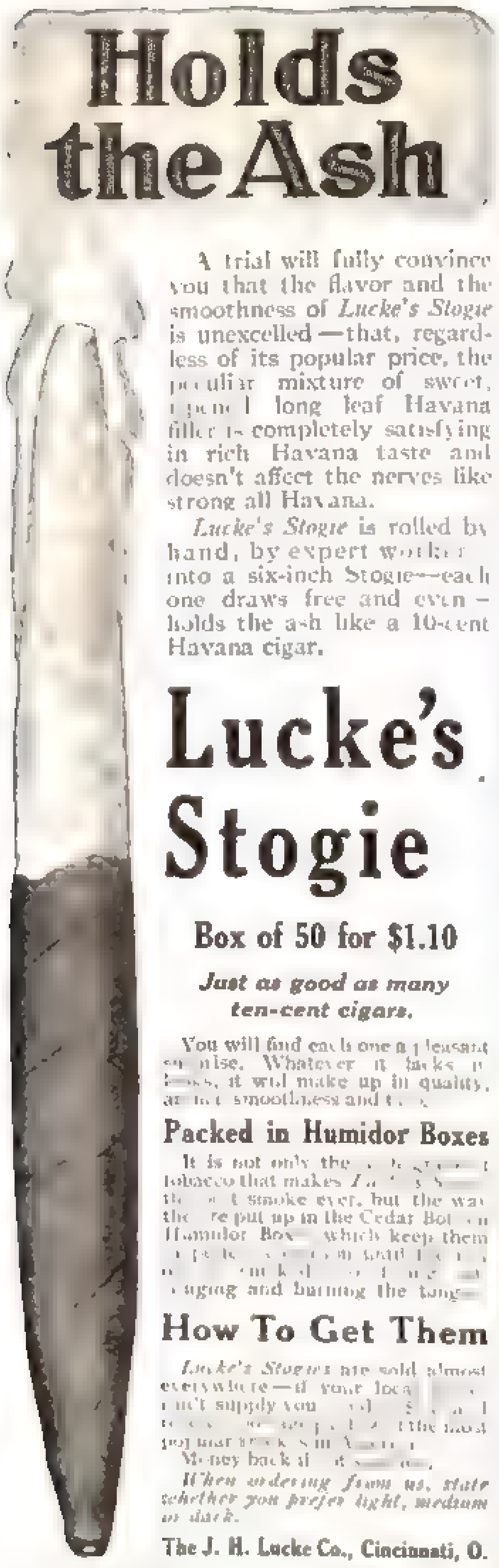
An alarming pallor had crept into Mrs. Kempton's face; though, indeed, she smiled as if lightly amused.

"Absurd! It's ridiculous!" she answered. "Do you think I'll let you play with me?"

Mr. Kempton drew out his watch and looked at it.

"Come! I have only a few minutes left," he said curiously. "Well? You can't dodge now. You've got to decide."

To the last she evaded. It was a trick, she said. She would not let him cozen her.



Holds the Ash

A trial will fully convince you that the flavor and the smoothness of *Lucke's Stogie* is unexcelled—that, regardless of its popular price, the peculiar mixture of sweet, ripened long leaf Havana filler is completely satisfying in rich Havana taste and doesn't affect the nerves like strong all Havana.

Lucke's Stogie is rolled by hand, by expert workers into a six-inch Stogie—each one draws free and even—holds the ash like a 10-cent Havana cigar.

Lucke's Stogie

Box of 50 for $1.10

Just as good as many ten-cent cigars.

You will find each one a pleasant surprise. Whatever it lacks in [illegible], it will make up in quality, and in smoothness and [illegible].

Packed in Humidor Boxes

It is not only the [illegible] tobacco that makes *Lucke's* [illegible] the [illegible] smoke ever, but the way they are put up in the Cedar Bottom Humidor Boxes which keep them [illegible] stinging and burning the tongue.

How To Get Them

Lucke's Stogies are sold almost everywhere—if your local [illegible] can't supply you [illegible] the most popular [illegible] in America.

Money back if [illegible].

When ordering from us, state whether you prefer light, medium or dark.

The J. H. Lucke Co., Cincinnati, O.

"I've Just Had a Lavox Shampoo, Too."

What a sensation of grateful cleanliness it causes, and how soft it leaves the hair—glossy and easy to comb into place. The lather is perfect—so creamy and refreshing. The best shampoo that was ever prepared is

LAVOX *SHAMPOO POWDER*

It contains no injurious chemicals to split or break the hair or leave it streaked.

Try it and prove it for yourself—
Write us for a FREE SAMPLE
In writing please mention your dealer's name

Sold in neat attractive packages at all dealers'.
Price 25 Cents

Insist on
Lavox Shampoo Powder

The Lavox Co.
1400 J N Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** [illegible] West [illegible] Write today for [illegible]

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago
29 Broadway, New York

Before she settled anything, said Mrs. Kempton, she intended to talk with her friends.

At this, Mr. Kempton gazed at her shrewdly. "Your friends, eh? By any chance do you mean the Pinneys? If not Pinney, perhaps Lomax—him?" he asked.

It was at this point that Mrs. Kempton's pent-up feelings at last got the upper hand.

"At least, they're respectable!" she flung at him. "Not just cheap and mean!" And it was in this, then, that Mr. Kempton had his answer.

"Thank you!" he said impressively. "I thank you sincerely!" A deep and profound breath whistled between his lips, as if some heavy weight had been lifted from his breast. "I know perfectly, now, just how you will decide." Stepping to the door, he opened it and turned back to her with a bow. "They are successful men, of course," said Mr. Kempton, sadly smiling; "and, whether you tell them or not it's stolen, they'll advise you to keep your money—oh, yes!" he said; and slowly turning on his heel Mr. Kempton went out into the hall.

All the way down the passage she could hear his heavy footfalls. For a moment they halted by the front door and then went on toward the dining room. Presently they returned and she could hear him fumbling around the hatrack. Afterward Mr. Kempton returned to the parlor. He had put on his hat and coat, and under his arm was a long bundle, wrapped in heavy paper. Besides, he also carried the birdcage, and seemed to be oblivious of how grotesque and bourgeois it made him look.

"The fact is, Hilda," said Mr. Kempton quietly, "it was not a hundred and sixty thousand that I stole."

"Didn't steal it? What!" gasped Mrs. Kempton, again startled.

Once more he smiled a little sadly.

"Oh, that's all right," he reassured her. "I stole the money, of course; only it was nearly two hundred thousand instead. Last week, however, I bought a place over in New Jersey. There is a lawn and garden attached. I'd hoped you'd live there with me; but you say no. Anyway," admitted Mr. Kempton apologetically, "I knocked down about twenty-eight thousand dollars to pay for it and for enough to live on till I get started."

"To live on?—you! What are you going to do?" demanded Mrs. Kempton, now utterly aghast.

Then he told her.

"Me? Oh, I'm going to grow flowers," said Mr. Kempton gently. Smiling as he spoke, he laid a finger on the bundle under his arm. "These are my garden tools. I'm going back to my garden now, and—and —— Well, I guess that's about all. Good night; and—oh, yes! Why, goodby, too, Hilda!" said Mr. Kempton; and, as she made no response he went out and closed the door behind him.

What passed through her mind, who can say? A minute later, though, the door was again opened and a head in a cap clumsily obtruded itself.

"Dinner's served, mum," said Mrs. Kempton's handmaid. "Th' soup's a'ready on the table."

"Soup?—the dinner?" echoed Mrs. Kempton, and awoke.

"Sure, it is!" assured the girl.

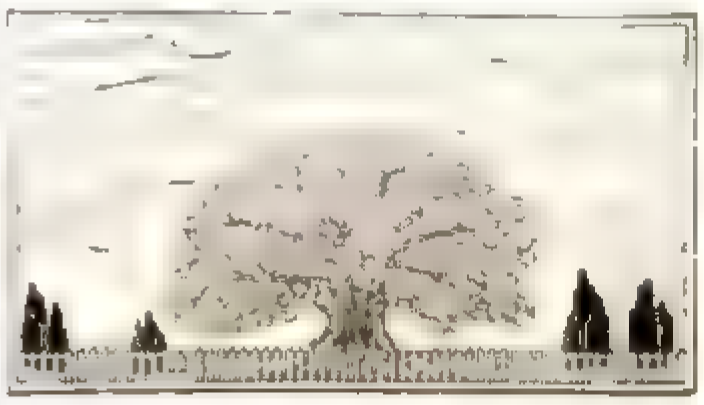
Once more Mrs. Kempton's strength of mind was enabled to assert itself.

"Take it away," she abruptly ordered. "And here! Go tell the hallboy to order me a taxi!"

"Ow, glory be!" exclaimed the housemaid, amazed profoundly.

Mrs. Kempton transfixed her with a stare. "I won't need you after Monday," she said curtly. "I'm going to Atlantic City."

Afterward she went and threw up the parlor window. Far down the street Mr. Kempton was just turning the corner near the Elevated. With the garden tools under his arm, and still clutching the empty birdcage, he seemed to be almost running.



PUBLIC SERVICE GAS CO.
NEWSPAPER
RURAL FREE DELIVERY
TELEPHONE
PACKAGE DELIVERY
DOCTOR
POLICE

WHY THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE EXCELS IN COMMERCIAL SERVICE

PUT a "Harley Davidson" to a test in your own business. Put it in your repair, delivery or collection department. Give it to any employee whose work takes him into different localities. Put a check on time consumed and work accomplished. Make the "Harley-Davidson" prove its worth. You will find it cuts the non-productive time spent in transportation to an absolute minimum. You will find one man with a "Harley-Davidson" will do the road work of three men with horses, and do it at a cost of from 5 to 15 cents a day.

More vital than the reduction of cost, however, is the vast improvement in service these machines make possible. Rush deliveries, telephone and gas repairs are made a matter of minutes, not hours, as formerly, and good service is and always has been the greatest of business builders.

"Better service" is always desirable, but "better service at a lower cost" is doubly desirable.

The Harley Davidson is the logical motorcycle for commercial use for two prime reasons:—

First—DURABILITY. The first machines we put out, over nine years ago, are still in daily use.

Second—ECONOMY. The Harley-Davidson holds the world's official record for economy, running 50 miles on one quart and one ounce of gasoline over give-and-take country roads.

Mr. Daniel Agnew, manager of the Rochester Telephone Co. of Rochester, Ind., who has made an exhaustive and practical test of the Harley-Davidson, says in part:—

"The machine has been run approximately 22,000 miles without any mechanical trouble whatever. The cost of operation averages about $4.00 per month, and it does the work of three horses and rigs, while the actual time saved can hardly be estimated, for the trouble man goes out 'like a flash of lightning,' on a five or ten mile trip, makes repairs and returns before the manager can call time on him. We consider the machine our most valuable asset, and we would miss it very much if deprived of its use. If it ever wears out you may rest assured that the one to take its place will be a HARLEY-DAVIDSON."

Following are a few of the users of the Harley-Davidson in the commercial world. Names of additional corporations using Harley-Davidsons furnished on application.

Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co., Chicago, Ill.
Bought 2 Harley-Davidsons and 9 machines of another make. Have since bought 38 additional Harley-Davidsons, but no others.

Detroit Police Department, Detroit, Mich.
Bought 2 Harley-Davidsons in 1908. Have since purchased 7 more Harley-Davidsons.

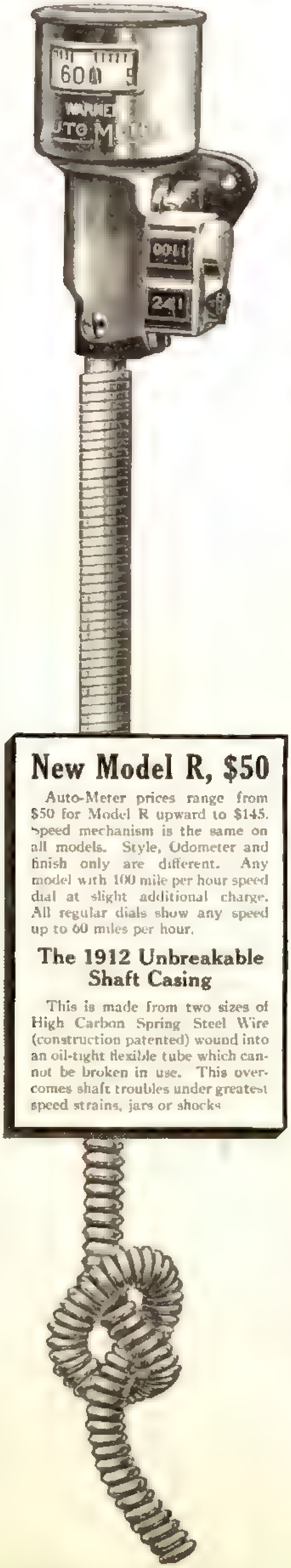
Central Union Telegraph Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Replaced 15 motorcycles of other make with Harley Davidsons. Now have 20 Harley-Davidsons in all.

Burgher Package Delivery Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Have 22 machines, 12 of them are Harley-Davidsons, and they are buying nothing but Harley-Davidsons now.

The very attributes of a machine which make it desirable to the corporation make it desirable to the individual.

Let us tell you more about the "Silent Gray Fellows." Let us tell you what their purchase will mean to you financially. Send for booklet 8.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
773 L St., Milwaukee, Wis.



The Warner Speed Indicator Is Never Given Away

? How can any car manufacturer claim that he uses the choicest and best of everything throughout his car when the speed indicator—the most prominent and most looked-at-thing on the car—is known to the prospective buyer to be cheap, unreliable and inferior in every way?

THE public marks as altogether "cheap" the car equipped today with a cheap speed indicator. Reliable car manufacturers are consequently equipping or supplying Warner Auto-Meters with their cars.

New Model R, $50

Auto-Meter prices range from $50 for Model R upward to $145. Speed mechanism is the same on all models. Style, Odometer and finish only are different. Any model with 100 mile per hour speed dial at slight additional charge. All regular dials show any speed up to 60 miles per hour.

The 1912 Unbreakable Shaft Casing

This is made from two sizes of High Carbon Spring Steel Wire (construction patented) wound into an oil-tight flexible tube which cannot be broken in use. This overcomes shaft troubles under greatest speed strains, jars or shocks.

It's Up to the Manufacturer—or YOU

It's up to the manufacturer to equip his car with the Warner if he really wants to give you, as he says he does, the very utmost for your money. The fact that he includes the Warner is proof positive that he is keeping his word, for he must pay more for the Warner than for any other speed indicator.

No one can fairly ask a dealer to "throw in" a Warner Auto-Meter if the manufacturer has not supplied it. The Warner costs too much and is too good to be given away. We cannot allow our dealers to cheapen this excellent instrument by "throwing it in" just to make a car sell.

So please do not ask a dealer to do it. The Warner is worth while for you to buy if the **car-maker** won't buy it for you.

Motorists are now demanding that the car they buy be Warner-equipped. New hundreds are getting such cars every day.

Buyers Won't Take *"a"* Speed Indicator, but Now Demand *"the"* Warner Auto-Meter

So cars equipped with Warner Auto-Meters have the favorable call—are easier to sell.

It is daily being demonstrated that such cars are far easier to sell than cars of equal value, equipped with an inferior speed indicator—or no speed indicator at all.

If the buyer sees a Warner Auto-Meter on the dash, he recognizes it at once as the highest-priced, highest-quality speed-indicating instrument made. He knows it as the instrument used on the best cars everywhere. His friends who drive good cars and can afford the best, use the Warner.

The fact that the car is Warner-equipped, therefore, indicates to him the intention and determination of the manufacturer to give the choicest and best throughout every part of the car.

Dealers Know This

It means much to a manufacturer in prestige and reduced selling cost to put out his cars Warner-equipped.

It means quite as much to the dealer, whose livelihood depends upon the number of cars he sells and the satisfaction those cars give.

And it also means a world of satisfaction to the buyer of a car—entirely aside from the fact that it is a reliable index of the car's sterling quality—to have the sensitive, accurate, dependable and wondrously durable Warner on the car he drives. So insist on the

WARNER
AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

WARNER INSTRUMENT CO.

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile Dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

"For the Man Who Takes Pride in His Car"

Car buyers say: "That must be a good car. See, it has a Warner Auto-Meter on the dash." !

THIS year car manufacturers realize more than ever before that they *must* give the biggest dollar-for-dollar value ever offered. The Automobile-Buying Public is better informed and getting "wiser" every day on fully-equipped car values.

Regardless of Price the Public Demands the Warner

While the original cost of the Warner is twice or three times that of other indicators, it is still the Cheapest Indicator Obtainable, if its value is computed by miles of travel or years of service. One Warner can be transferred to many cars and will remain as accurate and reliable as when new, for many years.

Practically all automobilists acknowledge the Warner to be the Best, the Highest Grade, the Most Refined and the Most Accurate, and the most Reliable Speed Indicator made. It is *the* choice of the motorist who can afford to purchase one.

The Car Owner Who Takes Pride in His Car Also Demands Warner

The man who really *loves his car* is the one who appreciates the Warner most. He would never discredit his car with anything inferior and unreliable, any more than a man who loves his home would permit it to be roofed with building paper.

The Warner on the dash of the car is the outward evidence that the owner of that car is *proud* of it and is usually also an indication that the car itself is good and reliable throughout. A car may be equipped with the choicest magneto in the world, the engine and transmission may be the finest and best that mechanical ingenuity can devise, but these points are concealed under the hood and the floor and are not apparent to the observer.

The speed indicator, on the contrary, is constantly referred to by the driver and is coming more and more to be taken by the public as the visible and self-evident proof of the quality of the car to which it is attached. So the wisest buyers demand the

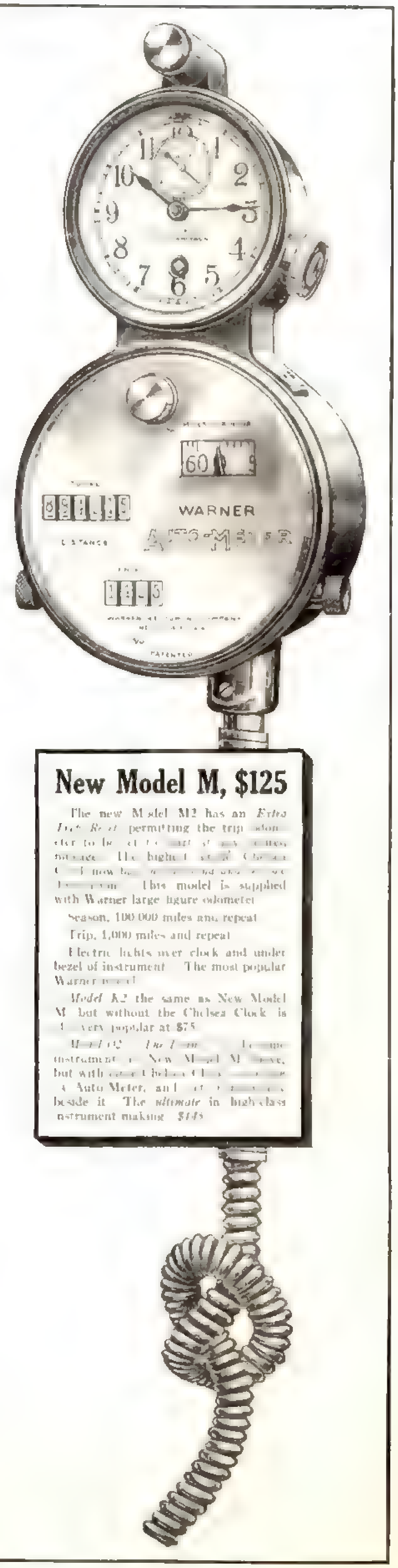
WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

Main Offices and Factory
1151 Wheeler Avenue **Beloit, Wisconsin**

Branch Houses Maintained at

Atlanta
Boston
Buffalo
Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Denver
Detroit
Indianapolis
Kansas City
Los Angeles
New York
Philadelphia
Pittsburg
Portland, Ore.
San Francisco
Seattle
St. Louis



New Model M, $125

The new Model M2 has an *Extra Trip Reset* permitting the trip odometer to be [illegible] mileage. The highest [illegible] Chelsea Clock now has [illegible]. This model is supplied with Warner large figure odometer

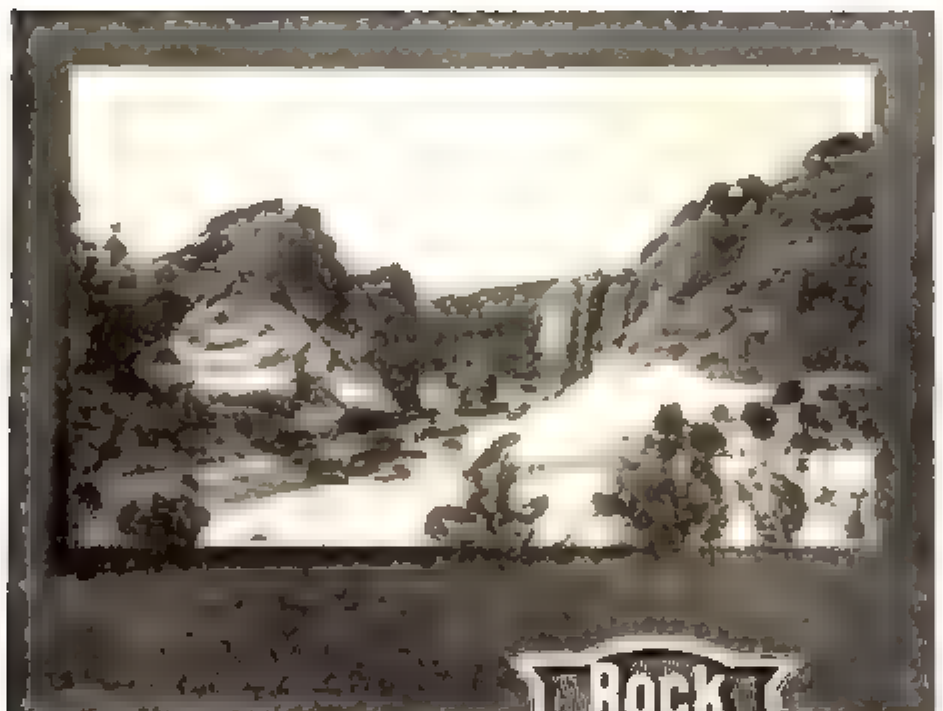
Season, 100,000 miles and repeat

Trip, 1,000 miles and repeat

Electric lights over clock and under bezel of instrument. The most popular Warner [illegible]

Model K2 the same as New Model M but without the Chelsea Clock is [illegible] very popular at $75.

Model [illegible] [illegible] instrument [illegible] New Model M [illegible], but with [illegible] Chelsea Clock [illegible] Auto Meter, and [illegible] beside it. The *ultimate* in high-class instrument making. *$145*



A HOLIDAY in COLORADO and a way to get there that's a Holiday

Rock Island

MOUNTAINS, forests, flowers, streams, sky, stars, air. Verily there's no place *like* Colorado.

The Rock Island Lines is the "*way*" to Colorado over the road of Highest Service. And, the deservedly famous

ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED

— from Chicago every day in the year —

is Chicago's "good morning" salutation to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

The train of limitless luxury. Every caprice and necessity of guests anticipated. Meals for Epicures. Snow-white, roomy beds. Library—buffet—observation car—Victrola Recitals—the world's news service—then—the *regret* at leaving this incomparable train at your destination.

Other splendidly equipped fast trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

The new fast "Mountaineer"—only one night out—leaves Chicago every evening at six o'clock.

Beautifully illustrated books on Colorado, Yellowstone Park and Coast [illegible] L. M. Allen, Passenger Traffic Manager, 9 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill

Welch's

The National Drink

Grape Juice

The Store That Serves You Welch's at the Fountain May Be Depended Upon

DO *more* than ask for "grape juice,"—ask for WELCH'S—and *get* WELCH'S. You will know by the label. WELCH'S is *never* served from an unlabeled bottle.

The lure of greater profit causes some dealers to dispense cheap grape juice at the soda fountain although their trade by the bottle is all WELCH'S.

There is no summer drink so good as WELCH'S. It is just the expressed juice of choicest Concords, without addition and unchanged in any way. It has a fruity tang—a delicious tartness, that really quenches thirst.

Get the WELCH habit. It's a habit that won't get you. Three good ways—WELCH'S "Straight," WELCH'S "Grape Ball," WELCH'S Grape Phosphate.

Many fountains serve WELCH'S in the individual four-ounce size at ten cents. Ask for this today.

Keep a case in the house for punches, sherbets, desserts, etc. Serve WELCH'S *cold*. Booklet of recipes sent on request.

Four-ounce sample bottle by mail ten cents. If unable to get WELCH'S of your dealer we will send a trial dozen pints for $3 express prepaid east of Omaha.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, N.Y.

HOW THE FRENCH DO BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 6)

after book. She is between seventeen and twenty. By the time she marries, her capital, joined to her husband's savings, will buy a small business in which they will work together.

In certain lines of French business, particularly shopkeeping, the woman's guidance and help are considered so necessary that the man without wife, sister or aunt will not embark in them.

A Frenchman who had lately lost his wife was enviously describing the fittings of a fine butcher-shop, for sale cheap in a prosperous neighborhood.

"It is as good as sold," he lamented.

"Why don't you buy it quick?" asked an American. "You have the cash and understand that business."

"Ah, impossible—I have no wife!"

There is nothing abnormal about the Frenchwoman's business activity.

Indeed, when French law is even slightly understood it is rather difficult to see how any business can ever be done in France without the intervention of women; for they are the very soul and substance of those interesting French laws which safeguard the family.

Even the humblest French family is likely to start out with a marriage contract between the husband and wife which makes all the financial arrangements absolutely clear.

One reason why so little life insurance is carried in France is probably that the French family is a sort of domestic life insurance society in itself. The bride usually brings money or property—either a dowry provided by her parents or savings from her own earnings. The marriage contract puts this in charge of the husband, but in absolute trust. He must account for it to the wife and his children. Each child born comes in for a share, and the law provides that parents' property must be left to children equally. The family is obliged to support the husband's or wife's parents if in need, and when the case is reversed the parents can be called upon to support the couple; and there are other provisions of the same nature which have been observed so long in France that they are followed almost instinctively.

Putting Grandpa on an Allowance

With this legal family properly financed and governed it is only natural that women should have a voice and a vote in pretty nearly every business enterprise, investment, transfer or lease of real estate and other property—for hardly a transaction can arise but the interests of wife, children or grandparents are involved. Strangers may resent the detailed bargaining that marks French transactions, and ridicule the bringing in of the wife's mother's interests; but the French know absolutely what they are about.

The French family, up to a certain point, is a little law court in itself. From time to time emergencies arise. Lack of business judgment may endanger the common capital, or the interests of minors must be protected in case of remarriage. Before asking the regular courts to intervene a family council can be called. Three relatives are chosen from the maternal side of the house and three more from the father's side. A "judge of the peace" presides over the private meetings of this council. It has power to audit accounts, watch over an estate, appoint a guardian, protect children's interests, authorize or oppose the marriage of a minor, and so forth. If the council can agree family difficulties are kept out of the courts and publicity and legal expense avoided.

Frenchmen fifty and sixty years old are often saddled with a guardian. The French have a canny way of dealing with the foolishness of second childhood. When father or grandfather, after a life of industry and frugality, suddenly begins squandering the family fortune in his sixty-fifth year, the women's interests are safeguarded by the appointment of an official trustee, who takes charge and gives the spendthrift a reasonable allowance.

Just recently such a guardian was appointed for the son of a former President of France.

In the United States, women in business commonly retire when they marry, so that

The Coffee That Fills a National Need

WHILE chairman of the Jury of Food awards at the Pan-American Exposition, Mrs. Rorer became deeply impressed with this fact: Very, very few people were able to secure really good coffee. That every home might enjoy good coffee Mrs. Rorer recently gave us permission to put her *own private blend* of coffee on the market. You will be sure of rich, mellow and full-flavored coffee, if you ask your grocer for

Mrs Rorer's
OWN BLEND
Coffee

We are so positive that you will like Mrs. Rorer's Coffee, that we ask you to *try it at our risk.* If you don't find it the most delicious coffee you ever tasted, your grocer is authorized to return your money.

Mrs. Rorer's Coffee comes to you in a wonderful new *triple-sealed package*: three paraffined wrappers keep out the dust and the damp, and preserve every whit of the newly-roasted flavor for your enjoyment.

Mrs. Rorer recently traveled through South America [illegible] coffee plantations and personally [illegible] the [illegible]. Munsey's Magazine for August contains an interesting four-page advertisement. Buy it at your news stand.

FREE: Mrs. Rorer's Book

It tells how to make *delicious coffee every time*, how to make fascinating and entrancing desserts, cakes, ices and other [illegible] with coffee flavor. **Write today for Mrs. Rorer's Book "27 Coffee Recipes,"** mentioning [illegible] and whether or not he has Mrs. Rorer's Coffee on sale.

Climax Coffee and Baking Powder Company
Dept. E-2 38 Main Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

A Sane Fourth

Protect, Surprise and Delight the Children by giving them

Huyler's Giant Firecrackers

And other Fourth of July Novelties Filled with

Huyler's Unsurpassable CANDIES

The absolute Purity of our Candy makes them doubly safe for all.

Remember your grip has room for a box of Huyler's Temptingly Delicious

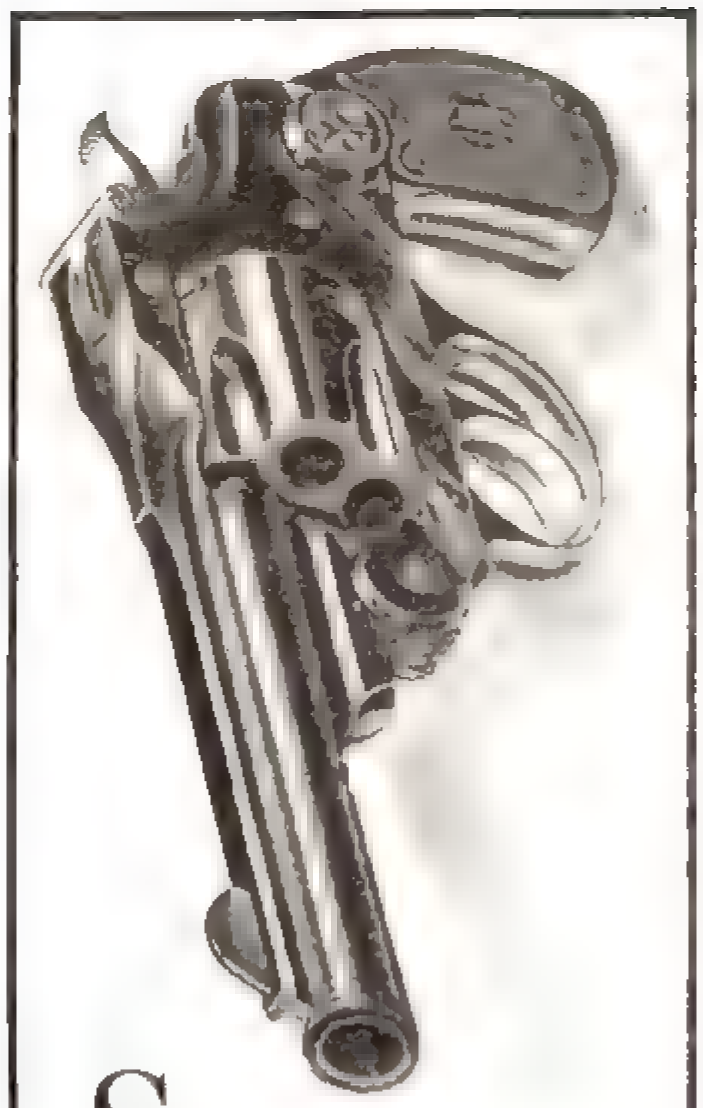
Bonbons and Chocolates for her

Stores and Sales Agents everywhere

HAMMOND'S STATE MAPS WITH 1910 CENSUS

[illegible]

C. S. HAMMOND & CO., 142 Fulton Street, New York



SAFE--infallible.

Safe because it simply *can not* be fired except with deliberate intent—nothing to adjust [illegible]—you don't have to "make it safe" for it can't be anything but safe. Proof—the famous "Hammer the Hammer" test.

The action is infallible—permanent tension, unbreakable [illegible] *springs* impart an unsurpassed smoothness, speed and certainty of action. Catalog shows ten m[illegible] $6 to $10.

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic **REVOLVER**

Iver Johnson's
Arms
& Cycle Works
147 River Street
[illegible]

$25.00 Buys the Frame of this Boat
including illustrated instructions to finish

[illegible] the regular price [illegible] System which [illegible] A postal brings it.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO., 207 Rust Ave. Saginaw, Mich.

THIS IS THE
FLEUR-DE-LIS
TRADE MARK

THE BEST OF
GOLD FILLED JEWELRY

Better than solid gold because it is [illegible] lower cost [illegible] designs [illegible] more variety to choose from and greater satisfaction as well as utmost economy.

FONTNEAU & COOK CO. ATTLEBORO, MASS.

the feminine workers are chiefly young girls, earning a living or, maybe, only pin-money.

It is very different in France.

By far the greater proportion of women workers there are married and the mothers of families. Not only [illegible] the teamwork of husband and wife, but some of the large institutions employing women make provision for keeping them in their positions after marriage, allowing the married woman-employee leave of absence and a sum of money when she gives birth to a child, and keeping her position open until she can come back to work. Government posts like that of telephone operator, are not resigned on marriage [illegible]. The American telephone operator is a young girl whose stay in the service averages about four years. Then she resigns and marries. The French telephone girl, however, is often a middle-aged mother, holding the job until she is retired on pension. When the newly married French couple do not combine their savings to buy a business the wife's job is often retained as a family asset. The American opening up a new branch in Paris is often astonished when he learns that most of the women applicants for the post of stenographer are married; but he finds that the interest of the married woman in her work makes her a formidable competitor of the girl who is earning only pin-money.

Secrets Hard to Keep

Feminine business experience is valued in French affairs, and the whole life of the country gains stability from it.

It is also said, however, that confidential details of business in France are kept secret with the greatest difficulty!

Years ago, an enterprising American went to Paris during a period of depression in the United States, began by learning the French language and has built up a large trade in a certain kind of American goods. There has never been any difficulty about winning the confidence of French people. They have bought his American stuff, followed his American suggestions and prospered; and, in turn, have done a good deal to transform him into a Frenchman, for he now figures things in income instead of capital, has set an approximate age when he means to retire and owns a farm to retire to—all in the same French way. But in those fifteen years he has never been able to figure out a scheme of confidential discounts that will remain confidential.

Some of his customers are small men and get goods on the regular trade terms. Others are a little more active and entitled to a jobbing discount. Still others sell to small customers of their own and build trade to such a degree that they are entitled to yet better discounts. Competitors have sprung up and offer tempting terms on inferior goods. Special discounts stimulate the Frenchman in this particular business, but they cannot be kept confidential. Word goes round, somehow, and other customers come in to bargain for lower prices because Lefèvre has one!

It must be said, in justice to the women, that most of these dealers are men.

Business information leaks out in France probably because the people love to discuss every detail, price and so forth in the family, making comparisons; and because the Frenchman's expansive individuality makes him so proud of a good bargain that he needs an audience to help him enjoy it. So the cat slips out of the bag in the most artless way.

The stranger, new to Paris, often assumes that women's influence in French business is a weakening one. It is objected that the Frenchman's disposition to submit every proposition to his old grandmother gives it decision. There is no question but that women make home life so attractive that the French boy dislikes to strike out independently—the whole aim is to preserve the family, keep the children in France, and make France so complete that no Frenchman will ever need to leave it.

The Frenchwoman's solid business sense gives strength, not weakness. She has done much to make France so self-reliant that it could support its people if a blockade were drawn around it. She is the conserving factor in French thrift and the inspiration of French art and taste. When the stranger has been long enough in Paris to understand the real state of affairs and the true importance of the serious Frenchwoman who sits at the cashier's desk everywhere, he does what the French do on passing her—respectfully raises the hat.

"Our Hinds Honey and Almond Cream Complexion is not injured in the least by Summer's hot sun or dusty, burning winds."

There's enough of this pure, snow-white beauty cream in our FREE TRIAL bottle to demonstrate how wonderfully good it is for

SUNBURN

and we wish you would write us for it unless you prefer to get a regular 50c bottle of your dealer.

The moment you apply Hinds Honey and Almond Cream it begins to cool the tender, inflamed surface; a few applications will relieve all soreness and restore the skin to its natural soft, clear, healthy condition.

If you would avoid the discomfort of sunburn you should use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream before and after exposure to sun or wind. It keeps the face, hands and arms in perfect condition; removes blemishes, makes dry, rough skin soft and smooth, and finally gives to the complexion a fresh, radiant effect that is so much admired.

It should be remembered that

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

cannot possibly injure the most sensitive skin; it contains nothing harmful; *is positively guaranteed not to cause a growth of hair;* is not greasy or sticky in the least.

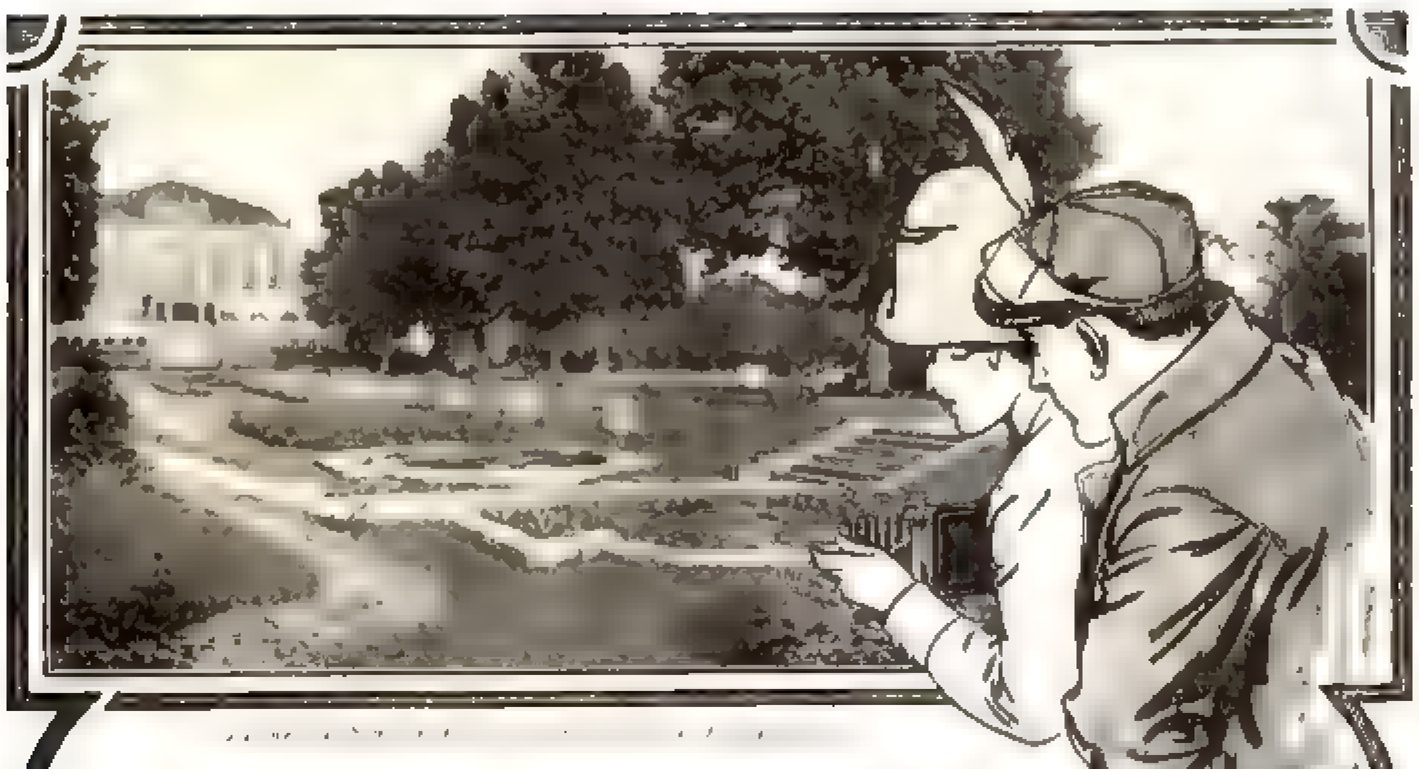
Mothers and nurses have used Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in the nursery for many years. It soothes and relieves skin ailments, and is especially good for chafing, rash and prickly heat.

Men who shave are using it with gratifying results. It stops the smart and restores tender, irritated skin in a day. Always prevents dry skin.

Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere, or mailed postpaid by us. Do not buy substitutes. There's nothing like Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

A liberal trial bottle sent free

A. S. HINDS, 89 West Street, Portland, Maine



NOTICE the rich and varied color tones in this photograph. Trees and shrubbery and grass, all green, still have their separate tonal values. The colors of the flowers are distinct. This is chromatic balance, a property possessed by the improved film, ANSCO FILM. Load your camera with this film and you can make truer, more artistic photographs. It opens up a wider field of artistic achievement to you as an amateur.

Ansco Film has other features which make fine results more certain from your use of a camera.

It is easy to work and handle, non-curling, non-halation. Costs no more. Made in sizes to fit any film camera.

If you are truly interested in photography, you are anxious to learn all that will help you. Ask your nearest independent dealer for literature about

"ANSCO" FILM

The Film with Chromatic Balance

Independent dealers everywhere sell Ansco photographic goods. Look for the Ansco sign

ANSCO PHOTO SUPPLIES FILMS, CHEMICALS CYKO PAPER

To show you just how superior Ansco Film is when developed right, we will develop a roll for you for 10c, to partly defray expense and make one print on Cyko Paper, free. Enclose your name and address and 5 two-cent stamps with roll of film and mail, care Free Tuition Department.

Ansco Catalog and valuable two-vol. Photographic Manual sent free on request.

ANSCO COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.

Not simply a car –

Marathon

but *car service*

Challenges Comparison

With Higher Priced Cars

Compare the ***Marathon*** specifications one by one with those of other cars and you will at once realize that the ***Marathon*** is an exceptional car. Aside from its mechanical supremacy, the ***Marathon*** is extremely *graceful in design, smooth and easy in operation and luxuriously comfortable.*

The ***Marathon*** is now entering its sixth season and combines

Speed — Endurance — Reliability

Excels in Perfect Power Transmission, Economy in Up-keep and All-around Car Efficiency.

If You Know What Makes a Good Car, You Know These Points Mean Car Perfection:

Four-cylinder motor, cylinders cast in pairs. *36 h. p.* 3-point suspension. Unit power plant. Wheel base 116 in. and 120 in. 34 in. by 3½ in. tires; 35 in. by 4 in. on Torpedo Touring Car. *Semi-Elliptic front springs and full Elliptic rear springs with scroll ends.* *Thermo-Syphon cooling with vertical tubular radiator.* Standard equipment includes two gas lamps, oil side and tail lamps, generator, tool kit, tire repair kit, jack, tire pump and complete tool outfit. Electric headlights, side lights and tail light on Torpedo Touring Car.

Marathon models include Torpedo Touring Car, Fore-Door Touring Car, Standard Touring Car, Standard Roadster and Torpedo Roadster.

Prices from $1,500 to $1,700. ***Write for catalog.***

SOUTHERN MOTOR WORKS
NASHVILLE, TENN.
12th Ave. N. and N. C. & St. L. Ry.
General Offices, 1220 Clinton St

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 5)

of proper ablutional facilities and the hallways smelt of cabbage and onions, was a distinct shock to my highly sensitive tastes.

Those of my new comrades who were lucky enough to have employment did not rise in the mornings until in the neighborhood of twelve o'clock, and those who had no employment at all followed this example. I thus found myself adopting of necessity, as it were, the pleasant practice of sauntering out on Broadway after a one-o'clock breakfast, and of spending most of the afternoon, evening and following morning in or about the same locality. We usually went to some theatrical show on what was known as "paper," and I afterward joined my actor friends at a restaurant where we sang songs and told stories until the gas lamps were extinguished and gray dawn crept over the housetops. Downtown—into the mysterious district of Wall Street—I did not as yet go, and I might still be haunting the stage entrances of the theaters had it not been for an adventure in which I was an involuntary participant.

It so happened that among my new acquaintances was a careless, rattle-brained youth known as Toby Robinson, who in spite of some histrionic ability was constantly losing his job and always in debt. He was a smooth-faced, rather stout, good-natured-looking person, of the sort that is never supposed to have done harm to anybody. Not long before he had enjoyed a salary of fourteen dollars a week, but having overslept several times running he had been discharged for absence from rehearsals. He had reached the limit of his resources about the time of my arrival in the city and had been in a most lugubrious frame of mind when I first had the honor of his acquaintance. Suddenly, however, he appeared one day with a large roll of bills and entered upon a period of lubrication and open-handed hospitality in which we all participated. During this season of good cheer, as Toby and I were strolling down Broadway one afternoon, an ugly-looking man who had been following us stepped forward and, touching my friend on the shoulder, said gruffly:

"The captain wants to see you."

The uttering of these cryptic syllables produced a most extraordinary effect upon my companion, for he turned deadly pale and the perspiration collected in beads upon his temples, while he commenced to wring his hands and bemoan his ill fortune.

"What is the trouble?" I inquired in great solicitude.

The belligerent stranger, however, pushing between us, grasped Toby firmly by the arm and marched him across the street, while I trailed behind in the nature of a rear guard. I had already begun to suspect that the ugly man was none other than an officer of the law, and visions of myself locked up in jail as a possible accomplice, although innocent of wrong-doing, hovered in my mind. Toby, giving every indication of guilt, slouched along beside his captor, occasionally glancing shamefacedly over his shoulder.

We were now nearing a police station and our companion, for the first time showing any sign of personal interest, inquired if we had a lawyer. On receiving a negative reply the officer strongly recommended our immediately retaining counsel in the person of one Gottlieb, who could be found across the street from the police station and whose precise whereabouts were made obvious by means of a large sign about six feet by three and one-half in size, reading as follows:

ABRAHAM GOTTLIEB'S

LAW OFFICE

NOTARY	DEEDS
RENTS COLLECTED	BAIL BONDS
INSURANCE	GENERAL ADVICE

Without giving Toby time for consideration the officer led us across the street and into the stuffy little den occupied by the lawyer.

When on an Outing

All camp cooking is made far more appetizing and digestible by the use of the world-famed

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Fish, Game, Stews, Gravies and all outing dishes are improved by its use.

A Wonderful Appetizer.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

WANTED!

Says the Advertisement

But can you fill the position?

Any man with the *right training* is able to fill any position.

It is the business of the International Correspondence Schools to train working men for better positions—to qualify them to overcome the draw-backs of life.

Don't say you can't succeed—YOU CAN! And the I. C. S. will prove it to you. Thousands of I. C. S. students will also prove it to you. An average of four hundred of them voluntarily report every month an increase in salary as a result of I. C. S. direction.

If you want to know how it is done, and how it can be applied to your case, select the occupation you prefer, mark the coupon and mail it today. This only costs a post stamp, and doesn't bind you to do anything you do not desire.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

Automobile Running
Mine Superintendent
Mine Foreman
Plumbing, Steam Fitting
Concrete Construction
Civil Engineer
Textile Manufacturing
Stationary Engineer
Telephone Expert
Mechanical Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Electrical Engineer
Electric Lighting Supt.

Civil Service
Architect
Chemist
Languages - Spanish, French, German, Italian
Building Contractor
Architectural Draftsman
Industrial Designing
Commercial Illustrating
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Advertising Man
Stenographer
Bookkeeper

Name
Present Occupation
Street and No.
City State

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

Pay Your Hotel Bills with "A. B. A." Cheques when you travel in Europe, America, or any part of the world.

Strangers are justified in refusing the favor of accepting your personal cheque, draft or certified cheque in payment for services or purchases.

But in tendering "A. B. A." Cheques you ask no favors, because they are known to be *unquestionably good* for face value, and they *identify* you to persons called upon to accept them.

These cheques solve most of the money problems of travelers; they have *fixed values* in the moneys of the leading countries, and are current at New York or London exchange rates in other countries; they are *much safer* and *handier* to carry than money. A wallet well filled with $100, $50, $20 and $10 cheques will add greatly to the pleasure of your journey.

Write to Bankers' Trust Company, 7 Wall Street, New York, for information as to where you can obtain the cheques in your vicinity, and an interesting booklet, "The Most Convenient Cheque."

20
American Bankers Association
20

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

How to Be a Bandman

Join a band now — learn to [illegible] summer. Organize a brass band yourself. We will give all inside pointers free. Here is a very special opportunity for you to [illegible] Write today — [illegible]s. We will send you [illegible] may need for the [illegible] all postpaid, free.

Lyon & Healy's Great Band Catalog

Everybody interested in brass bands or [illegible] as your name and address [illegible] at the same time, all [illegible] of our special offers on band equipment and also on your choice of any musical instrument for yourself. Let us tell you about the Lyon & Healy New American Professional Cornet — a $30 cornet with $50 quality. [illegible] other instrument [illegible] ment. [illegible] Band Can Make Money, also sent [illegible]

LYON & HEALY 21 70 East Adams Street CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BRIGHTEN UP *Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using*
WASHBURNE'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS.
75,000,000
SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.
Trade O. K. Mark
Made of brass. 3 sizes. In brass boxes of 100.
Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping. NEVER!
All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated booklet free
The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

"Here's the gent I told you of," said he, nodding in the direction of a hawk-faced little man smoking a vile cigar who was sitting with his feet upon a table. "I'll leave you alone," he added, and sauntering across the threshold took his stand in front of the window outside.

"Howdy," remarked Gottlieb, without arising or removing his cigar. "Mike tells me you're charged with obtaining money by false pretenses."

"What!" gasped Toby, grasping the table for support. "False pretenses!"

"Flying a bit of bad paper, eh? Come now, didn't you cash a check on the Cotton Exchange Bank for about six hundred dollars when there was only fifteen on deposit? Don't try to bluff me! I know your sort. Lucky if you don't get ten years."

"Save me!" wailed Toby. "Yes, I did cash a check, come to think of it, for that amount, but I had no idea my account had run so low."

"How much have you got left?" Gottlieb inquired indifferently.

Toby delved into his breeches and with trembling hands produced a roll of bills still of some dignity. Gottlieb stretched forth a claw, took them, placed them in his own pocket, and then swung his feet to the floor with alacrity.

"Come on, my lads!" he exclaimed, "and I'll show you how we get the sinners off! All right, Mike." And he led the way across the street and into the station house, where poor Toby was searched and his pedigree taken down by the clerk. It being at this time only about eleven in the morning we were then conducted to the nearest police court, where we found already in attendance the unfortunate hotelkeeper who had so unwisely honored Toby's check.

"You rascal!" he shouted, struggling to reach my unfortunate friend. "I'll show you how to take other people's money! I'll put you where you belong!" But the officers haled him back and he was forced to restrain himself until he could tell his story to the Judge. This, it so happened, was not to be for several hours, and during this interval Gottlieb mysteriously vanished and as mysteriously reappeared. It was half after three before the Judge announced that he would take up Toby's case.

"Your Honor," began the lawyer for the hotel man, "this fellow here has swindled my client out of six hundred dollars by inducing him to cash a worthless check."

"What have you to say, Mr. Gottlieb?" asked the Judge.

"Confession and avoidance, your Honor!" replied the attorney, with what appeared to me to be the slightest possible drawing down of his right eyelid. "Confession and avoidance! We admit the fact but we deny the imputation of guilt. My client, Mr. Robinson, whose abilities as an actor have no doubt hitherto given your Honor much pleasure, was so careless as to forget the precise amount of his bank account and happened to draw a check for too large an amount. No one was more surprised and horrified at the discovery than he. And his intention is at once to reimburse in full the complainant, whose action in having him arrested seems most extraordinary and reprehensible."

"Your Honor," interrupted the other lawyer, "were there the slighest possibility of any such outcome I should be glad to withdraw the charge; but, as a matter of fact, this person is a worthless, lazy fellow who has not a cent to his name, and who induced my client to cash his check by leading him to believe that he was a man of substance and position. No doubt he has spent the money, and if not we might as well try to squeeze it out of a stone. This fellow is guilty of a crime and he ought to be punished. I ask your Honor to hold him for the grand jury."

"Well, Mr. Gottlieb," remarked the Judge, "tell me, if you can, why I should not lock your client up. Did he not falsely pretend, by requesting the complainant to cash the check, that he had money in the bank to meet it?"

"By no means, your Honor," answered Gottlieb. "The proffering of a check with a request for money thereon is merely asking that the money be advanced on the faith that the bank will honor the demand made upon it. One who cashes a check does so at his own risk. He has a full remedy at civil law, and if the bank refuses to pay no crime has been committed. This is not a case for the penal law."

"That seems reasonable," said the Judge, turning to the other. "How do you

NOTASEME

(Perfect Process)
Silk-Lisle Hosiery
Wears Like "Sixty" — Looks Like "Fifty" — Costs but Twenty-five

WEARS Like "Sixty" because the finest long staple yarns only are used — reinforced with 4-ply cable-twist heels and toes — not treated with cheap, corrosive dyes to produce lustre.

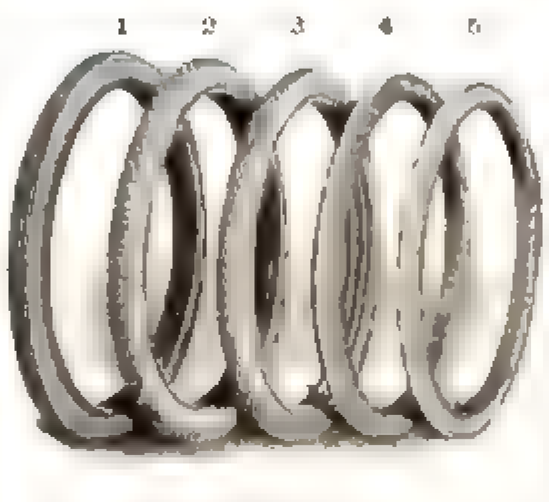
Looks Like "Fifty" because of the exclusive Notaseme Perfect Process which imparts a permanent silky lustre and smoothness, prevents "bagging" and shrinking, and eliminates that unsightly "fuzz" after washing.

Firm and Elastic Rib-Top
Fine Sheer Silk-Lisle Fabric - Lustre and Color Guaranteed Permanent
4-Ply Cable-Twist Toe
3-Ply High Splice
4-Ply Cable-Twist Heel
3-Ply Sole
Sizes Absolutely Accurate and Uniform

Costs but Twenty-five because you pay no jobbers', nor mill-agents' profits. We sell direct to your retailer. All your money goes into quality. If any pair fails to give satisfaction your dealer is authorized to replace it.

If your dealer has none in stock we will send postpaid a pair of Silk-Lisle half-hose, ladies' hose or child's ribbed hose on receipt of 25c, coin or stamps. Pure Silk — with silk-lisle heels, toes and tops — 50c.

NOTASEME HOSIERY CO., Philadelphia



World's Records Smashed on Goodyear Motorcycle Tires

Every world's PROFESSIONAL record from 1 to 92 miles was lowered on Goodyear Blue Streak Racing Tires. In 60 minutes De Rosier covered 83 miles 135 yards as against his own previous world's record of 79[illegible] miles, made under same conditions but on **tires of another make.**

Every AMATEUR record from 1 to 20 miles was lowered by Don Johns, who covered 20 miles in 14 minutes and 23 3-5 seconds on a machine likewise equipped with Goodyear Blue Streak Racing Tires.

Five Great Motorcycle Tires. A tire for every road condition — each as perfect for its purpose as the record-breaking *Blue Streak* Racing Tires.

In Goodyear Motorcycle Tires [illegible] est tire builders have [illegible] knowledge gained [illegible] twelve years' experience in the perfection of the now famous Goodyear **No-Rim-Cut** [illegible]

The [illegible] ter, livelier rubber — stronger, more pliable fabric [illegible] other motorcycle tires of same rated measurement. They wear longer — are less liable to puncture because of greater toughness and strength. No other [illegible] with such a thick tread as found on the Goodyear.

We [illegible] our treads with all others on an **endurance** [illegible]. If ours doesn't **last longest,** [illegible] the market.

Trouble-proof Tires

Goodyear Motorcycle Tires are built up by our own exclusive process — a process that insures absolute [illegible] throughout. This [illegible] cavities and the weak spot to which 90% of blow-outs and all other tire troubles can be traced.

Tires fit all standard rims. The tire bead is molded and cured on exact duplicate of your rim. When cured and inflated the tire clings to the rim clinch in a vise-like grip that makes "creeping" or loosening an impossibility.

[illegible] all the leading motorcycle manufacturers are [illegible] their machines with Goodyear Motorcycle Tires.

Specify One of These

1 — Goodyear Corrugated Tread Tires — For the average [illegible]

2 — Goodyear Studded Tread Tires — For mud, sand, snow and ice travel. The great endurance run tire. Conical shape of studs and distance apart keeps treads clean.

3 — Goodyear Non-Skid Tires — For city pavements. Adopted by Motorcycle Department Chicago Police.

4 and 5 — Goodyear Blue Streak Racing Tires — Hold all world's records. One tire for dirt tracks, another for cement or board. Unequaled strength and resiliency attained by laying parallel, on an angle, all threads in fabric. No unyielding cross threads.

Send for the "Tires of Old War Horse"

One of the most interesting booklets ever written about tires. Grips interest to the end.

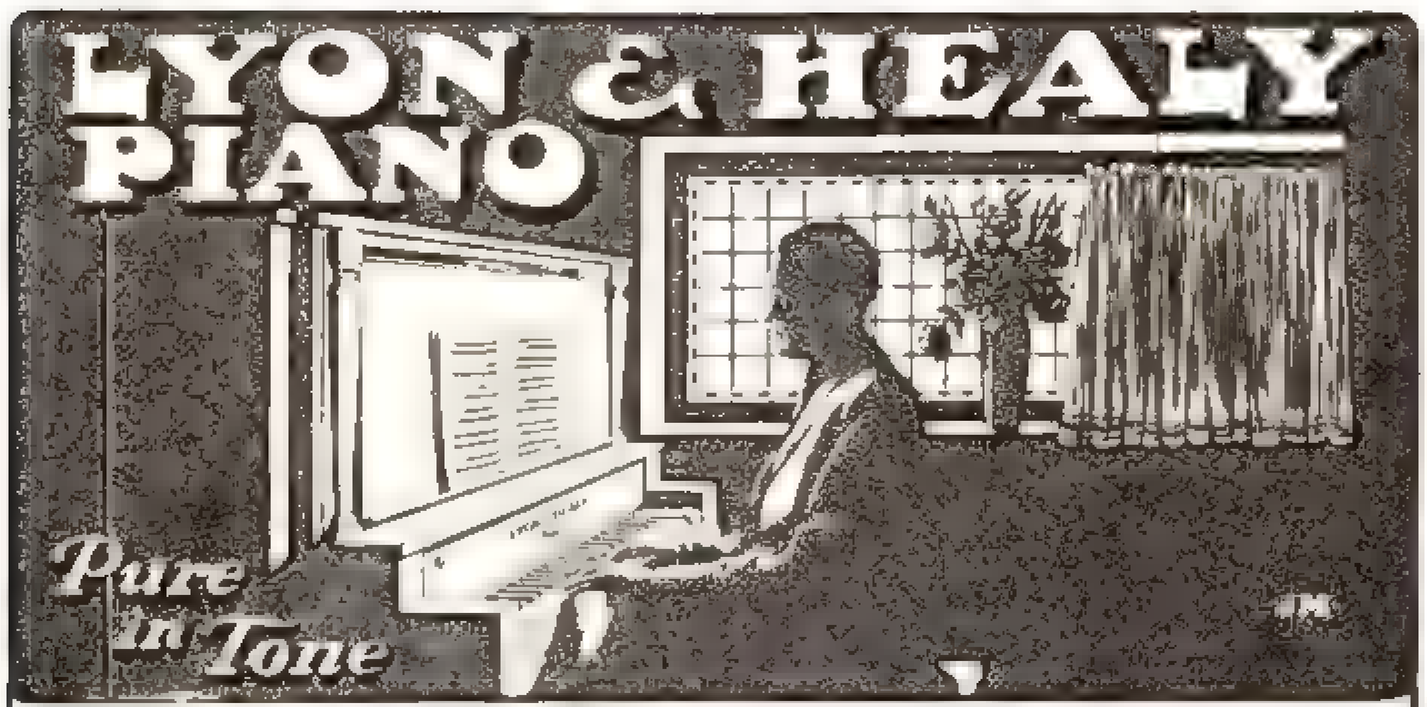
Also safeguards you against all tire losses.

Write on postal or letter, "Send 'Tires of Old War Horse'" and mail tonight with address. The book will be yours by return mail.

GOODYEAR Motorcycle Tires

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, School St., Akron, O.

Branches and Agencies in 103 of the Principal Cities (342) We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires



IT is usually the labor of years to get a few representatives for a piano, because piano dealers cannot be talked into changing their lines. They have connections running back in many cases almost a lifetime. So when the New Scale Lyon & Healy Piano was placed on the market it was said that if it were taken on by forty or fifty dealers in two years it would be doing very well. But 238 dealers, which is to say

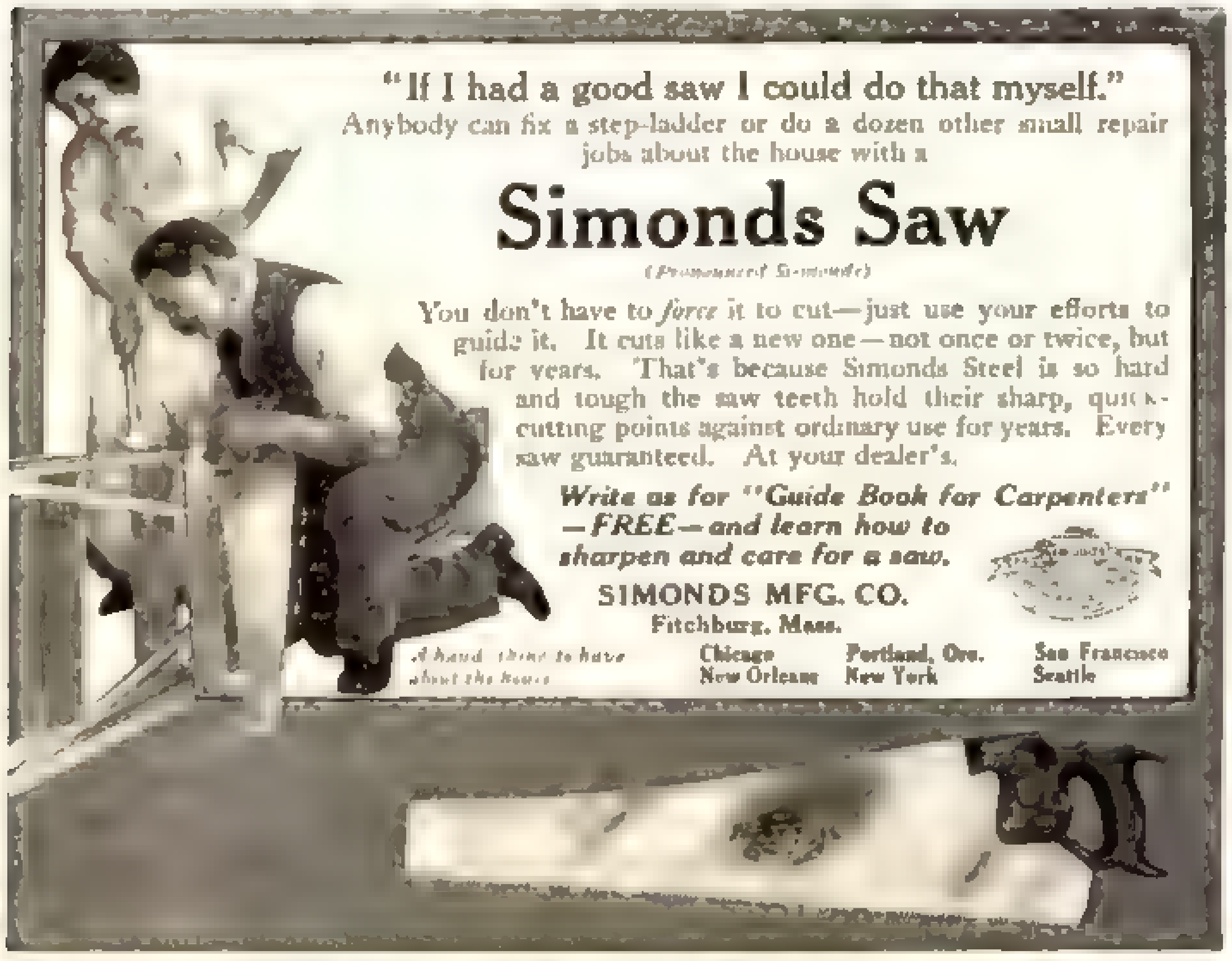
238 Judges of Pianos

secured the agency in less than two years. Nothing approaching this record has ever been made in the history of the piano trade. Two hundred and thirty-eight dealers, in two hundred and thirty-eight cities and towns, when one-fifth that number would have been considered a success!

Here's the Reason

The Lyon & Healy Piano is *pure in tone*; it bears a *world-known name*; and it is sold *from $[illegible] up*. There is nothing like it. Be sure to see it and hear it before deciding. Beautiful analytical catalog free. Write today.

Lyon & Healy
PIANO MAKERS
27 to 42 E. Adams Street, Chicago
Agencies in Germany and Russia


"If I had a good saw I could do that myself."
Anybody can fix a step-ladder or do a dozen other small repair jobs about the house with a

Simonds Saw
(Pronounced Si-monds)

You don't have to *force* it to cut—just use your efforts to guide it. It cuts like a new one—not once or twice, but for years. That's because Simonds Steel is so hard and tough the saw teeth hold their sharp, quick-cutting points against ordinary use for years. Every saw guaranteed. At your dealer's.

Write us for "Guide Book for Carpenters"—FREE—and learn how to sharpen and care for a saw.

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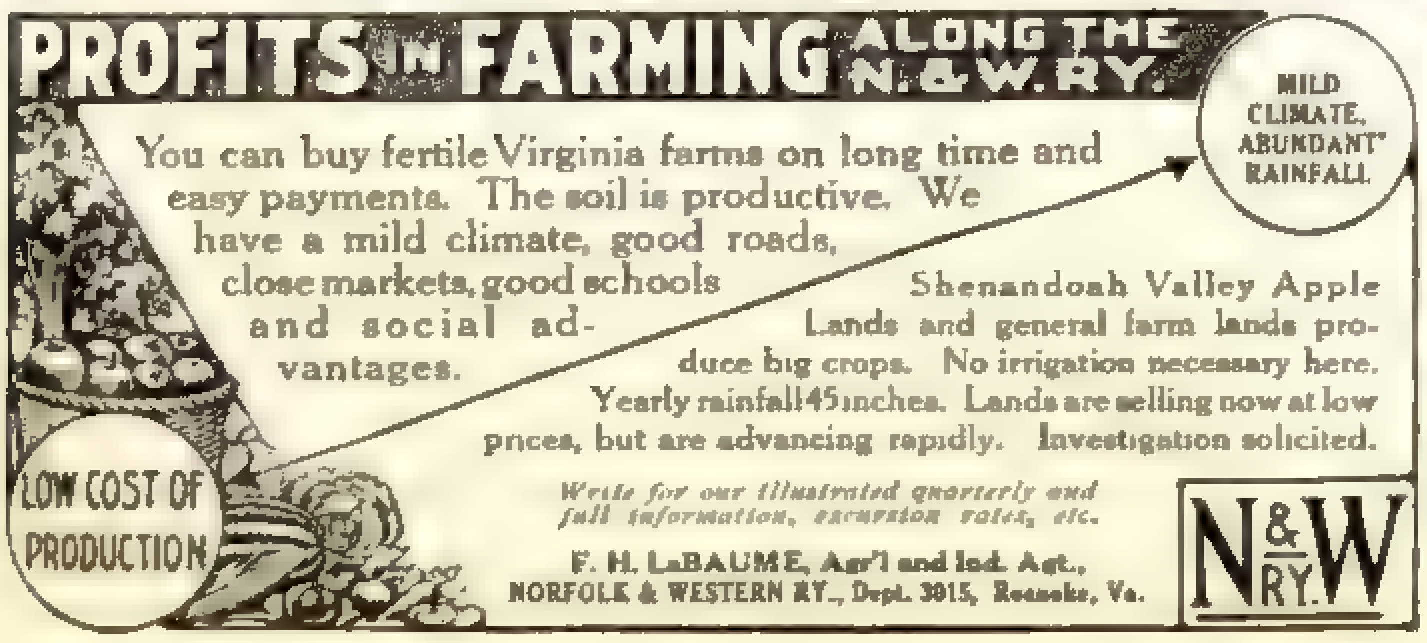
Chicago, New Orleans, Portland, Ore., New York, San Francisco, Seattle

A handy thing to have about the house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LOW COST OF PRODUCTION
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You can buy fertile Virginia farms on long time and easy payments. The soil is productive. We have a mild climate, good roads, close markets, good schools and social advantages.

Shenandoah Valley Apple Lands and general farm lands produce big crops. No irrigation necessary here. Yearly rainfall 45 inches. Lands are selling now at low prices, but are advancing rapidly. Investigation solicited.

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F. H. LaBAUME, Agr'l and Ind. Agt.,
NORFOLK & WESTERN RY., Dept. 3015, Roanoke, Va.

make this out a crime? What false pretense is there in merely inviting another to cash a check?"

"Why," answered the attorney, "if I ask you to cash a check for me do I not represent that I have a right to draw upon the bank for the amount set forth? If not, no one would ever cash a check. The innocent person who advances the money has the right to assume that the borrower is not offering him a bad check. There is a tacit representation that the check is good or that the maker has funds in the bank to meet it."

"True—true," nodded his Honor. "There is something in what you say. What answer can you make to that, Brother Gottlieb?"

"I have a hundred good arguments," replied the lawyer in a low tone. Then he added briskly: "But the intent, your Honor! There can be no crime without a wrongful intent; and how can there have been any such when my client honestly believed that he had the money in the bank to meet the check?"

"But," cried the other, "he knew very well he had not!"

"What evidence have you to that effect?" queried Gottlieb. "You say so, to be sure, but I, on the contrary, assert that he was perfectly honest in the matter. Now there is absolutely nothing in this case to prove that he had any guilty knowledge to the effect that his account was too low to meet the draft in question. You have proven no *scienter* whatever."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Judge. "That is it. You have shown no *scienter*."

"Exactly!" cried Gottlieb. "No *scienter* at all."

"But how in the world could I have proved a *scienter?*" wrathfully demanded the lawyer. "I can't pry open the prisoner's skull and exhibit his evil intent."

"No," replied his Honor; "but you could have shown that he must have known that he had only a few dollars in the bank, by showing that he had previously tried to cash a similar check and that it had been returned. In any event, my own mind is clear on the subject. You have shown no *scienter*. The prisoner is discharged."

Poor Toby was so overcome by his unexpected release that he began to stammer out incoherent expressions of gratitude to the Judge, such as "Oh, thank you, your Honor! God bless your Honor! Thank you, your Honor! I am an innocent man, your Honor!" until Gottlieb, grasping him by the arm, dragged him away from the rail and pushed him into the street. The complainant and his attorney indignantly followed us, the former loudly deploring the way modern justice was administered. Once outside, Gottlieb shook hands with Toby and told him if he were ever in trouble again to look him up without fail. Toby promised gratefully to do so and the lawyer was about to leave us and enter his office when it occurred to me that he still had my friend's roll of bills.

"But how about the roll of bills?" I protested. "You certainly do not intend to keep all of that!"

"Certainly—that is my fee," he retorted calmly; "and small enough it is too!"

"How much was there in that roll, Toby?" I asked.

"About five hundred dollars," answered my friend. "But let him keep it, by all means!"

"Why," I exclaimed, "he has done nothing to earn such a fee. He merely got up and said that you had no *scienter*—whatever that is. It is not worth more than ten dollars!"

"Ten dollars!" shouted Gottlieb. "Ten dollars! Why, *scienter* is one of the most complicated and technical defenses known to the law. Ten dollars! *Scienter* is worth a thousand! Your rascally friend got his money for nothing, didn't he? He's lucky to be outside the bars—for if I ever saw a guilty man he's one! Get along, both of you, or I'll call an officer!"

And with that Gottlieb slipped inside his office and banged the door.

"Come along, Quib!" urged Toby; "there's a great deal of truth in what he says. I don't begrudge it to him. It was well worth it to me."

"Five hundred dollars just for *scienter*. If that is the law, then I'll turn lawyer," said I.

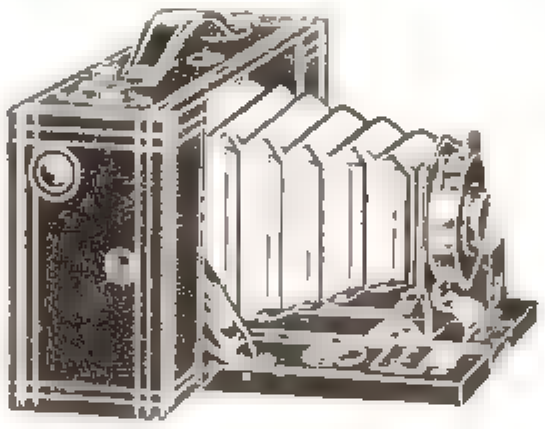
And with that idea growing more firmly each moment in my mind I returned to the boarding house with my friend.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BROWNIES

Made in the Kodak factories under Kodak superintendence by Kodak workmen. Habit with these people means honest workmanship. That's why the Brownie, a low priced camera, has been and is a success.

Take for instance:



The No. 2 Folding Pocket Brownie

A [illegible] practical little camera [illegible] pictures [illegible] [illegible] ever [illegible] inexpensive [illegible] thoroughly good work. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges. Capacity 6 exposures without reloading. [illegible] Meniscus Achromatic lens, Pocket Automatic shutter [illegible] exposures, two tripod sockets, [illegible] and reversible finder. [illegible] made in every detail. Covered with a durable imitation leather, and has full nickeled fittings.

Price, $5.00

Other Brownies $1.00 to $1[illegible].00.

[illegible]

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Yellowstone Park

Ask About Our First-Class, Escorted, All-Expense Tours

Leaving Chicago every Saturday during the season over the *Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line*, you have two weeks of care-free travel—an experienced guide manages all details.

Six full days in the park give plenty of time to see everything. Stopovers at principal points of interest en route.

Similar Tours to California, the North Pacific Coast, Colorado, Utah, Alaska and the Canadian Rockies allow a more extensive vacation trip under the same delightful conditions.

For dates, itineraries and all information, address

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148 S. [illegible] Street, [illegible], Ill.

The broiling sizzling sun of summer's hottest day cannot wilt a

Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collar

As fresh looking when you quit work at night, as when you start in the morning. Cool and flexible. Launder with a damp cloth.

The same collar will serve for work or play day after day. LITHOLIN is the same collar you have always worn—only waterproofed.

Collars 25c each Cuffs 50c a pair

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ARCADIA MIXTURE

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a [illegible]

[illegible] ARCADIA

[illegible] trying to find a [illegible] will find their ideal [illegible]

If you have never had [illegible] ARCADIA

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample

THE SURBRUG CO., 81 Dey Street, New York

[illegible]

SLIP A PAIR OF Togards

over your toes, underneath your stockings, and your hosiery worries are at an end.

You can wear the thinnest and sheerest [illegible] with perfect confidence [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] sealed, transparent [illegible] **Togard** trade-mark

Lisle, 10 cents per pair; $1.00 per dozen pairs
Silk, 25 cents per pair $2.75 per dozen pairs

Sold by Dealers in Men's and Women's [illegible] all over the Globe

[illegible] Togards, [illegible]

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everything needed by Equestrians from "Saddle to Spur"
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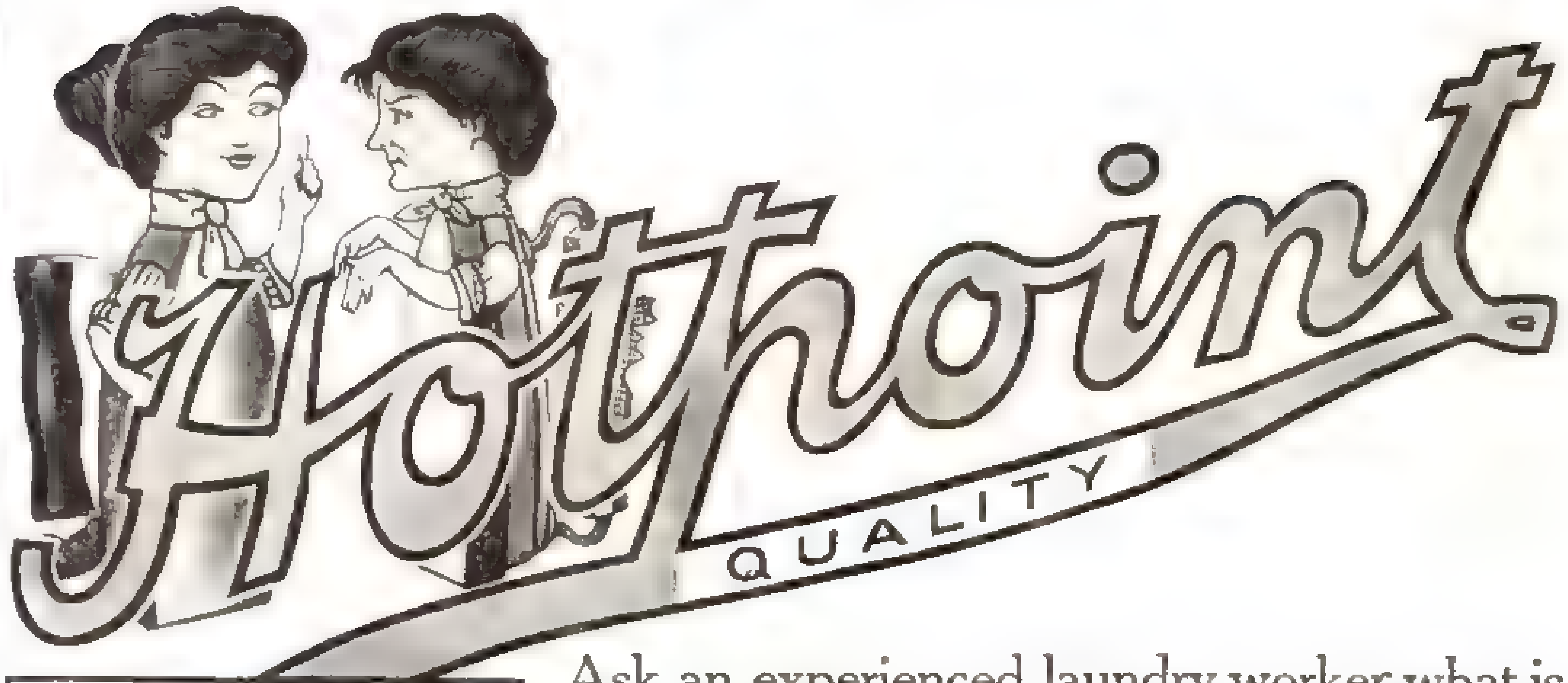
Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co. Miamisburg, Ohio



Miss [illegible] Iron—"If there is one feature about me that Mistress appreciates more than any other, it is the Hotpoint. She is continually talking about its advantages."

Miss Sad Iron—"Well, you should consider yourself blest. All I hear from morn 'til night is about my point getting cold so quick and I can't help it because the damp clothes cool it off quickly."

Ask an experienced laundry worker what is the greatest weakness in the ordinary iron—what improvement would add most to its efficiency. Any laundress will immediately answer that the fact that the point of the iron cools down quickly, is the greatest handicap. This happens because the iron is shoved into the cold, damp goods.

In the Hotpoint Electric Iron the element is so arranged that more heat flows into the point. When the iron is not in use the point is hotter than any part of the working face. When the iron is put into use, this excessive heat is absorbed by the extra coolness and moisture with which the point of the iron comes in contact. The result is that the point is always at working temperature.

Is it a pleasure to fuss with a holder or other protection for your hands when ironing? Of course not. With the Hotpoint Iron it is never necessary to protect the hand, no matter how long the iron is in service. The heavy asbestos pad, under the cover of the iron, holds the heat down in the working face, where it is wanted, and not only keeps the top cool, but increases the ironing efficiency.

Why lift a six pound weight several inches every two or three minutes whenever you are ironing? That is exactly what you are doing with any ordinary iron. The Hotpoint has the stand permanently attached to the back, and is balanced so nicely that it requires almost no effort to tip it up on its stand.

These three features—the hot point—the cool top and handle—the attached stand—make ironing a pleasure where the Hotpoint is used.

Hotpoint Iron ☐ Utility ☐
El Tosto ☐ El Stovo ☐
El Boilo ☐ El Perco ☐

If your dealer does not carry Hotpoint products, check the item you desire and enclose with purchase price, after having signed your name and address on the lines below. We will then ship article, express prepaid.

Name Street
City State

Be sure to state voltage of your current. Mail order to nearest office

Some of the GUARANTEED Hotpoint Appliances

¶ Electric appliances will add greatly to your summer joys. ¶

Household Iron the iron that will do all the household ironing—do it quicker, easier, better and cheaper than any other method. 3 pound is [illegible] for sleeves, etc.; 5 pound will do all ordinary work; 6 pound does the heaviest work as well as the light pieces. It is the most popular size. All sizes $5.00

Utility the handy little outfit—iron, stove and curling tong heater, all in one—with it you can do light ironing—boil two or three cups of water quickly—and heat the curling tongs without using extra current. $6.00

El Tosto —the sturdy little electric toaster cheers the morning meal. Makes delicious golden brown toast right on the table. Keeps the coffee hot, too. $4.00. Attaches to any light socket

El Stovo —an attractive electric disc stove makes summer cooking easier. Handsomely finished in nickel—so handy for little spreads—fine for the chafing dish or use on the veranda. $5.00.

El Boilo —a neat little immersion heater heats liquids hot in a hurry. Always ready. $3.00.

El Perco the attractive electric percolator. Brews delicious coffee without boiling—right on the table. Made of heavy copper—two sizes, 5 and 7 cup—finished in either nickel or burnished copper. $7.50 and $8.00

Your dealer—if he is a live one—will show you the comforts and economies of these members of the Hotpoint family—they are all absolutely guaranteed for two years

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¶ The HOTPOINT—just the right shape and heat to get into the corners and ruffles of milady's furbelows—to iron properly the dainty things as well as the more prosaic articles of household wear.

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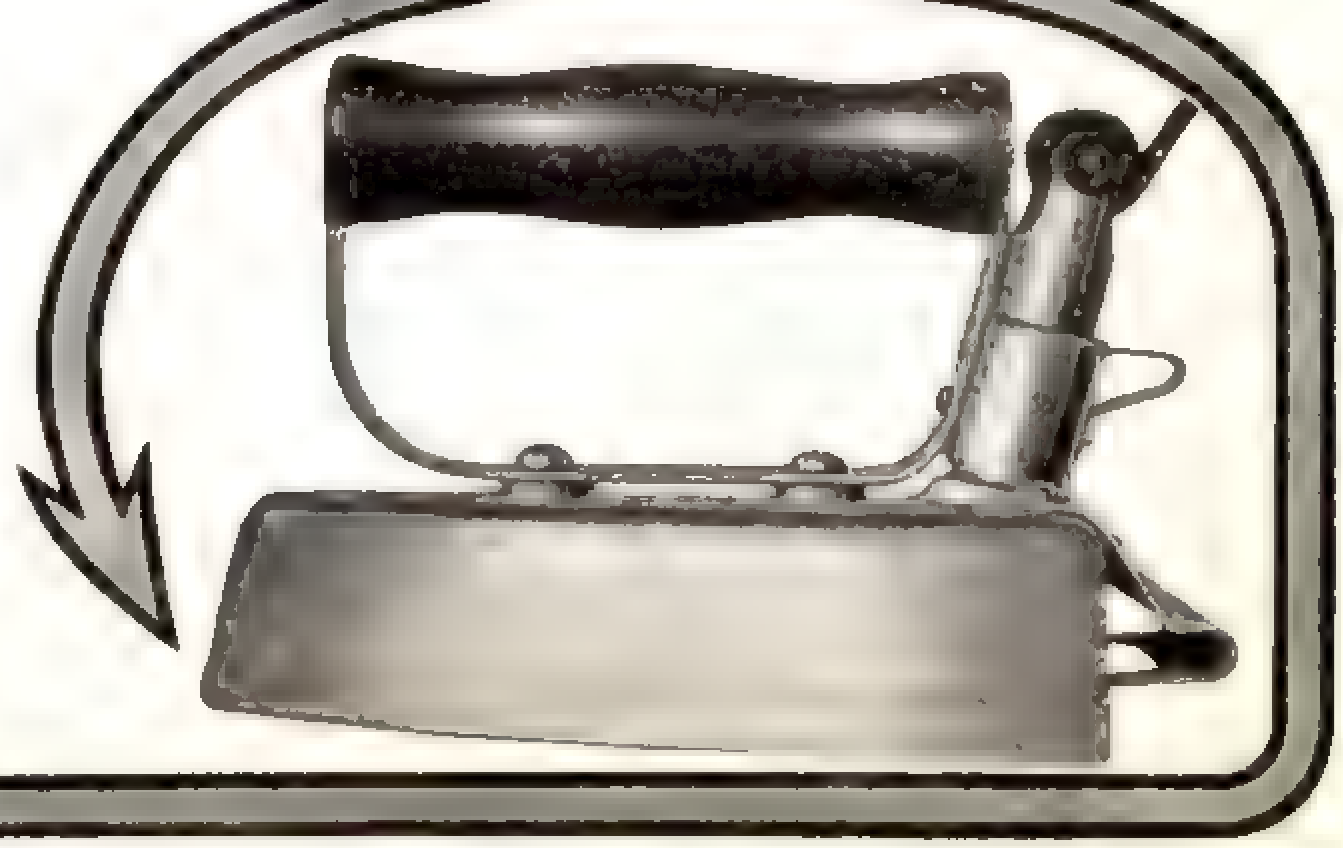
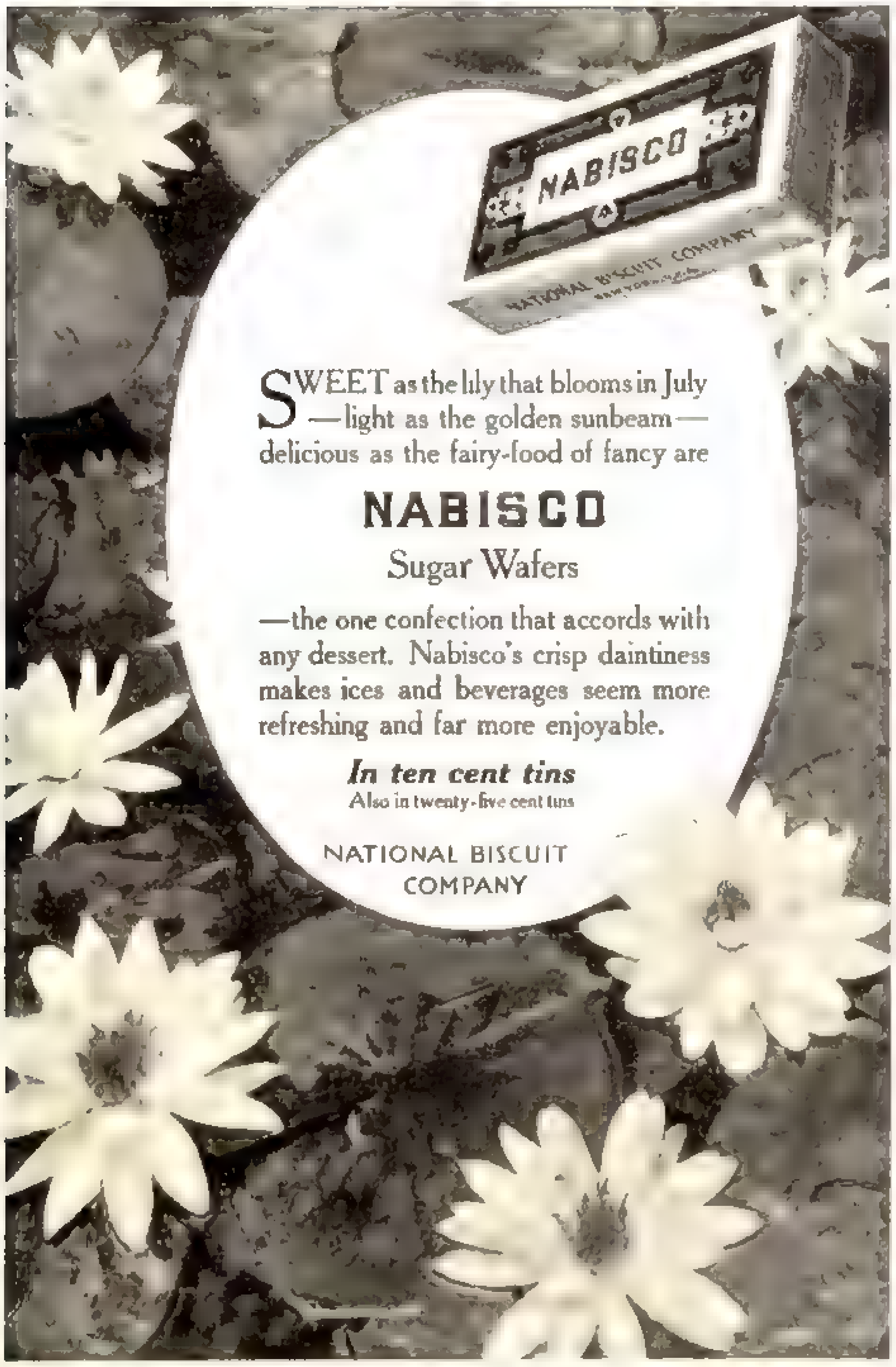
Chicago Office and Factory, 560 Washington Blvd
New York Office, 136 Liberty St





SWEET as the lily that blooms in July—light as the golden sunbeam—delicious as the fairy-food of fancy are

NABISCO

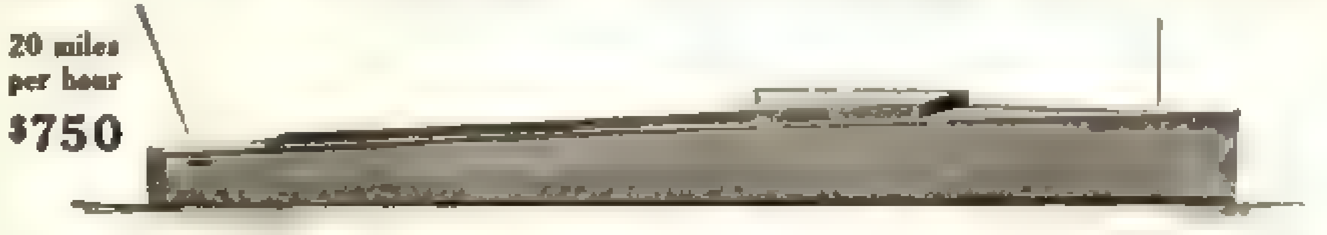
Sugar Wafers

—the one confection that accords with any dessert. Nabisco's crisp daintiness makes ices and beverages seem more refreshing and far more enjoyable.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



20 miles per hour

$750

20-foot mahogany-trimmed speed canoes, $250 and up. Ready to run. Early delivery. Life guarantee on motors. Write for catalog.

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ORIGINAL—GENUINE Delicious, Invigorating

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages. Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

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Look for the name PARIS *on every Garter*

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25¢ and 50¢

The Choice of the Tennis Court

THE CASSANDRA OF THE KEYS

(Continued from Page 9)

Poole's office and was communicated thence to Moberly, the real-estate agent, who hurried out into the sun-baked streets to the Business Men's Club, where a meeting to consider advertising the city was just over. Garfunkel and Burm received the word standing in front of the Panama Hat and South America Importing Company. A public carriage-driver whipped up his horse. A negro waiter ran out of a restaurant, the doorway of which breathed Spanish spices, and ran along in front of the commission and auction houses spreading the significant words: "Mr. Rowe has done found it!" All the boats in the fishing fleet were away and only the tug from the naval station was bumping the piles when Pindar made a landing; but the crowd on the fishwharf, by that time, were complaining to each other about pushing and shoving.

When Pindar's sail had dropped, however, all could see the old man. His boots, his trousers and his sleeves were covered with red mud.

"There ain't any red dirt in the keys," whispered Barker, the chief of police, "except at Barracouta!" His detective instinct infected all that stood near him and within an hour the clew had traveled two miles, to the workmen in the San Bernardino Cigar Factory, Number 187.J, District of Florida.

At the moment, however, the red mud was almost forgotten because it was seen that the "Hermit of Spongecake" stood in the stern of his boat with his foot on an iron-bound box, his derby hat perched far back on his head, his spectacles far forward on his nose, an inscrutable expression in his cruel, half-squinted eyes, and a vicious-looking shotgun slung across the crook of his arm.

Barker, in his function as preserver of order, waved back the gaping, multicolored, cosmopolitan crowd with a brave show. Then he turned toward Pindar.

"Have you got somethin'—somethin' valuable?" he asked timidly.

"No!" Pindar replied, with a roar that caused Barker to bite his own tongue. The crowd laughed ironically.

"No," said Pindar, addressing them defiantly. "I've got a length of anchor-chain in this box. And when you find out what I say is true remember I told you so. Now where's the agent for the Southeastern Dispatch Company. Somebody go get him!"

"Want a hand with the box?" asked Barker.

"Yes."

Two men and the police chief jumped on board. They moved the chest. It gave forth a metallic shuffling noise. "Stand back there!" bellowed Pindar to the onlookers as the straining helpers lifted the great weight to the wharf. The old man climbed up after it. He sat on its cover. He patted the stock of the gun and waited for the express agent to worm his way through the crowd.

"When's the next boat to Tampa?" inquired Pindar.

"Monday, Mr. Rowe."

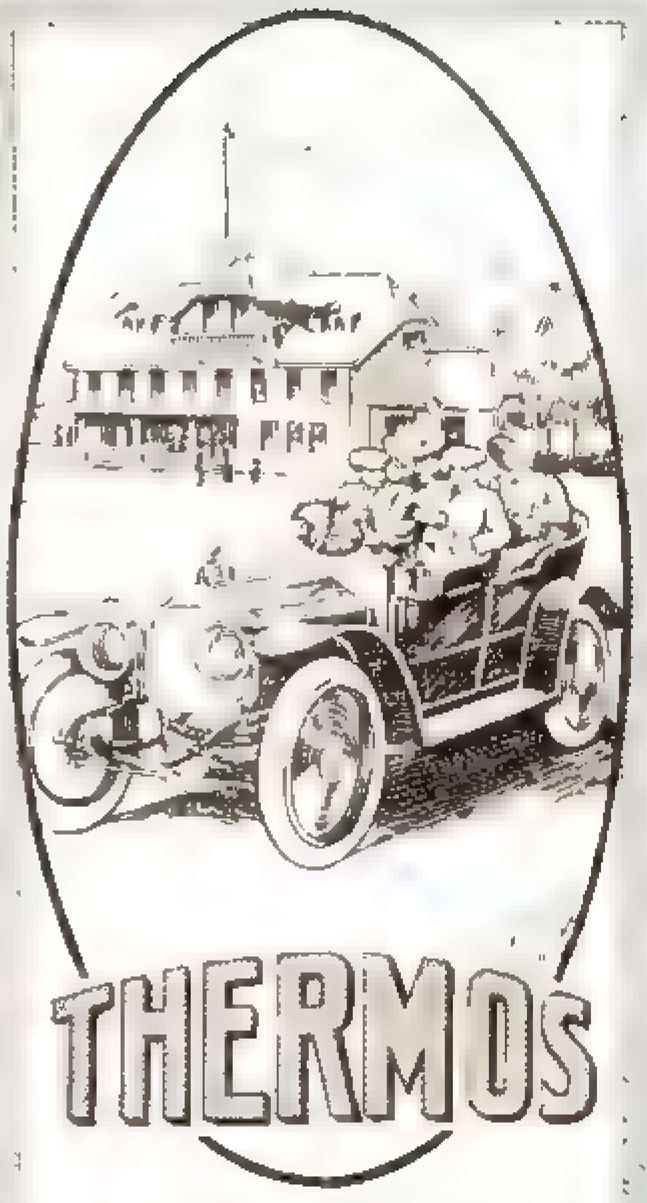
"I could have another load by then. Is the liability of your company limited?"

"Yes, sir, at this office."

"Too bad!" said Pindar. "Boys, help me to get this worthless box aboard again."

The mob watched the chest being returned to the boat's cockpit with staring, butterplate eyes. Whispering began. Pindar cast loose from the wharf, jammed his tiller with his foot and his sloop careened in the breeze. The whisperings among the crowd grew louder; but old Rowe, riding off, still standing in the stern, fixed his squinted, forbidding stare at the line where the green waters of the foreground met the blue beyond and never turned. He was going back to Spongecake.

The truth was that he was tired; the days when he could sit at a wheel forty-eight hours and still be able to see the north star out of the corner of his eye had gone. He realized that age was tightening its hold; but he thought of Marcella, the authoress, and smiled; he thought of the city they called "The Pride of the East Coast" and laughed. When his craft swung up to her own home pier beneath the moonlight, the white coral sandbank and the cocoanut palms that leaned toward



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For lunch at the office or factory, for sick room or nursery, it is ideal.

Pint Thermos Bottles	. .	$1.00 up
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Thermos is sold at all first-class stores, and a [illegible] illustrated 48-page Booklet giving the many known uses and prices of Thermos.

It is FREE—write NOW.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO
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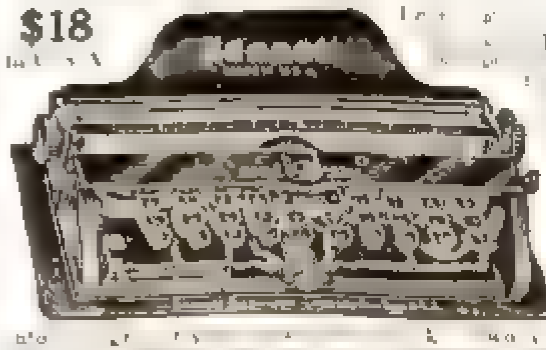
USE THIS PORTABLE TYPEWRITER 10 days FREE **$18**



$18

[illegible] practical [illegible] A standard keyboard typewriter of 84 characters [illegible]

[illegible] Bennett [illegible] $18 [illegible] Write [illegible]

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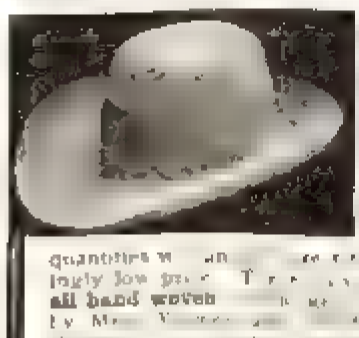

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Hand Woven
PANAMA
Rare Bargain
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$1

By [illegible] large quantities [illegible] low price. These hats are warranted genuine all hand woven [illegible] Small medium and large brims [illegible] **$1.00.** [illegible]

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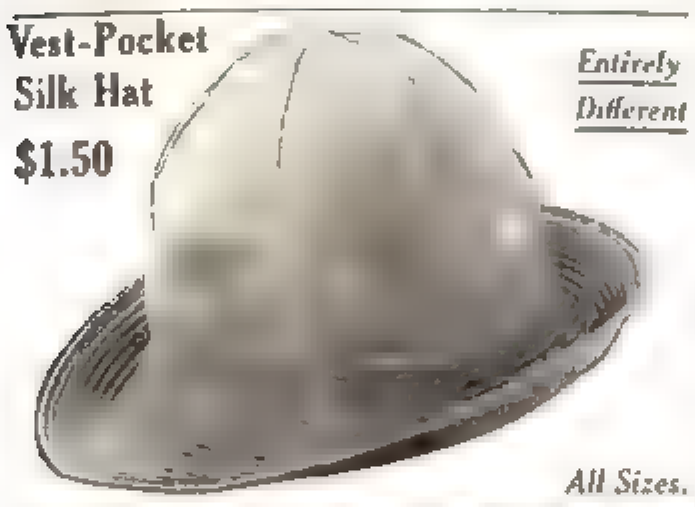

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Mr. Esenwein

[illegible] Short Story [illegible] J. Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
69 Besse Place Springfield, Mass.

each other with confidential whisperings, he tied her to one of the wormeaten piles and, standing on the planks, he figured on his knotted fingers how long it would take the town to work itself into action and at what hour he could expect to sight the first boatload of adventurers.

To estimate accurately such an expectancy is difficult. The human equation is uncertain. Pindar made a mistake; and, furthermore, he overslept.

The sun was shining with all its tropic heat on the piazza of his shanty when he first turned over in his bunk. A huge fly buzzed noisily within, but there was a louder commotion without—the sounds of marine engines. Pindar smiled. Some of these engines barked, some coughed, some grunted, some panted, some throbbed. The wind from the channel blew a strong odor of gasoline through the camp door; with it came the whirring of propellers, shouts, warnings, wheezy toots, the basso profundo of a tug horn, the squeak of rope, the clank of chains.

The old man put his feet on the floor; and, as usual, to show any strong but restrained emotion, he whistled The Last Rose of Summer, dropping or ascending to a new key at the convenience of his lips and lungs. He teased himself with anticipation. He did not even look out the door. He shaved himself with deliberation. It was nearly noon! When at last he went outside a sight met his eyes the like of which Spongecake Key or any other of these lonely upcoast keys, or their lonesome inhabitants, had never seen.

Motor craft of fifty varieties were in the smooth, mirror-surfaced waters of the channel between Pindar's landing and the jungle-grown Barracouta Key. They were clean and ladylike; they were heavy-set, with dirty white sides; they were covered; they were open; they were painted green; they were varnished; they were large; they were small; they were new, staunch and trig; they were old, leaky and ready to fall apart. Some were at anchor; others drifted. More than half were beached on the edge of the treasure island, where their keels had turned up the peculiar, characteristic red mud. Some of them bristled with shovels and crowbars; others carried across their bows boxes of tonic bottles, capped with a fast-disappearing remnant of ice. One had brought tentpoles and canvas; another carried an iron office safe, whose nickel combination disk flashed in the sunlight.

The passengers in the boats and along Barracouta's swampy shore must have numbered at least five hundred. Pindar pulled down his binoculars, blew on the lenses, polished them and raised the instrument to his eyes.

"Greed is a terrible infliction!" said he.

There was apoplectic Barker, the chief of police, just landing, with a palmleaf under his straw hat to ward off sunstroke; and the minister of the First Independent Baptist Church, with a spade; and a fat, barefooted West Indian negro in a bright red shirt. There was Mrs. Carew, who kept the curio shop and lodging house, with her fourteen-year-old son; there was Briffman, the palsied shipchandler, with red mud on his linen shirt; and ten Cubans of the cigarmaker class, who so crowded a fisherman's power boat that the water swashed over the rail as she swayed in the tide. Garfunkel and Burm, the partners, were both on shore, engaging in some argument with ancient McCue, the plumber, who wore a green sweater. There was a snapping, angry mob looking for paths through the mangrove bushes.

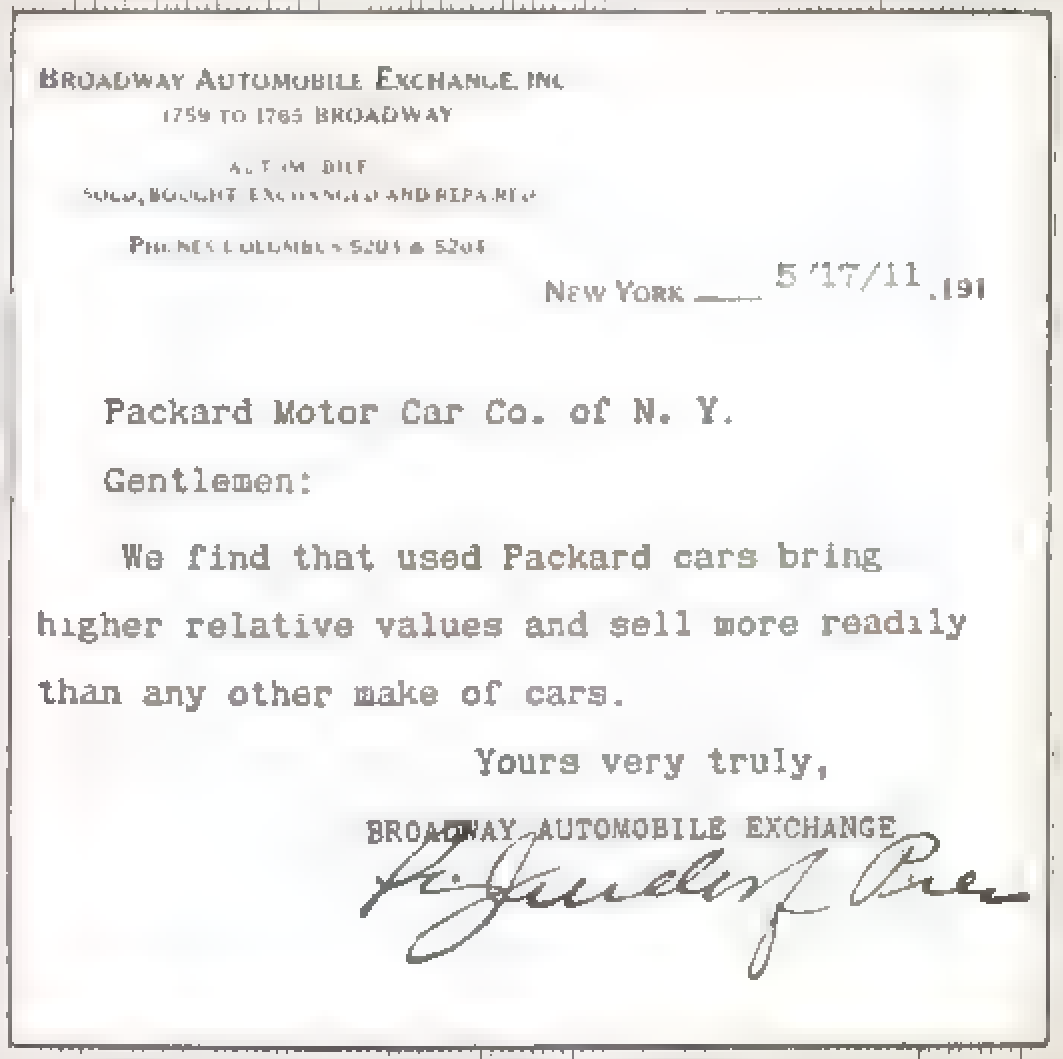
Then old Rowe turned his attention to the ship channel.

It was filled with a parade of the slower sailing craft. There were bright new canvases filled with smooth, purple shadows; torn sails through which spots of brilliant light fell in the midst of dark areas on the water; patched sails, dirty with age and weather; improvised windcatchers made of bagging. Far away one man, who perhaps had broken his rudder, was steering with awkward, frantic thrusts of a long oar. Just in front of him, stranded on a sandbar, was a sloop in which four men were seated; as other boats passed, all four would rise, stand in the stern and bellow. Their shouts came faintly across the calm water.

Pindar looked at his watch. It was half past twelve. "Where in thunder is that author-ess?" he said.

In vain he searched the passes between the southern clumps of little islands; there

The SUPREME VERDICT



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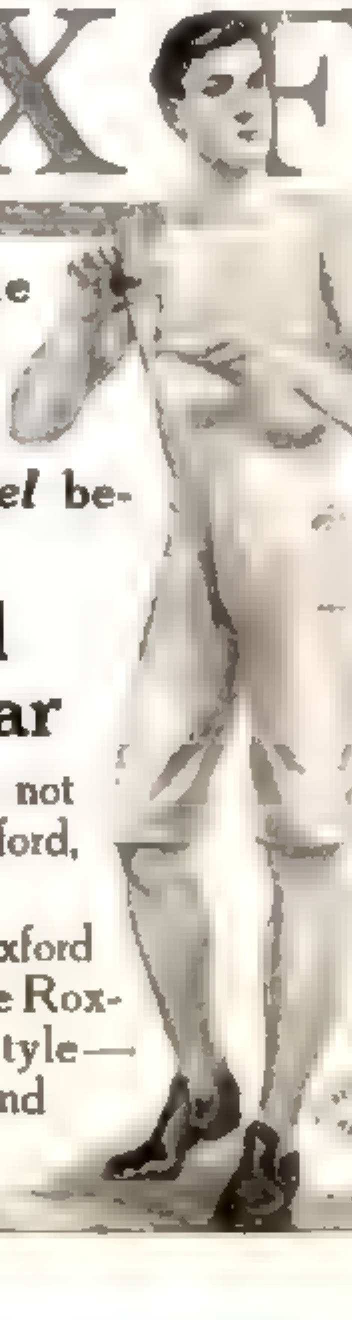

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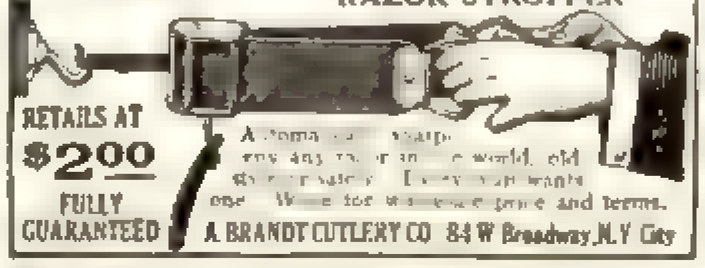

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was no sign of Rawson's launch with the little literary lady. The winding channel was covered with rowboats. Since midnight the breeze had dropped away; the cursing navigators had fared little better than the oarsmen.

Pindar even descried a canoe. It belonged to the principal of the high school. The old man could see the dip and flash of the wet paddle. He could see another figure it looked like the cashier of the bank — pulling at a pair of oars absurdly short. There were handkerchiefs or other pieces of cloth wrapped about the handles

"Blisters!" said Pindar. "Oh, think of all them tender hands! Where's that girl Marcella? Where's the camera? Spongecake is making history! Where is the author-ess?"

Time was slipping by.

"The best story in North America being thrown away!" growled Pindar, pounding his knees. "I made it for her and if she had it she'd knock that Chicago feller flat with it! Where's that ambitious author-ess?"

Not till half an hour later, however, did Rawson's motor boat appear, a white speck coming up from the south.

"Umph!" Pindar groaned after a long look through the glasses. "Just one aboard — and that's not a woman! Oh, look at this sight in front of me and nobody to take a picture or write it down or nothing!"

The boat came nearer; unlike all the rest, it made its way across toward Spongecake. "That ain't Rawson either!" exclaimed Pindar. A thin youth, with stooping shoulders and a shambling, lazy gait, came toward the shanty.

"Great Bear!" said the old man. "It's the boy they call 'Silly Joe.' It's the feeble-minded boy! What you got for me, son?"

"Got a note."

The happy, grinning messenger handed Pindar a little blue envelope on which appeared the single emphatic imprint of a dirty thumb. Pindar smelled the paper. It was perfumed. He opened it.

"'Dear Mr. Rowe,'" he read painstakingly. "'I am so sorry! It was so awfully nice of you to arrange such a very nice opportunity for me. I can never thank you enough for your ingenious idea. It was so full of local color and atmosphere and human interest — and I am sure I would have sold it. I'm so sorry.'

"Umph!" said Pindar. "Signs 'Marcella.' Ain't that dashy writing! And a P. S. — eh? 'P. S. I've given up my career and I'm going to be married tonight. Mr. Rawson and I are going to Havana on the steamer; so I can't come. Thanks, just the same.'"

Pindar looked at the spectacle across the channel and scratched his head.

"Another P. S.," he went on. "What's this? 'Aunt Sarah says that she thinks it very wrong to deceive a whole city, especially as I can't be on hand. The whole place is crazy about Morgan's treasure; but Aunt Sarah says she is going down to the wharf and tell everybody the facts — and, of course, they'll all believe her, because she has such a reputation for being truthful.'"

Pindar coughed. "Umph!" he said, and meditated. "Joe," he said finally, "why didn't you bring that note before?"

The youth grinned.

"Speak up."

"I forgot."

"You were watching all the people trying to get away?"

The boy nodded.

"Did you see Miss Bowcup?"

"Yes, sir," Joe answered, twining his legs. "She was tellin' 'em all that you hadn't found no treasure nor nothin'."

Pindar looked back at the mob on Barracouta Key, threw his derby hat on the ground and laughed with pure boyish delight.

"Nobody believed her?"

"Nobody 'cept me. But that ain't nothin'," said the boy. "I ain't just right."

The old man sat down at the foot of a cocoanut palm and rubbed his back like an overjoyed cat.

"Here," said he finally; "take this note over to Barracouta and find the chief of police, and give it to him. Tell him I said there was an anchor chain in that box."

"Yes," said Joe. "But, mister, I forgot to tell you — Miss Bowcup give me a cigar to give you. But, mister — I done smoked it."

Pindar looked at the boy over his spectacles. "God bless you, son!" said he.

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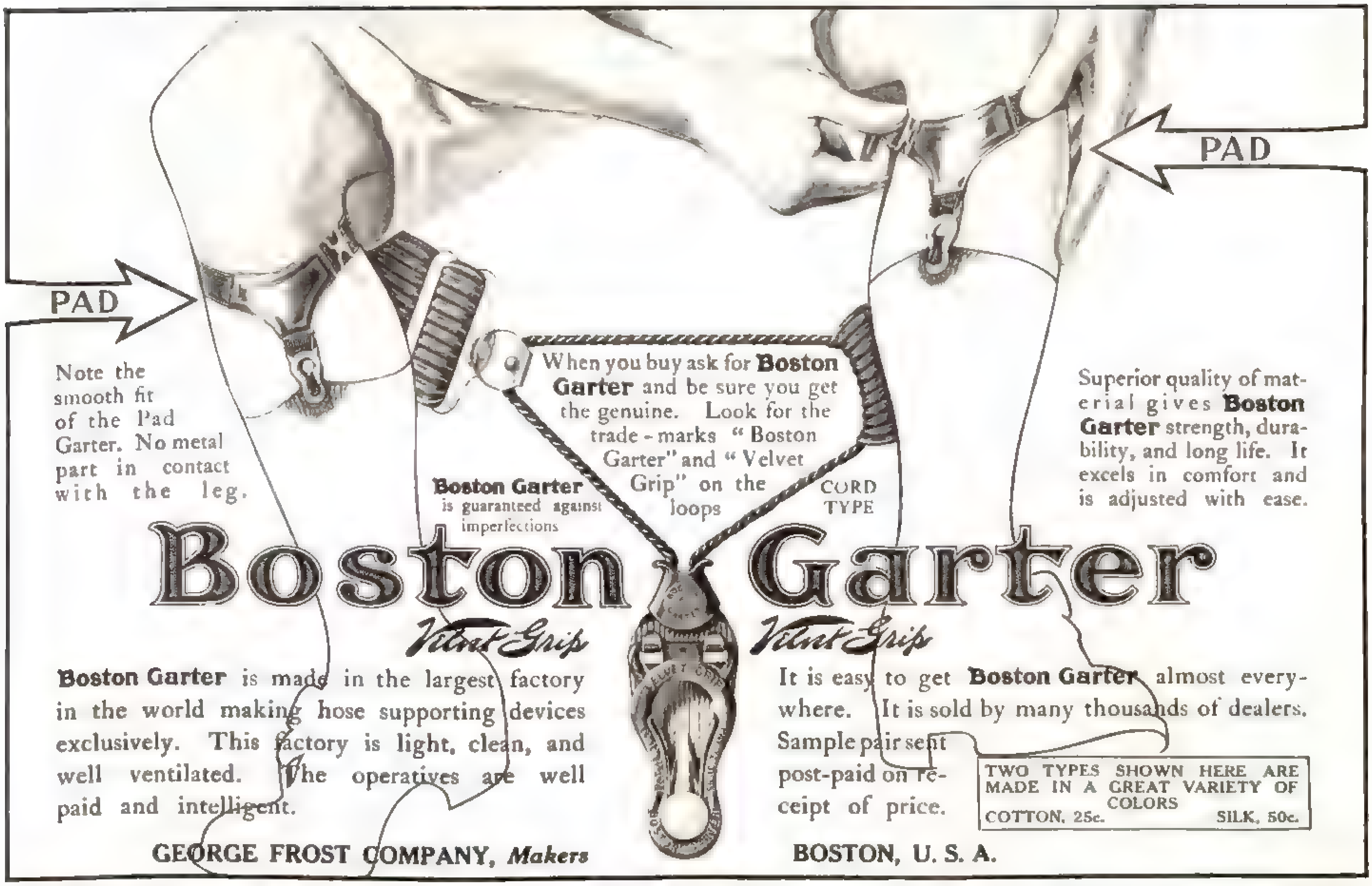

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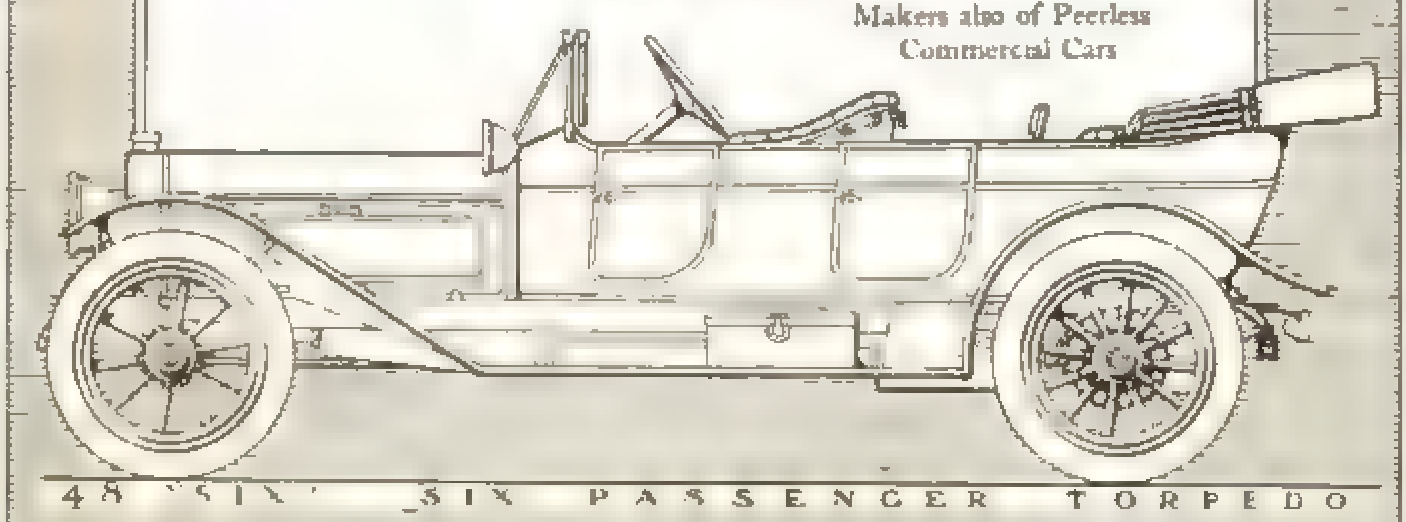

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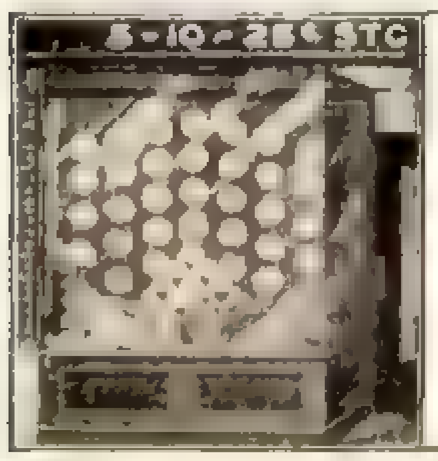

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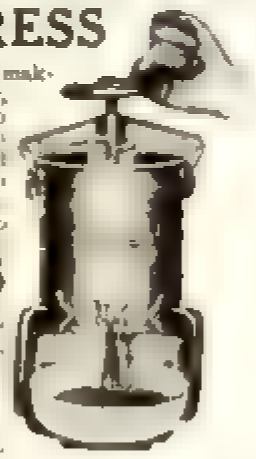

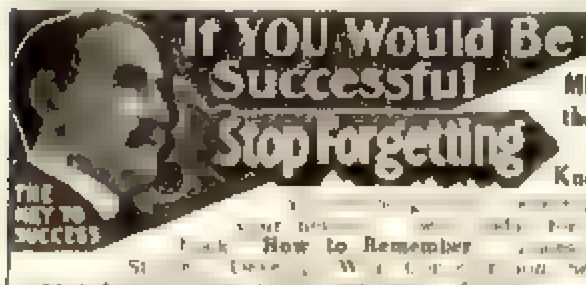

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OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

(Continued from Page 11)

since it throws so much light on the Canadian method of dealing with this serious problem. Among other things in the judge's comprehensive statement he says: "Boot and shoe manufacturers requiring any of these machines can obtain them only on condition of signing contracts, by the terms of which they are forced to buy all or practically all of their other machinery and a large part of their supplies from the company.

"The result is that manufacturers of boots and shoes throughout all Canada are absolutely tied down to the company, compelled to buy the company's machines, parts and supplies, as provided in their contracts, at the company's own prices; and are deprived of the benefits of all competition."

The court then states that the company is the Canadian representative of the United Shoe Machinery Company of Boston—in fact, "is owned or controlled" by the American corporation; and that the latter does in the United States what the Canadian concern is doing in Canada. Then the court continues:

"The said combine affects prices as follows . . . It prevents them"—the manufacturers—"from buying machinery that would do the same or better work from other manufacturers or dealers, and in like manner restricts their purchase of supplies.

"It thus places them at the mercy of the company as regards prices for machinery and supplies, increases the cost of their machinery and supplies, and thus increases the cost of the manufactured articles boots and shoes.

"By thus increasing the cost of manufacture, the price to the consumer is thereby increased on all the principal lines of boots and shoes.

"The company is the holder of patents under the patent act and has made use of the exclusive rights and privileges, which as such holder it controls, so as to restrain and injure trade or commerce as aforesaid."

The judge named a representative of the shoe machinery company in the city of Montreal, with whom he thinks the Minister of Labor should communicate. The date of this order of the judge was February 25th of the present year. The Minister of Labor asked the applicants for this investigation to recommend a person as their member of the board, which they did.

He also asked the representative of the shoe machinery company to recommend its member of the board, which he was at first unwilling to do, but finally did "without prejudice." These two agreed upon a judge living in Montreal as the third member of the board and the board's proceedings were about to begin.

Meantime the shoe machinery company sought delay, but—and this is tremendously important—such legal expedients are few and difficult in Canada as compared with the United States; for in Canada, as in England, a law passed by Parliament is the law.

In Canada, generally speaking, there are no such things as statutes infringing on "constitutional questions" in our American understanding of that term. In Canada, as in England, the statute is the statute and the law is the law—and that is all there is to it. It almost may be said that there are no "constitutional limitations" of the kind we have in the United States. So the Canadian lawyer has a good deal harder time and must cudgel his brains more severely than his American brother at the bar in order to prevent substantial justice.

The shoe company's Canadian lawyers, however, succeeded in getting a delay. It appears that they insisted on the right of the shoe company to take an appeal from the order of the judge who directed this investigation to the Court of Appeals at Quebec. So the shoe company's lawyers in Montreal finally got an injunction to prevent the board from going on with this case until this appeal is decided. This means a delay of six months.* It is said that if the Quebec

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*Author's Note—On May sixteenth this first and notable case under the new antitrust law was decided. The Quebec court held that there could be no appeal from the order of the court establishing the board. The only recourse now remaining to the shoe company is an appeal to the Privy Council. Thus the new Canadian antitrust law proceeds on its way.

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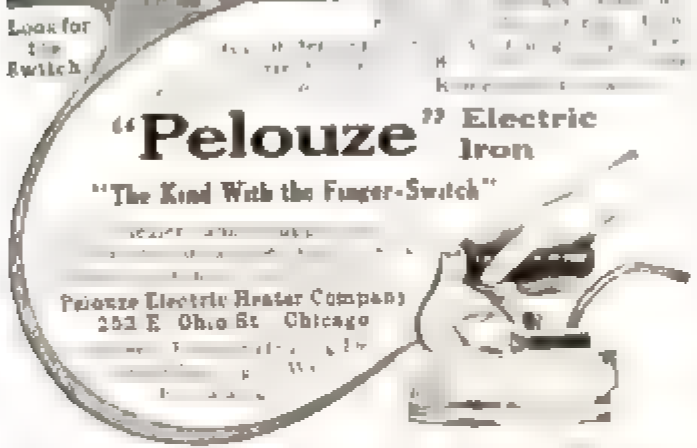

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Court of Appeals decides against the shoe company, it will then take the case to the Privy Council, which is the last possible body before which the shoe company can go—"to the foot of the throne," to use the language of a newspaper article.

There are not wanting in Canada men who think that in the end it would be well if the shoe company defeated the operation of the present law, for they believe this new law does not go nearly far enough. And these men are not rabid politicians or demagogues. They are the most thorough and cautious students of economics in Canada.

These men believe that Canada ought to have a trust commission with the same vast and autocratic powers as the Canadian Railway Commission—and how vast, comprehensive and autocratic the powers of Canada's railway commission are, I have detailed at length in another article.

The power of a trust commission would extend to a regulation of prices just as the power of a railway commission extends to a regulation of railway rates. It means in the end the control by the Government of business concerns producing and distributing the necessaries of life, concerns that have become so great that their business is a public as well as a private matter.

Should the struggle of the shoe company against the present Canadian anti-trust law be successful, do not be surprised if the Canadian people demand that this new and powerful arm of the Government be created. If so it will control and regulate the trusts and monopolies of Canada with a hand of iron, compared with which the present law is but a gentle pressure of the fingers of a child.

At all events, this matter—the regulation and control of the trusts—is the one great and serious business now before Canada's statesmen, thinkers and people. The conflict of Canada's few and scattered millions to control thoroughly the modern aggregations of capital in Canada so as to make them serve the Canadian people, and the resistance of these aggregations of industrial wealth to such control, that they may work their will upon the people—is Canada's impending conflict.

I have taken up this much space with the manner in which Canada deals with the whole trust question because it is so vital to ourselves, and because the Canadian method is the latest and simplest method yet invented for handling this modern industrial and financial development.

THE CASE OF THE MULE

(Continued from Page 7)

counts; but I could not conscientiously recommend him for the saddle. His forequarters are too narrow, thereby making the position of the saddle extremely precarious. A gentleman, late of Turkey Track, once handed me a mule in Arizona very politely, with the assurance that she was gentler than a dog. She was a small beast with a soft, placid expression; so I mounted. Any lack of faith in human nature that the years may have developed I attribute to that August morning.

The hybrid threw me and the saddle, blanket and bridle. She came from the fray as bare as the day she was born—and yet the girth was solidly buckled when the saddle flew from her back.

There are many thousands of mules in the mines of America that have not seen the light of day in years. The finely strung organism of a horse could not stand the strain of this life. He would fall off in weight and go under; but the mule seems contented enough and is generally in fair condition.

A thousand feet in the bowels of the earth does not appear to daunt him; and he drags the cars through the tunnels with the same phlegmatic calm as he would show on a dusty road under a glaring sun, with a colored driver dozing on the seat.

Opinion varies as to the best mule raised in the United States. Many look kindly on the Tennessee product. Unquestionably the largest and handsomest mules come from Missouri and Kansas. They are very desirable beasts. To watch a team of giant Missouri mules drag a load out of mud or sand is a joy. There is no wild plunging against the collars, no waste of effort or squandering of strength. When the writhing "blacksnake" cracks over their backs they settle down to the task all

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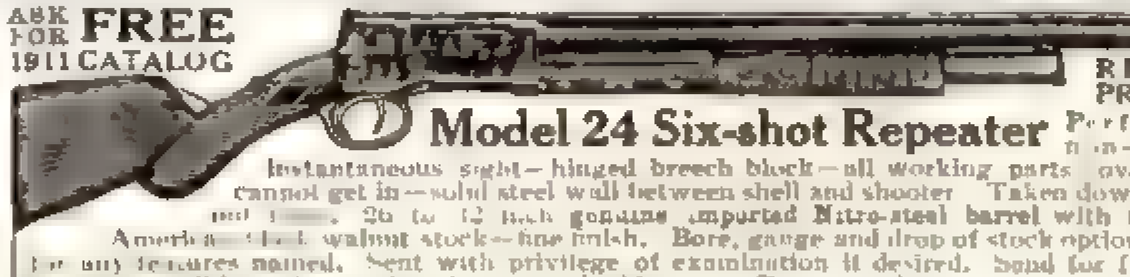

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together; and if the harness holds out they will take the load to its destination.

The Missouri or the Kansas mule has the bulk and weight. A hard, steady pull appeals to him; yet, for all-round work in any sort of climate and any sort of weather, the Texas mule deserves the crown. He will average from two to three hundred pounds less than his Missouri rival, and Nature has made him neither a pretty nor an impressive creature; but he is wiry, his sinews are tough, nothing discourages him, and he thrives on scant fare and in punishing heat.

I followed results closely in some experiments made by a friend in an outlying portion of old Mexico—the insurrectos have been fighting fiercely according to the newspapers all over that section. The climate is very dry and deadly hot. Both Missouri and Kansas mules were imported for range work, such as freighting and agriculture. They were fine, upstanding mules—big of bone and muscle; but expectations were not realized. The climate proved too much for them. Thereupon a carload of Texas mules was bought, at much lower figures. They stepped to the work in grand style and flourished, and they are there still. For a moderate clime and very heavy work, the Missouri and Kansas mules undoubtedly lead; but, for any brand of weather and all manner of toil, give me the Texas product—a mule of about nine hundred pounds' weight, with some of the hardy Spanish strain in him.

Mules attain their maximum value in this country in South Carolina, where the average price last year was one hundred and fifty-eight dollars a head. In New Mexico, where their use is confined largely to nesters, who usually own poor specimens, and in Nevada, the price has been lowest—only seventy-nine dollars a head.

In the event of war, values would soar amazingly. The most punishing work of a campaign is strapped to the shoulders of the army mule, and no conflict was ever waged in modern times without a loss of many thousand hybrids. In the Spanish-American War something of an innovation was tried. Orders were issued to teamsters to treat the mules gently and abstain from beating them except when unavoidable; also, they were given quite extraordinary attention. Who ever heard of such regulations? It was a horrible shock to men who had been reared in the notion that a mule was born to be clubbed and fought—that he was the natural enemy of man, to be subdued by brutality. However, the result amply justified the step. The death-rate was appreciably lowered and more effective work obtained.

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Exports of mules from this country have been comparatively insignificant. They have seldom exceeded six thousand head in any year, as the home markets have demanded all that could be got. During the Boer War, however, American dealers sold to British agents nine million eight hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of mules. That was in the years 1900-01-02. A vast number of these were undoubtedly below standard and were well got rid of. Many more were outlaws—South African veterans still tell weird tales of the army mules sent from the United States; but the British had to have them and prices rose steadily. In 1900 there were shipped 43,369 head at an average price of $90.38; in 1901 the shipments fell to 34,405 at $93.31 a head; and in 1902, 27,586 at $97.60. As a consequence of these exports there was a slight diminution in the number of mules in this country in the following year, but it did not exceed twenty-nine thousand and was recovered the next season. Today mules would command for army purposes a substantial advance on these recent war figures; for not only can they be less easily spared but the purchasing power of a dollar is not what it was in 1900. The best export price ever obtained was three years ago, when the average was $149.90 a head.

If a person sits down and figures the profits of mule-raising on paper nothing can approach it as an attractive rural occupation, except a chicken farm or hog-raising; but, like those industries, it does not work out so munificently in actual practice.

It is true that mules cost little to keep. They can be bred at small cost and their maintenance is not so expensive as that of horses; in fact, a mule can live in pastures in which a horse would starve to death, for he is an able rustler, and the toughest kinds

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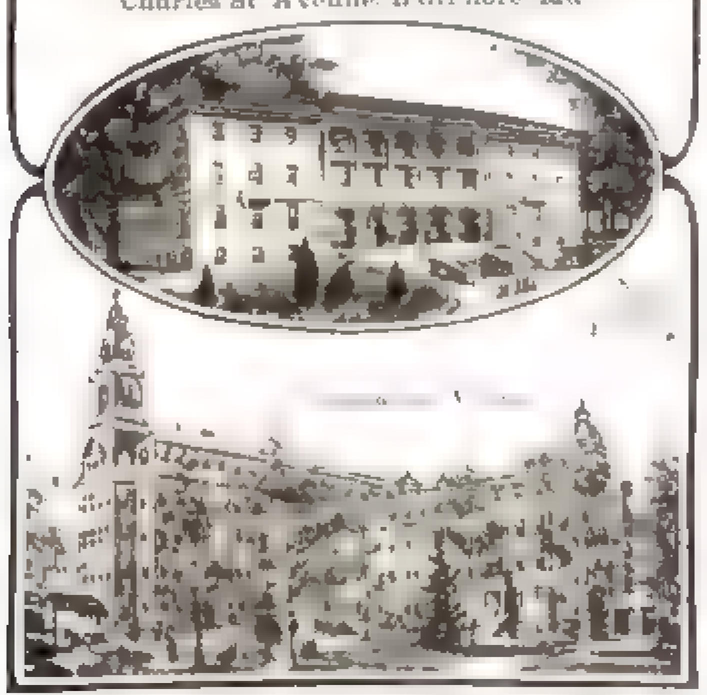

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of grass suffice, even in famine quantities, the same as to grain when he is stall-fed. Yet an amateur breeder will most certainly meet with a loss unless the Fates take a special personal interest in his fortunes. There are leaks in the business which only the professional of ripe experience can watch and guard against, and the matter of salesmanship is one of the most significant factors. To be successful in handling mules one must be an expert horse-trader, possess the imagination of a real-estate agent and have a few tricks up one's sleeve in addition. Therefore let no ambitious soul rush into mule-breeding because of the present alluring prospects.

Despite the menaces to the venture, some tidy fortunes have been amassed in it. Especially is this the case in Missouri and Kansas and Tennessee. In those states scores of small farmers have grown prosperous in handling mules, but be it remembered that they breed the finest mules on the continent. The jacks employed are huge fellows, worth from six hundred to fifteen hundred dollars; the mares are heavy draught animals and the product is a strapping creature weighing anywhere from a thousand to thirteen hundred pounds. In the more Western regions the Spanish mule, as he is called—most of the Texas mules are of the Spanish strain—is in the majority; but each year sees an improvement in the breed and a tendency to raise a big mule.

Some ideal ranges for mules lie in the open West country. Montana, Wyoming and New Mexico have vast stretches of land, but they run sheep instead. Indeed, the sum total of mules for the three states does not represent more than enough to stock a dozen good ranches. Texas runs sheep, too, and armies of cattle; but in the southwestern portion, in those parts where the loco weed has not struck its root, are many mule ranches. It is a rough country, sparsely grassed and scantily watered, but the Johnson and Bermuda varieties of grass there offer fine feed, and land values are so low that a range will give a fair profit in grazing. Most stockmen figure fifteen acres to the cow in the broken country and twenty acres to a mule.

The Cowboy Who A-Wooing Went

Now as to the mule's personality, of which mention has been made. It is best exemplified in his strong likes and dislikes. Consider his loyalty to a friend. Sometimes a mule will form an attachment for another, or even for a horse, and then separation means misery for everybody concerned. Unless his partner accompanies him wherever he goes, he either will not go or the rascal will stop and bray every hundred yards, to the intense chagrin of his driver.

We were camped one night on the Arizona border at the abandoned T4 headquarters. Three outfits were pooled—a total working force of seventy-eight cowboys. More than a dozen mules were being used in the wagons, but the pride of the saddle bunch was a pair of small blacks. These were ridden to gather the horses every morning; and they were staked regularly each night on the outskirts of camp.

Jim Parker forgot the love one bore the other when he set out on a night to see a girl. It was not more than ten miles away, and he threw a saddle on one of the night mules in order to spare his horse. Then he departed stealthily, for it is not wise to let a camp of seventy-eight men know when you go forth to call on a lady.

Hardly had we snuggled into the blankets when the beast he had left behind discovered its loss, tilted its nose to the sky and began to bray. For an hour he screeched and squalled and tugged at his stakerope. I released him, for we needed the sleep. He struck across country at a hopeful lope.

Jim was in the middle of a tender speech when the second mule arrived blithely at the fence surrounding the lady's father's yard. There broke out a clamor of joyous recognition. It was of no avail to pretend ignorance of it—Parker could not open his lips without suffering interruption from the other side of the fence.

Unable to endure this cruel separation longer, the hybrid he had ridden tore loose from the post and ran to rejoin his chum. Jim followed. He reached the fence in time to see his mount clear it cleanly. The mules set out for camp, whinnying to each other affectionately.

Jim arrived in the gray of dawn on foot. We were all up to welcome him.

NOTE—If Parker should see this it was Pink Murray who released the mule

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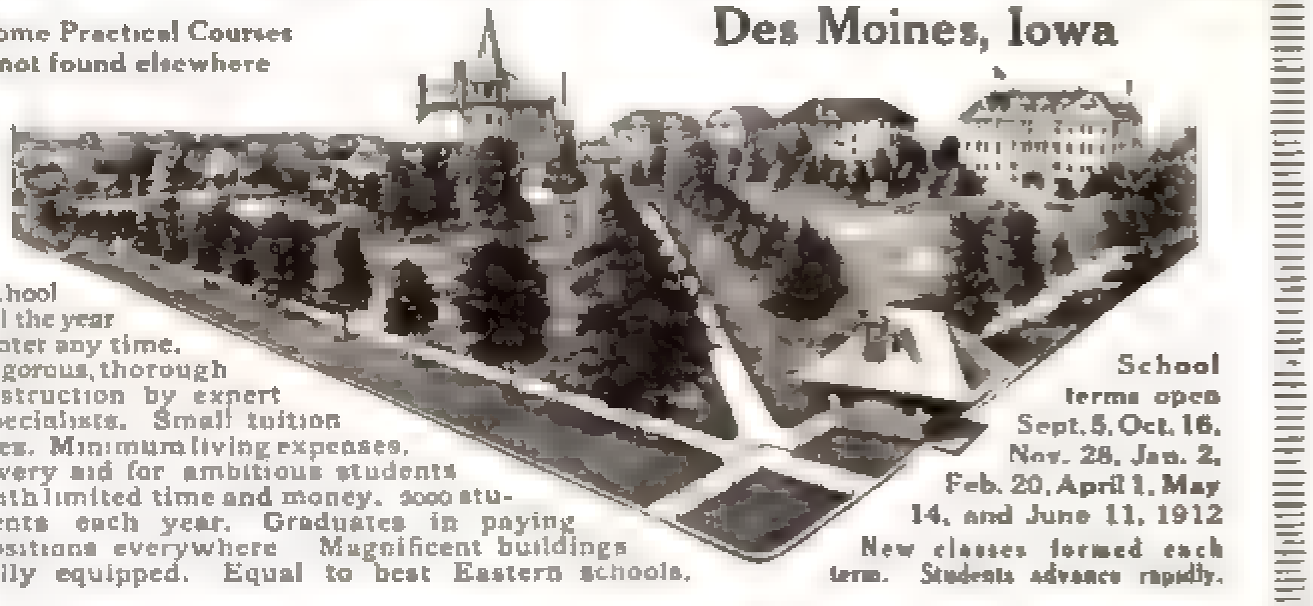

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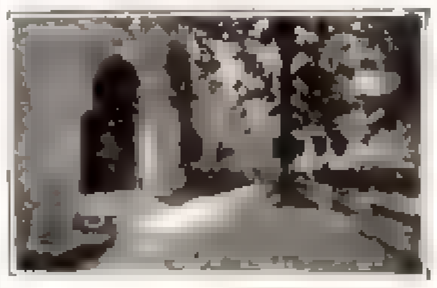

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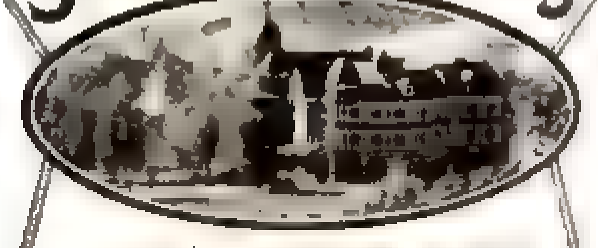

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

Continued from Page 17

He smiled at her ignorance. Monsieur Sardanel had the famous collection of Mexican antiquities—terra-cotta rattles and masks and obsidian-edged swords.

Her long lashes swept shyly upward. "I'm sure I could show you much more interesting things than those."

It was a long time since a pretty and fascinating woman had evinced a desire for his company. He was a man as well as a diabolically minded anthropologist. Yet there was a green aventurine quartz axhead in the collection that he particularly lusted to behold. He stood irresolute, while Mrs. Fontaine turned, with a laugh, and took Lady Louisa aside.

He caught Huckaby's glance, in which he surprised a flicker of anxiety. Huckaby was wondering whether this was the right moment to speak. It seemed so. Yet, the more he thought over the matter, the less was he inclined to cut the disgraceful figure in Quixtus' eyes of the base betrayer of his supposed childhood's flowerlike friend. Here, however, was the wished-for opportunity when Quixtus was evidently hesitating between clay masks and a living woman's face. He resolved to throw all the onus of the decision on Quixtus' shoulders.

"I'm afraid these dear ladies rather interfere with the prospects of our little adventure," he said, drawing Quixtus a step or two from the table where they had been sitting.

"I never thought of it," said Quixtus truthfully.

Then an idea of malignant cunning took possession of his brain. Mrs. Fontaine should be the woman and Huckaby should not know. Her heart he would break; and, when broken, he would confound Huckaby with the piteous shards and enjoy a doubly diabolical triumph. In the meantime he must dissemble; for Huckaby would not deliberately allow his old friend's heart to be broken. To hide a smile, he crossed the passage of the lounge and lit a cigarette from matches on one of the tables. Then he turned.

"My dear fellow," said he, "let us talk no more about the adventure, as you call it. It never really pleased me."

"But, surely ——" Huckaby began.

"It's distasteful," he interrupted, "and there's an end of it."

"As you will," said Huckaby, for the moment uncertain.

Mrs. Fontaine approached them smiling, provocative in the dainty candor of her white dress and hat.

"Well? Have you decided?"

Quixtus paused for the fraction of a second. The lady swept him with her dreamy glance. A modern Merlin, he yielded. This delicious wickedness at last on foot, Sardanel and all his spoils of Mexico could go hang.

"For the afternoon," said he, "I am your humble disciple."

They went forth together, outwardly as gay a company as ever issued through the great gates of the Hotel Continental into the fairyland of Paris; inwardly, save one of their number, psychological complexities as dark as any that have merged into its mocking and inscrutable spirit. Of the three, Quixtus, the tender-hearted scholar of darkened mind, who could no more have broken a woman's heart than have trampled on a baby, pathetically bent on his intellectually conceived career of evil and entirely unconscious of being himself the dupe and victim—of the three, Quixtus was certainly the happiest. Huckaby, touched with shame, avoided meeting his accomplice's eye. He walked with Lady Louisa, finding refuge in her placid dullness.

Once during the afternoon, when Lena Fontaine found herself for a moment by his side, she laughed cynically.

"Do you know what you two remind me of? Martha and Mephistopheles."

"And you are Gretchen to the life."

The retort was obvious, but apparently it was not anticipated. Mrs. Fontaine flushed scarlet at the sneer. She looked at him hard-eyed and said, with set teeth:

"I wish to Heaven I were!"

XIV

SOMETHING was wrong with Tommy Burgrave. Instead of flinging excited hands in the direction of splendid equipage or beautiful woman, he sat glum by Clementina's side while the most kaleidoscopic procession in Europe passed before his eyes. Of course it was a little cockneyfied to sit on a public bench on the edge of the great avenue of the Champs Elysées; but Clementina knew that consciousness of cockneydom would not disturb the serenity of Tommy's soul. Something else was the matter. He was ill at ease. Gloom darkened his brow and care perched on his shoulders.

The car of thirty-five million dove-power, which had brought the wanderers the day before to Paris, had deposited Etta Concannon at the house of some friends for a few hours' visit—and Tommy and Clementina at a cafe, where they had lunched. It was over the *truite à la gelée* that Tommy's conversation had begun to flag. His melancholy deepened as the meal proceeded. When they strolled, after lunch, across to the avenue, his face assumed an expression of acute misery. He sat forward, elbows on knees, and traced sad diagrams on the gravel with the point of his cane.

"My good Tommy," said Clementina at last—what on earth was the matter with the boy?—"you look as merry as a museum."

He groaned. "I'm in a devil of a fix, Clementina!"

"Indeed!"

What could he be in a fix about? Anything more aggravatingly, insolently, excruciatingly happy than the pair of young idiots whom she had accompanied in the thirty-five-million-dove-power car aforesaid she had never beheld in her life. Sometimes it was as much as she could do to restrain herself from stopping the car and dumping the pair of them down by the wayside and telling them to go and play Daphnis and Chloe by themselves in the sylvan solitudes of France, instead of conducting their antic gambols over her heartstrings. The air reëchoed with cooings and the sky grew sickly with smiles. What could a young man in love want more?

"It's the biggest, awfullest mess that ever man got into," said Tommy.

"Well, I suppose it's your own fault," she remarked, with just a touch of the vindictive. She had emptied her heart of Heaven and thrown it at the boy's feet, and he had not so much as said "Thank you."

"I'm not so sure," said Tommy.

"That's just like a man!" said Clementina. "Every one of you is ready enough to cry *peccavi*; but it's invariably somebody else's *maxima culpa*."

"I didn't cry *peccavi* at all," said Tommy. "I suppose I had better do so, though," he added, after a gloomy pause. "I've been a cad. I've been abusing your hospitality. Any man of honor would kick me all over the place. But I swear to you it was not my fault. How the deuce could I help it?"

"Help what, my good Tommy?"

Tommy dug his stick fiercely into the gravel. "Help falling in love with Etta. There! Now it's out. Of course you had no idea of it!"

"Of course not!" said Clementina, with a wry twist of her mouth, not knowing whether to shriek with insane laughter or with pain at the final cut of the whip with which she had flagellated the offending Eve. But her grim sense of humor prevailed, though her strength allowed it to manifest itself only in the twinkling of her keen eyes.

"I don't know what you can think of me," said Tommy.

She made no reply, reflecting on the success of her comedy. As she had planned, so had it fallen out. She had saved her own self-respect—more, her self-honor—and she had saved him from making muddy disaster of his own life. The simplicity of the boy touched her deeply. The dear, ostrich reasoning of youth! Of course she had no idea of it! She looked at him, as he sat there, as a man sometimes looks at a very pure woman—with a pitying reverence in her eyes. But Tommy did not see the look, contemplating as he was the blackness of his turpitude. For each of them it was a wholesome moment.

"You see, not only was I your guest but I held a kind of position of trust," continued Tommy. "She was, as it were, in my charge. If I had millions I oughtn't to have fallen in love with her. As I'm absolutely penniless, it's a crime."

"I don't think falling in love with a sweet girl is a crime," said Clementina

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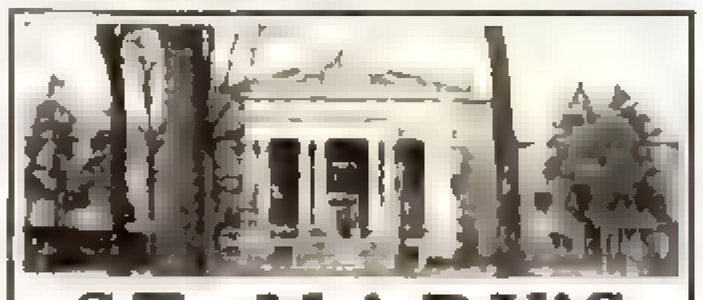

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gently. "There's one in that automobile"—she nodded in the direction of a rosebud piece of womanhood in a carriage that was held up by a block in the traffic, just in front of them. "If any man fell in love with her right off, as she sits there, not knowing her, it wouldn't be a crime. It would be a divine adventure."

"She's not worth two penn'orth of paint," said Tommy disparagingly—now Clementina has told me that this was a singularly beautiful girl—such are other women than his Dulcinea in the eyes of the true lover—"she isn't even doll-pretty. But suppose she were, for the sake of argument, it might be a divine adventure for the fool who fell in love with her and never told her; but for the penniless cad who went up and told her—and got her love in return—it would be a crime."

Now it must be remembered that Tommy was entirely ignorant of the fact that a fortune of two thousand pounds, the spoils of Old Joe Jenks, was coyly lying at his bankers', who had made the usual acknowledgment to the payer-in and not to the payee.

"So you've told Etta?" said Clementina, feeling curiously remote from him and yet curiously drawn to him.

"This morning," said Tommy, glowering at the ground. "In the hall of the hotel, waiting for you to come down."

"Oh!" said Clementina, who had deliberately lingered.

"Oh, it wasn't your fault," said Tommy, with dark magnanimity. "It was the fault of that damned glove! She asked me to button it for her. Why do women wear gloves thirty sizes too small for them? Why can't they wear sensible, easy things, like a man? I was fussing over the infernal thing—I had somehow got her arm perpendicular in front of her face, and I was bending down—oh, can't you see?"

"Oh, yes; I can see," replied Clementina. "And I suppose Etta was utterly indignant?"

"That's the devil of it," said the conquering but miserable lover. "She wasn't."

"She wasn't?" asked Clementina.

"No," said Tommy.

"Then I'm shocked at her!" said Clementina. "She was in my charge, enjoying my hospitality. She had no business to fall in love with—with my"—she floundered for a second—"with my invalid guest."

"Pretty sort of invalid I am!" said Tommy, who, through the masquerade of woe, appealed to passers-by, especially to those of the opposite sex, as the embodiment of fair Anglo-Saxon lustiness. "It isn't her fault, poor dear! It's mine—and yet it isn't—for how could I help it? But what the deuce there is in me, Clementina dear, for the most exquisite thing God ever made to care for, God only knows."

Clementina put her hand—the glove on it, so different from Etta's, was thirty sizes too large; it was of white cotton, and new; she had sent the page-boy of the hotel that morning to buy her a pair—she put her gloved hand on his. At the touch he raised his eyes to hers. He saw in them something—he was too young and ingenuous to know what—but something he had not seen in Clementina's eyes before.

"You're right, my dear boy," she said. "God knows. That being so, it is up to Him, as the Americans say, to make good. And He'll make good—that is, if you really love that little girl."

"Love her!" cried Tommy. "Why——"

"Yes, yes," Clementina interrupted hastily. "I'm convinced of it. You needn't go into raptures." She had endured much the last few weeks. She felt now that the penance of listening to amatory dithyrambics was supererogatory. "All I want to know is that you love her like a man."

"That I do," said Tommy.

"And she loves you?"

Tommy nodded lugubriously. Clementina loved him for nodding.

"Then why the deuce are you trying to make me miserable on this beautiful afternoon?"

He twisted round on the bench and faced her. "Then you're not angry with me—you don't think I've been a blackguard?"

"I think the two of you are innocent lambs," said Clementina.

Tommy grinned. He, the seasoned man of the world of twenty-three, to be called an innocent lamb! Much Clementina knew about it.

"All the same," said he, reverting to his gloom, "you're different from other people;

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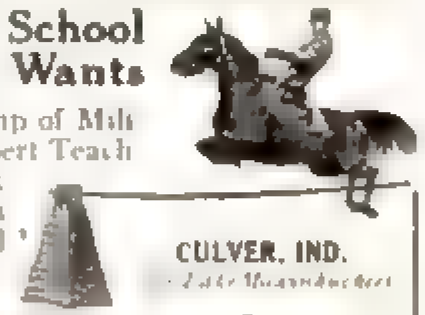

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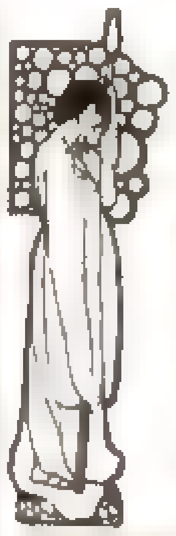

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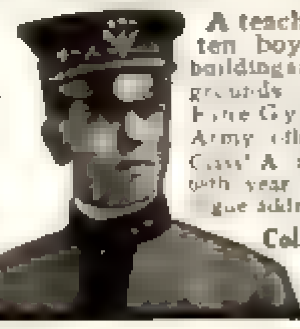

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you have your own way of looking at things. Ordinary folks would say I had behaved abominably. Admiral Concannon would kick me out of the house if I went and proposed to his daughter. It's Gilbertian! There's a Bab Ballad almost on the same theme," he laughed. "I guess I'd better not speak to the admiral yet."

"I guess not," said Clementina. "Leave well alone for the present."

This advice she gave to Etta when that young person, before going to bed, told her the marvelous news. Etta's anxiety as to future ways and means was the least of her preoccupations, which consisted, in the main, of wonder at Tommy's transcendent perfections and at her extraordinary good fortune in winning the favor of such a miracle of a man. Clementina left her radiant and went to bed with a headache and a bit of a heartache. The one little elf of romance that had crossed her gray path she had snubbed unmercifully. Would ever another chance by? Would he not go back and tell his congeners of the flinty-bosomed, sour-avised female who had nearly frightened him to death, and bid them all beware of her devastating presence? It was no use her saying that she loved the elf with all her heart, but had to dissemble her love; for the elf, like the lover in the poem, would naturally ask the historic question. Yet she did love him and in the secrecy of her soul longed for such another—but one perhaps who would put before her a less Puckish proposition.

"Bosh!" she said, after a couple of sleepless hours. "It's high time I was back at work again."

Now, be it here definitely stated that Clementina misjudged the elf. He was mightily amused by her treatment of him and ran away with his elfin thumb to his elfin nose in the most graceless and delicious manner possible. He swore revenge. In his cobweb seat he thought hard. Then he slapped his thighs and laughed and returned to Elfland.

The result of this will be duly set forth.

"We leave Paris tomorrow," said Clementina, buttoning her cotton gloves. "I must work and Tommy must work and Etta must learn to cook and sew and scrub saucepans. The holiday is about to end."

Two sighs greeted the announcement.

"Can't we have one other day?" Etta pleaded.

"You just need the extra day to make you quite fit again," said Tommy.

Clementina, unmoved by pleading or sophistry, replied: "We start tomorrow."

Etta looked at Tommy and sorrowfully licked from her finger tips the squirted cream of an éclair. Tommy's eyes were fixed on the entrance of the tea room. He half rose from his chair.

"Lord!—if that isn't Uncle Ephraim!"

"Where?" cried Clementina.

He nodded and Clementina, turning her head, saw Quixtus, one of a party of four—two men and two ladies—threading their way between the chattering tables under the guidance of a waitress. They found places not far off. Quixtus sat down with his back to Clementina.

"I wonder whom he has got hold of!" said Tommy.

"She's awfully pretty," said Etta, glancing at Mrs. Fontaine.

"Passable," said Tommy. "I don't care for women who look like nuns."

"She doesn't look a bit like a nun," she contradicted. "She's talking and laughing like anything."

Clementina said nothing, but studied the woman's face. The portrait painter's instinct arose. She would like to get her in the sitter's chair and see what sort of a thing would come out on the canvas. The woman seemed to be the mistress of the feast. It was she who apportioned the seats and gave the orders; also it was she who led the animated conversation.

"Whatever the crowd is, they're having a good time," said Tommy. "An unusual thing for my uncle."

"Perhaps that's because he's crazy," suggested Etta.

"Perhaps," said Tommy. "I should like to knock some sanity into him, though," he added ruefully; "especially as things are at present."

"So should I," remarked Clementina; and again she scrutinized the woman's face.

"Perhaps his reason will come back when he sees Etta!" cried Tommy, laughing boyishly. "I'll go and present her."

"You'll do no such thing," said Clementina decidedly.

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But Clementina, when they had risen to leave the tea room, found that she had counted without her hosts of the café, who had arranged the crowded tables in such a manner that, in order to reach the exit door, she and her charges had to pass immediately behind Huckaby, who sat facing Quixtus. Chance had also caused a temporary blocking of the gangway a little farther on. The trio came to a compulsory standstill beside the quartette. Tommy stretched out a frank hand.

"Hello, Uncle Ephraim! What are you doing here?"

Quixtus rose and took the proffered hand, but he did not answer the indiscreet question.

"How d'ye do, Tommy? I hope I see you well." Then he became conscious of Clementina, whom he greeted with stiff courtesy.

"I must present you to Miss Etta Concannon," said Tommy. "This is my uncle, Doctor Quixtus. We've been motoring all over France with Clementina. Had a gorgeous time."

Again Clementina looked at the woman with the nun's face and the alluring eyes; and this time the woman looked at Clementina. Between the two pairs of eyes there was a second's invisible rapier play. Mrs. Fontaine broke into a laugh.

"Won't you introduce me, Doctor Quixtus?" And then, the introductions being effected: "I hope you're staying a long while in Paris."

"We leave tomorrow," snapped Clementina. "And you?" she asked, turning to Quixtus.

He made a vague gesture. A week's Seine water had flowed beneath the bridges since he had first walked up the Rue de la Paix with Mrs. Fontaine, and that week had been full of interest, morbid and otherwise. Not only did he hug himself in his imaginary wrap of diabolical wickedness but also—if he could admit the truth—he was enjoying himself enormously in the most blameless fashion. Mrs. Fontaine showing no particular desire to leave Paris, he had adjourned his own departure *sine die*.

"I am remaining some time yet," he replied.

"In the interests of prehistoric man?"

The implication was brutal. Two little red spots rose to Mrs. Fontaine's cheeks. She conceived a sudden hatred for the rough-voiced, keen-eyed creature, with untidy hair and caricature of a hat. A retort containing the counter implication of Clementina's resemblance to a prehistoric woman was tempting, but it would lay herself open to obvious attack. She laughed.

"We are all helping Doctor Quixtus to recover from prehistoric man. He has just been attending an anthropological congress."

"Umph!" said Clementina.

"Where are you staying, Uncle Ephraim?" asked Tommy.

"At the Hotel Continental."

"I'll come and look you up—tonight or tomorrow morning."

"I'm sorry to say that both tonight and tomorrow morning I shall be engaged."

"Then I'll look you up in London when you get back," said Tommy cheerfully.

A gangway to the door being now clear, Clementina made perfunctory adieus to Quixtus and his friends; and henlike, marshaling her two chickens in front of her, sailed out of the tea room.

"He doesn't look at all horrid," said Etta when they reached the street. "I wonder what makes him behave so! And how generous of you, Tommy, to be so sweet to him!"

Tommy smiled as if he were compact of lofty qualities.

"I've been blessing him all the time," he whispered in her ear; "for if it hadn't been for his craziness I shouldn't be here with you."

Clementina trudged on in silence until they turned into the Rue Saint-Honoré, where their hotel was situated. Then she said suddenly:

"I don't like your uncle and I don't like his friends. I'm sorry we ran into them. If we stayed on in Paris we should be running into them every day. I'm glad we're clearing out tomorrow."

Whereupon the elf, who had returned from Elfland to haunt her, laughed immoderately: for he knew that at the hotel a telegram was awaiting her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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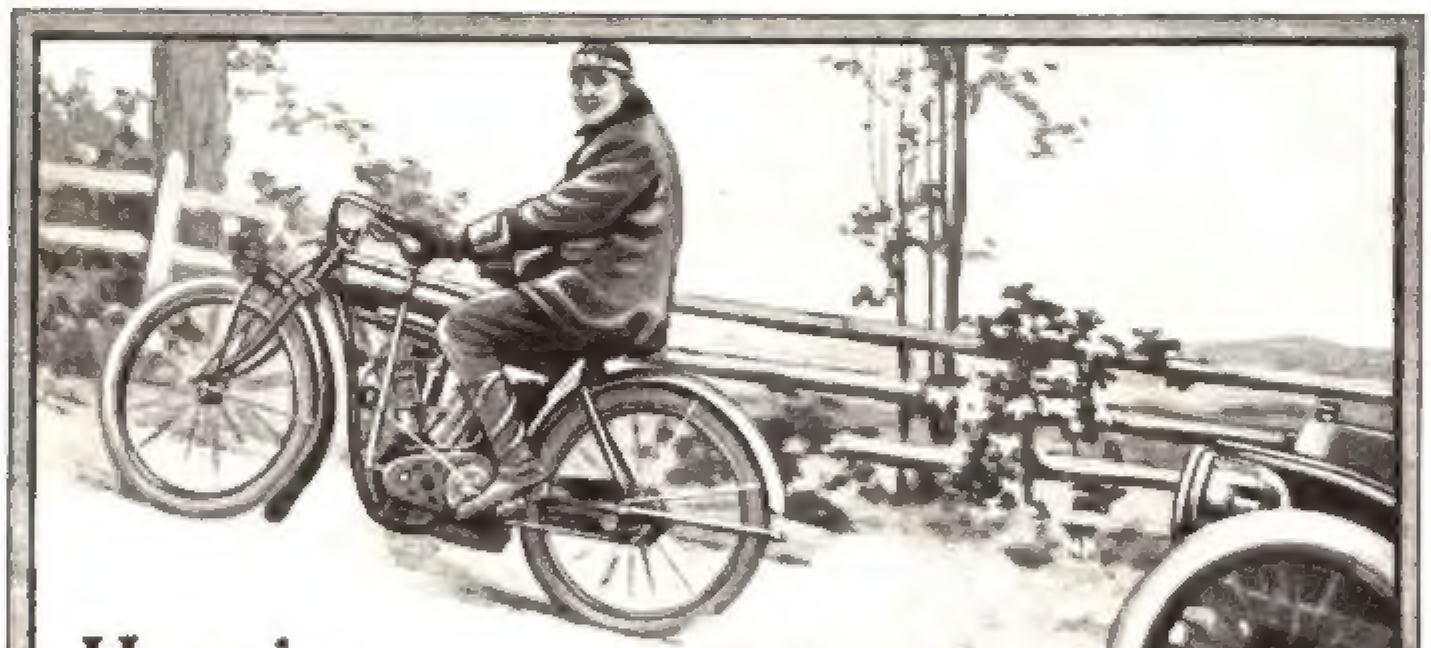

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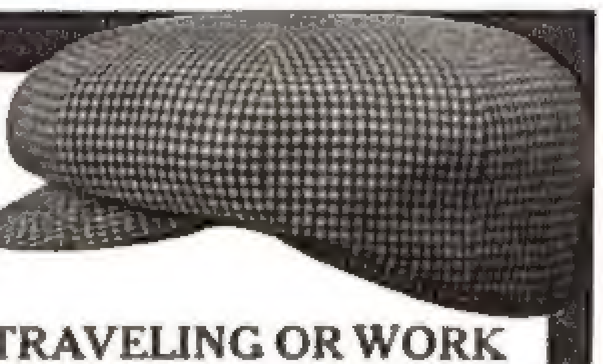

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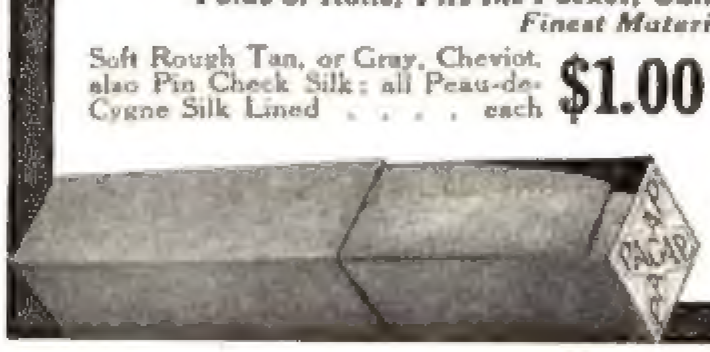

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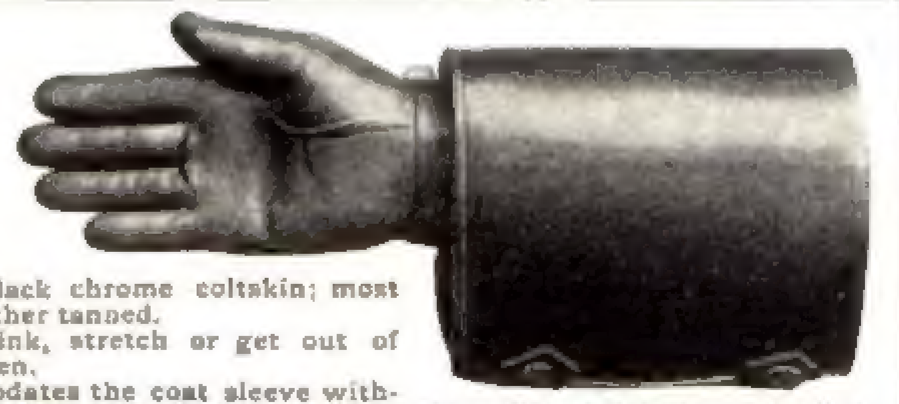

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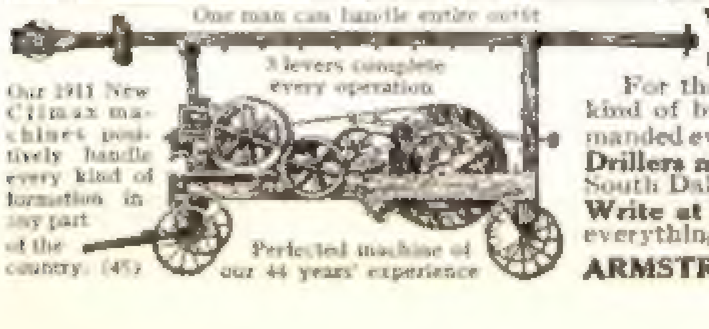
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Oddities and Novelties

Drink Water With Your Meals

FEW beliefs relating to matters of diet are more widely accepted than that which forbids the drinking of much water at meals—the idea being that the gastric juices, relied upon to start the process of digestion, are liable to suffer too much dilution.

And yet, somehow, there has been a noteworthy lack of definite and satisfactory data to uphold this theory, which seems likely to be entirely upset by a systematic investigation of the subject recently made by Professor P. B. Hawk, physiological chemist of the University of Illinois. His results indicate that the truth is exactly opposite and that the drinking of water at meals tends powerfully to stimulate the flow of the digestive secretions.

This stimulation, furthermore, appears to be directly proportionate to the quantity of water drunk—though it is by no means to be supposed that undue distention of the stomach with fluid is desirable. Incidentally the activity of the pancreatic function is augmented and those processes of digestion that go on in the intestines are greatly helped.

Much has been said against the practice of drinking ice-water at meals. Yet many people do it, apparently without suffering the slightest ill effect—the fact being, probably, that ice-water in moderate quantities is harmless under such circumstances to persons who have sound stomachs. It retards digestion somewhat; but, once swallowed, it is soon warmed to the temperature of the body, so that the processes of assimilation are not held back to any important extent.

Many persons nowadays refuse to drink water at all with their meals in the belief that, when thus taken, it tends to fatten. This notion is probably without the slightest basis in fact. It was started originally by a physician who attended Prince Bismarck and who recommended him, as a cure for obesity, to keep his food and water apart.

Bismarck certainly lost much flesh while under the treatment, but some other cause may have had to do with the matter. Fat people, when they reach a certain age, are apt suddenly to begin to waste rapidly. Grover Cleveland was not a very stout man toward the end of his life.

The value of water as medicine is being more and more highly appreciated. Most people do not drink enough of it; and a certain well-known physician is actually in the habit of prescribing the eating of chocolate for his women patients in order to render them thirsty.

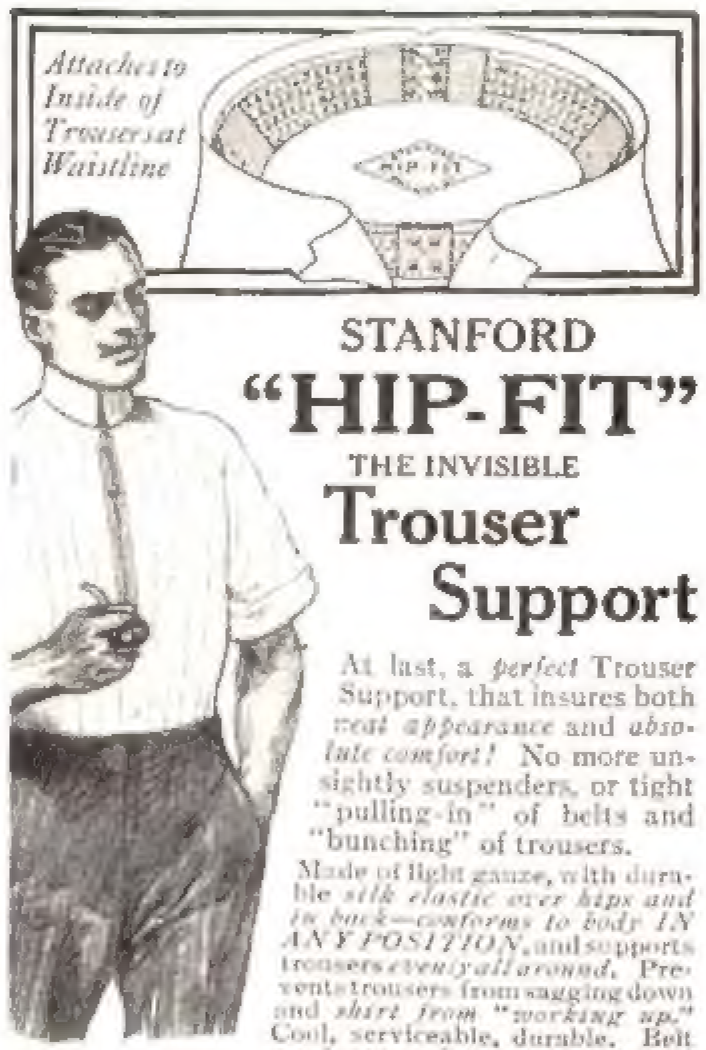
Working for Their Salt

NO MATTER how few cattle a farmer keeps, he knows the value and necessity of salt in their stomachs. The average farmer throws it in lumps in certain places recognized by the cattle as artificial saltlicks or keeps a trough full of it in a convenient location.

Conservation, however, has brought about new improvements, labor-saving devices of great value in this respect. On every farm there is a bad weed-patch, a thicket of hazel bushes or some hardy nonproductive growth that chokes out good grass pasturage. To reclaim these patches might take many days from regular farmwork—and then the shoots would doubtless spring up again. So several farmers have hit on the scheme of destroying these waste patches at no expense and at the same time salting their cattle in a more natural, beneficial way than by giving them the straight article in lumps.

Just after a rain, while the leaves of the bushes or weeds to be destroyed are still wet, a man is sent out with a big sack of salt in front of him on a horse, with instructions to sow the salt thickly over the patch to be destroyed.

The rain breaks up the crystals and leaves a thin coating of salt over the leaves, which the cattle soon find; and in their efforts to get the salt they chew off the leaves and light twigs supporting them, stamp down the bushes and in time kill them. Working for their salt in this way has also proved beneficial to the cattle.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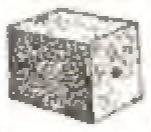

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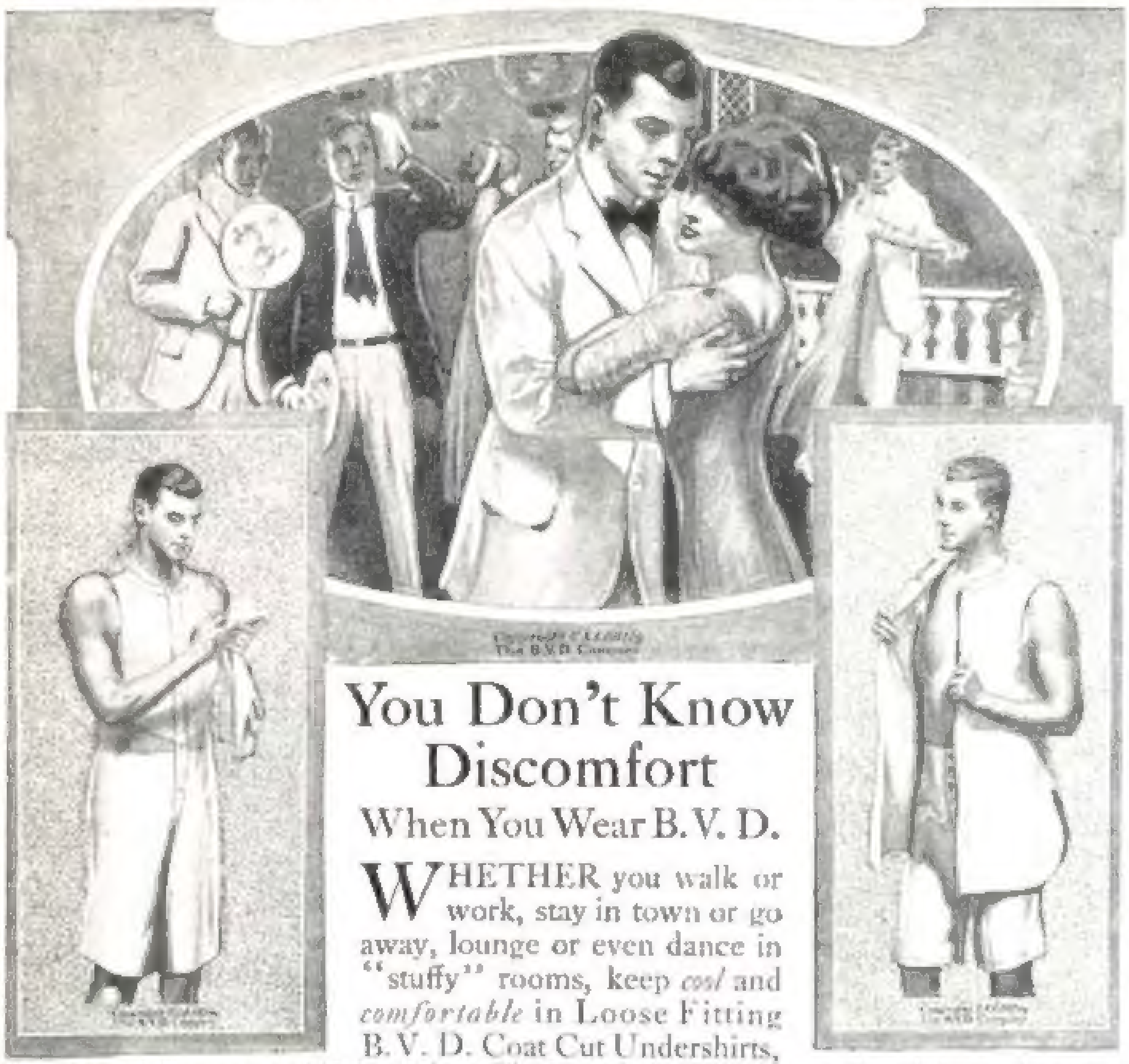

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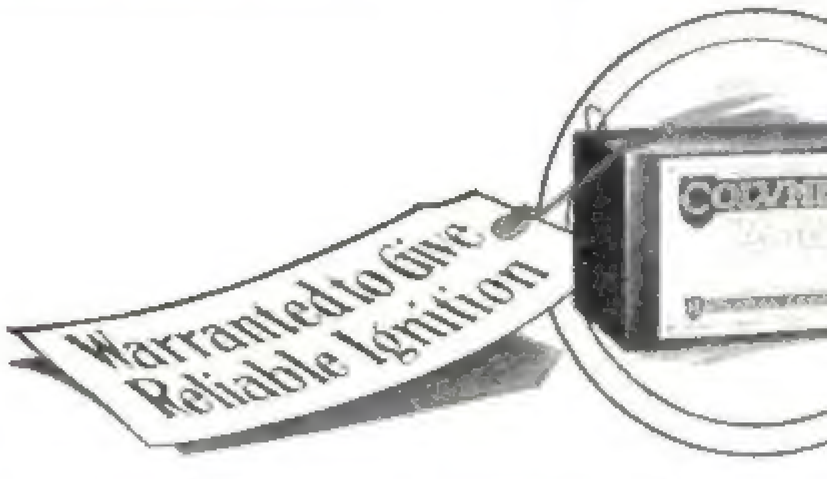
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